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HISTORIC SURVEY

OF

GERMAN POETRY.

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HISTORIC SURVEY

OF

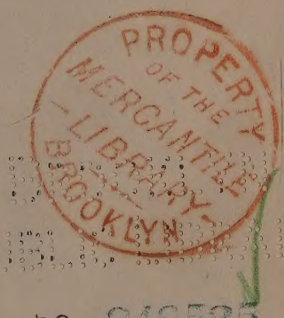
German Poetry,

INTERSPERSED WITH VARIOUS TRANSLATIONS.

BY

W. TAYLOR, OF NORWICH.

IN THREE VOLUMES.



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HISTORIC SURVEY

OF

GERMAN POETRY.

§ 1.

Stem-tribes of Northern Europe—the third or Gothic wave of population supplied the basis of the German people.

SCHLOETZER, in his *Nordische Geschichte*, satisfactorily proves, that all the stem-tribes of the European north came originally, in the pastoral state, from Asia, and that, as the different roving hordes, in their progress westward, successively occupied the same regions, they can only be classed and distinguished by their languages.

The Gaelic wave of population rolled in first. Leaving its native appellation behind to Galatia in Anatolia, and to Galicia in Poland, it receded every century more and more from its pristine seat, and at length mainly occupied and named Gaul, whence a portion of it overflowed into Ireland, and thence even into Scotland. This people spoke Erse, and the kindred dialects; and was probably put in motion by the conquests of Sesostris, or Joshua.

The Cimbric wave rolled in second. In early times it occupied the Crimea, then the north of Greece,

then the Alpine provinces, and finally passed down the valleys of the Seine and Loire to Britany, whence it overflowed into Devonshire, Cornwall, Wales, and Cumberland. This people spoke Welsh, and the kindred dialects; and was probably put in motion by the conquests of Cyrus.

Thirdly came the larger Gothic wave, which propelled before it the Cimbri to beyond the Rhine. It may be traced progressively from the mouth to the source of the Danube, whence it overspread all Germany, and, finding the west occupied and colonized, it then expanded northward, overflowed the whole eastern coast of England, and all Scandinavia and Iceland. These people spoke one or other of those Gothic dialects, which are roughly divided into high and low Dutch, and which, under distinct sovereignties, have ultimately formed the Frankish, Anglosaxon, Swedish, Danish, Flemish, and German tongues. They were probably put in motion by the conquests of Darius I.

A fourth Sarmatic wave of population followed; which, having pressed the Goths across the Weichsel *(Vistula)*, became stationary in Bohemia, Poland, Hungary, and Russia, and there preserve the several Slavonian languages.

Of these Asiatic swarms of men, which found locations in the northern hive, it was the third, or Gothic, swarm, which eventually became sedentary in Germany; a country anciently understood to be limited on the south by the Alps, on the north by the Baltic, on the west by the Rhine, and on the east by the Weichsel. The appellative Germani seems to be a latin variation of the native term *Heer-männer*, army-men.

§ 2.

Ovid the earliest German poet on record—he invented German hexameters.

In Ovid's time the Goths, or Getæ, still occupied the delta of the Danube, and formed the mass of population about Tomi on the Euxine, where, however, they were contiguous to some Slavonian tribe; for this poet says,[1]

Nam didici Getice Sarmaticeque loqui;

which proves that both languages were usual in the neighbourhood of his residence.

At a later period of his exile, he had acquired the art of writing the Gothic tongue:[2]

Nec te mirari, si sint vitiosa, decebit
Carmina, quæ faciam pæne poeta Getes.
Ah pudet! et Getico scripsi sermone libellum
Structaque sunt nostris barbara verba modis.
Et placui (gratare mihi) cæpique poetæ
Inter inhumanos nomen habere Getas.
Materiam quæris? laudes de Cæsare dixi.
Adjuta est novitas numine nostra Dei.

From this passage interesting inferences may be fairly drawn.

Firstly, Ovid's poem was composed in a high-dutch dialect. The West-Goths, who left Asia foremost,

[1] De Ponto, lib. 3, ep. ii. [2] Ib. lib. 4, ep. xiii.

were propelled furthest to the north-west, and furnished the basis of population and language to Flanders, Holland, Denmark, East-Anglia, and Scandinavia. But these are all low-dutch dialects. The Getæ of Ovid were East-Goths, indeed the eastmost, as they abutted on the Slavonians. But these tribes ultimately occupied the higher parts of the Donau (Danube) and the Elbe, and employed the high-dutch dialects, which remain characteristic of the south-eastern extremity of the nation. These high-dutch dialects having coalesced into the modern German, Ovid is the earliest poet recorded to have written German verses.

Secondly, he invented German hexameters. The barbarous words, he says, were constructed *nostris modis*, in our metres. It is curious that the ear of a classical stranger should thus at once have detected the adaptability of the language of Germany to Greek and Roman rhythms, and should have chosen, in the first poem, perhaps, which that nation saw reduced to writing, the very measure which was to become prevalent in the heroic poetry of modern Germany, which Wieland was to choose for the celebration of Cyrus, and Klopstock, of the Messiah.

Let us now attend to the substance, and to the reception, of this curious original work of literary art.[3]

Nam patris Augusti docui mortale fuisse
Corpus; in ætherias numen abisse domos:
Esse parem virtute patri, qui frœna coactus
Sæpe recusati ceperit imperii.
Esse pudicarum te Vestam, Livia, matrum,
Ambiguum nato dignior, anne viro.
Esse duos juvenes, firma adjumenta parentis,
Qui dederint animi pignora certa sui.

[3] De Ponto, lib. 4, ep. xiii.

Hæc ubi non patriâ perlegi scripta Camænâ,
Venit et ad digitos ultima charta meos;
Et caput et plenas omnes movere pharetras,
Et longum Getico murmur in ore fuit.

The decease and apotheosis of Augustus, in the fourteenth year of the Christian era, was the poet's topic; Livia was named with panegyric, and high prophetic compliments were hazarded on the accession of Tiberius. Ovid's friend and correspondent, king Cotys, was possibly the commanding officer of the garrison at Tomi; and there may have been something of the stage-trick of loyalty in thus employing Ovid to read his own poem aloud to an assembled band of archers, whose nodding crests, and clirring quivers, and prolonged shouts of applause, were perhaps commanded to respond to the emphatic passages of praise. Still the scene is picturesque, imitated, may be, from a recitation of the Skalds; for the *omnes plenas movere pharetras* is clearly a national feature. The whole spectacle is worthy to be transferred to canvas by the patriotism of a German painter. And it seems almost ominous, that a *Threnodia Augustalis*, on the death of the first hereditary emperor, should have been executed in the language of a nation, which was to revive that singular dignity; as if the memory of the poem had been preserved until the unction of Charlemagne.

§ 3.

Tacitus mentions low-dutch poetry, and perhaps confounds Cimbric with Gothic institutions.

Tacitus acquired his knowledge of Germany in early life, and while resident with his father, who was procurator of Belgium. His observations therefore respect the low-dutch tribes; and especially those, which abutted on the Cimbri, and which partook in some degree of the character of Armorican civilization. He thus speaks of the poetry:

Celebrant carminibus antiquis, quod unum apud illos memoriæ et annalium genus est, Tuistonem deum terra editum, et filium Mannum, originem gentis conditoresque. Manno tres filios adsignant. Fuisse apud eos et Herculem memorant; primumque omnium virorum fortium ituri in prælia canunt. Sunt illis hæc quoque carmina quorum relatu, quem Barditum vocant, accendunt animos, futuræque pugnæ fortunam ipso cantu augurantur: terrent enim trepidantve prout sonuit acies. Nec tam voces illæ quam virtutis concentus videntur: adfectatur præcipue asperitas soni, et fractum murmur, objectis ad os scutis, quo plenior ac gravior vox repercussu intumescat. Ceterum et Ulixem quidam opinantur longo illo et fabuloso errore in hunc Oceanum delatum adiisse Germaniæ terras, Asciburgiumque, quod in ripa Rheni situm hodieque incolitur, ab illo constitutum nominatumque.

Tuisto, no doubt, is the war-god, after whom Tuesday has been named by the northern nations. What was fabled concerning a Gothic Hercules may have subsided into the sagas which celebrate Starkader (Strong-vein). The word *bard*, being Cimbric, there is, in this description of a *barditus*, either a confusion of national manners, or the Netherlanders had borrowed from the contiguous Cimbri their bardic institutions. The Ashborough, founded by some voyager from afar, must be sought in the neighbourhood of Leyden, which passed, in Strabo's time, for the haven's mouth of the Rhine; but, whether Pytheas of Marseilles, or some other navigator, had, in the Dutch ballads about his exploits, the reputation of rearing this establishment, cannot now be ascertained. From a passage in the *Auscultationes Mirabiles*, a work not long posterior to Aristotle, it appears, that various Phœnician traders came to the Dutch coast, where they caught a fish called *thynnus*, which was smoke-dried and salted for the Mediterranean market. Any such mariners may have constructed the fish-offices, which expanded into Asciburgium; nor is it unnatural that the earliest poetry of the place should have celebrated the inventor of pickling herrings.

§ 4.

Editors of the older German poetry—Edda, the oldest collection, made by order of Charlemagne, contains poems of Odin, probably coæval with Julian—specimens thereof.

Not having found in Latin writers any other important notices of Gothic song, it is natural to pass on to native monuments; and, first, a few words concerning the principal repositories of the older literature.

Schiller, in imitation of our Hickes, formed the first extensive systematic collection of ancient German poetry and prose; his *Thesaurus* having appeared in 1727: but, like its model, it contained too many prayers, hymns, and homilies; too few sagas, war-songs, and romances. In 1758, Bodmer revived the attention of his countrymen to these studies, and obtained assistance, from the magistracy of Zurich, to print, after the Manessen manuscript, those remains of 140 minstrels, which fill his two quartoes. Professor Miller, in 1784, continued this plan of compilation through two volumes more, and made known the great romance of the Nibelungs. Suhm, in 1787, extracted from the manuscripts at Copenhagen his *Symbolæ ad Literaturam Teutonicam Antiquiorem.* Eschenburg, in 1799, edited his *Denkmäler altdeutscher Dichtkunst.* In 1808, J. H. von der Hagen, a patriotic Prussian nobleman, published, at his own expense, a volume, superintended by Dr.

Busching, which contains Saint George, King Rother, Duke Ernest, Salomon, Wigamore, and some other hitherto manuscript romances and ballads. To these may be added the various editions of the Edda, which have preserved, and no doubt with the faithfulness of religious tradition, some mythic and moral sagas ascribed to Odin, and composed by him in Germany. Charlemagne is stated by Eginhard to have collected the pagan poems, which animated the hostility of his Saxon antagonists under Wittikind; and these are probably the component parts of the older and newer Edda.

The age of Odin has never been satisfactorily ascertained. Had he, as Mallet and, after him, Gibbon have presumed to fancy, been the contemporary of Pompey, both Tacitus and Pliny would have heard of his exploits, which terminated in the conquest of provinces they have described. But Odin is unknown by that name to Latin literature; and, as it was a name already worshipped by the Scandinavians, it was perhaps attached to him after his death and apotheosis. The name Syggur, or conqueror, which is also given to Odin, is but an epithet, not his appellation.

Our Saxon chronicle has preserved the most direct guide-post to the date of Odin. In these annals (year 449) Hengest is stated to have been the son of Wihtgils, the son of Witta, the son of Wecta, the son of Woden. If this pedigree was brought to England in no other record than the memory of Hengest, it is still trustworthy; for it is very short: he may personally have known three of the four ancestors named, and may well have caused it to be inscribed on the gravestone of his brother Horsa.

Aristotle recommends to the Greek landholder to marry in his thirty-seventh year, that father and son

may have an equal share of domin[illegible] over the family property: but the Goths were still a nomade, or roving, nation, in the pastoral state, and without hereditary lands. They married probably at five and twenty on the average; so that four, not three, generations must have passed by in a century. Computing by this rule, Odin flourished about one hundred years before Hengest, that is, about the year 350, in the reign of the emperor Constantius, and while Julian governed in Gaul.

It may be objected that the genealogy of Ida (Saxon chronicle, year 547) reckons eight generations since Odin, which, at five and twenty years each, would place him in the year 347; and that the pedigree of Ella (year 560) reckons eleven generations since Odin, which, at five and twenty years each, would place him in the year 285. But both these documents are comparatively modern, clearly inconsistent, and therefore the less trustworthy. The latter especially is evidently drawn up by a flourishing genealogist, who aims at adding links to the chain of names, and affects to know even the father of Odin himself, although that hero ultimately settled so far from his native land. Hence it is most rational to rely exclusively on the pedigree of Hengest, and to place Odin in the middle of the fourth century.

Among the poems collected under the name of Edda occurs a genealogical song entitled the Lay of Hyndla (Edda, Lay XII, stanza 23), in which Jormunrek, or Ermanaric, as Jornandes (c. xxiv) has it, (Gibbon writes the name Hermanric, and Schmidt Hermanreich) who made war on the Roman empire in the time of Aurelian, is mentioned. The Edda is consequently subsequent to that reign, yet within reach of

its traditions: . ...it mentions Odin as of later date than Hermanric, and thus seems to preclude a suspicion of their identity, which the resemblance of their fortunes is else adapted to suggest. They both lived long, conquered many northern tribes, and perished by a voluntary death.

In the third book of the history of Zosimus, it is related, that the Saxons, who were the stoutest barbarians in all those parts, sent out the Quadi, who are a part of themselves, into the Roman dominions; that they were hindered from passing the Rhine by the Franks; and therefore descended that river in boats, until they were below the Frankish territory. When they were arrived at the Batavian island, the name then given to the delta of the Rhine, they got into the Roman empire, and drove out the Salii, who occupied that island. These Saxon Quadi therefore had crossed the Yssel, or eastern mouth of the Rhine, near Zutphen, and taken possession of Guelderland. Julian, who was not yet emperor, but intrusted, as Cæsar, with the defence of these provinces, received the fugitive Salii hospitably, and employed a barbarian robber, named, according to Zosimus, Charietto, to lay ambuscades for the Quadi, in which he was so successful as to take prisoner the king's son, and to reduce the whole tribe to sue for peace. An audience was granted to the king by Julian, who demanded some of their nobility for hostages, among whom he required the king's son should be one. Whereupon the father burst into tears, and said, that he had lost his son too with the flower of his people. Julian, continues Zosimus, had then compassion on his sorrows, and showed him his son, who was kept very nobly; but told him he should retain the youth as

an hostage with others of the nobility; and then he granted them peace, on condition they should no more lift up their hands against the Romans. So far Zosimus.

Precisely from this period the Saxons, who had hitherto directed their predatory incursions southward, and had infested the Danubian frontier of the Roman empire, began to direct their arms toward the north, and overran Denmark and part of Scandinavia. Of these inroads Odin appears to have been the chieftain. The word *Aesga*, the asked man, signifies, in Friesland, a judge, but is equally adapted to signify a hostage. And it might with some colour of probability be suspected, that Odin, and the other Asas, were these hostages to Julian, and acquired under him Roman arts of warfare, and a zeal for the propagation of paganism.

At least in the 24th stanza of the Ægis-drecka, Lok is made to charge Odin with having worn women's clothes, that is, the Roman costume instead of the northern trowsers, while resident in Samseyio, which may surely be translated the island of the Seine, where Julian delighted to dwell.

As the most characteristic specimens of the poems ascribed to Odin, may be selected, for translation, the book of proverbs, entitled Hava-mal, and the cosmogony, entitled Vafthrudnis-mal.

HAVA-MAL, THE HIGH SONG.

I.

Youngling, ere you rove abroad,
Fasten well the doors behind;
Ill sped he, at whose return
Ambush'd foes beset his home.

II.

On guests who come with frozen knees
Bestow the genial warmth of fire:
Who far has walked, and waded streams,
Needs cheering food, and drier clothes.

III.

To him, about to join your board,
Clear water bring, to cleanse his hands;
And treat him freely, would you win
The kindly word, the thankful heart.

IV.

Wisdom he needs who goes abroad.
A churl has his own sway at home;
But they must bend to others' ways
Who aim to sit with polish'd men.

V.

Who comes unbidden to a feast
Should rarely and should lowly speak.
The humble listener learns of all,
And wins their welcome, and their praise.

I. This extraordinary beginning has much the appearance of being written by a person who had been the victim of an ambuscade.

VI.

Happy is he whom others love,
His efforts shall at last succeed;
For all that mortals undertake
Requires the helping hand of man.

VII.

He best is armed to journey far
Who carries counsel in his head:
More than the metal in the purse
The mighty heed the marks of mind.

VIII.

Beware of swallowing too much ale:
The more you drink, the worse you think;
The bird forgetfulness shall spread
Her wings across the drunkard's brow.

IX.

Voracity but swallows death.
The wise despise the greedy man.
Flocks know the time to quit the field;
But human gluttons feast and choak.

X.

The coward thinks to live for ever,
If he avoids the weapon's reach;
But age, which overtakes at last,
Twines his gray hair with pain and shame.

XI.

The merry man, who jeers at all,
Becomes himself a laughing-stock:
Let him beware of taunts and gibes
Who has not learned to curb himself.

VIII. This anxious praise of temperance seems to proceed rather from the pupil of Julian than from the savage native of the banks of the Elbe.

XII.

The senseless indecisive man
Ponders and re-resolves all night;
But when the morning breaks on high
Has still to choose his doubtful course.

Yet he believes the caution wise
Which baffles action by delay,
And has a string of reasons ready
On every question men devise.

XIII.

Many seem knit by ties of love,
Who fail each other at the proof.

XIV.

To slander idle men are prone;
The host backbites the parting guest.

XV.

Home still is home, however homely;
And sweet the crust our kin partake.
But he who feasts at others' boards
Must often bite a writhing lip.

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XVI.

None give so freely but they count
Their givings as a secret loan;
Nor with o'erflowing soul reject
The present brought them in return.

XVII.

The interchange of gifts is good;
For cloathing, arms; for bacon, ale.
Who give and take each other's feast,
Each other's booty, long are friends.

XVIII.

Love your own friends, and also theirs;
But favour not your foeman's friend.
Peace with perfidious men may last
Four days or five, but not a week.

XIX.

When young, I often strolled alone,
And gladly join'd the chance-way stranger;
To human hearts, the heart is dear,
To human eyes, the human face.

XX.

Affect not to be over-wise;
Nor seek to know the doom of fate:
The prying man has little sleep,
And alters not the will of gods.

XXI.

Rise early, would you fill your store;
Rise early, would you smite your foe.
The sleepy wolf forgoes his prey;
The drowsy man, his victory.

XXII.

They ask me to a pompous meal,
A breakfast were enough for me;
He is the faithful friend who spares
Out of his pair of loaves the one.

XXIII.

Let us live well, while life endures.
The hoarder lights a sparing fire;
But death steals in perhaps before
The gather'd sticks are burnt to ashes.

XXIV.

Have children; better late than never:
Who but our offspring will inscribe
Our deeds on the sepulchral stone?

XXV.

Riches have wings; the cattle stray;
Friends may forsake; and we must die;
This only mocks the arm of fate,
The judgment which our deeds deserve.

XXVI.

Who dictates is not truly wise.
Each in his turn must bend to power;
And oft the modest man is found
To sway the scorners of the proud.

XXVII.

Praise the day at set of sun;
Praise the woman you have won;
Praise the sword you 've tried in fight;
Praise a girl her wedding-night;
Praise the ice you 've stept upon;
Praise the ale you 've slept upon.

XXVIII.

Trust not to a maiden's word,
Trust not what a woman utters,
Lightness in their bosom dwells;
Like spinning-wheels, their hearts turn round.

XXIX.

Trust not the ice of yesternight,
Trust not the serpent that 's asleep,
Trust not the fondness of a bride,
Trust not the sword that has a flaw,
Trust not the sons of mighty men,
Trust not the field that 's newly sown.

XXX.

Trust not the friendliness of scolds,
The horse on ice, who 's not rough-shod,
The vessel, which has lost her helm,
The lame man, who pursues a goat.

XXXI.

Let him who woos be full of chat,
And full of flattery and all that,
And carry presents in his hat:
Skill may supplant the worthier man.

XXXII.

No sore so sad as discontent.

XXXIII.

The heart alone can buy the heart;
The soul alone discern the soul.

XXXIV.

If to your will you wish to bend
Your mistress, see her but by stealth,
By night, and always by yourself:
What a third knows of, ever fails.

XXXV.

Forbear to woo another's wife.

XXXVI.

Whoso you meet on land, or sea,
Be kind and gentle while you may.

XXXVII.

Whose wallet holds a hearty supper,
Sees evening come without dismay.

XXXVIII.

Tell not your sorrows to the unkind;
They comfort not, they give no help.

XXXIX.

If you 've a friend, take care to keep him,
And often to his threshold pace;
Bushes and grass soon choke the path
On which a man neglects to walk.

XL.

Be not first to drop a friend;
Sorrow seeks the lonely man;
Courtesy prepares for kindness;
Arrogance shall dwell alone.

XLI.

With wicked men avoid dispute;
The good will yield what 's fit and fair:
Yet 't is not seemly to be silent
When charg'd with woman-heartedness.

XLII.

Do not be wary overmuch;
Yet be so, when you swallow ale,
When sitting by another's wife,
When sorting with a robber-band.

XLIII.

Accustom not yourself to mock,
And least at any stranger-guest:
Who stays at home oft undervalues
The wanderer coming to his gate.

XLIV.

What worthy man without a blemish?
What wicked man without a merit?

XLV.

Jeer not at age: from mumbling lips
The words of wisdom oft descend.

XLVI.

Fire chases plague; the misletoe
Cures rank disease; straws scatter spells;
The poet's runes revoke a curse;
Earth drinks up floods; death, enmities.

Perhaps none of these proverbial distichs ought to have been suffered, in the translation, to hitch into rime, as fac-simile versions are the most instructive, and no specimens of rimed poetry occur during the pagan period in Germany.

A more fanciful, but less rational, poem, is the mythologic or allegoric dialogue, at the beginning of the older Edda, entitled the

LAY OF VAFTHRUDNI.

Odin. Friga, counsel thou thy lord,
Whose unquiet bosom broods
A journey to Vafthruni's hall,
With the wise and crafty Jute,
To contend in runic lore.

Friga. Father of a hero race,
In the dwelling-place of Goths,
Let me counsel thee to stay;
For to none among the Jutes[1]
Is Vafthruni's wisdom given.

[1] The Danish interpreters should not be always followed in the use of the words *god* and *giant*. The Goths and the Jutes were contiguous nations, part of whom ultimately became stationary in Gothland and Jutland. From the name of the latter, by coalescence with the article, is formed the denomination Teutones, Deutch. (Thus the French call the Antinous, le Lantin, instead of l'Antin, and the English, a newt, instead of an ewt, using in fact a double article.) These two nations were early hostile: Lucian (in his letter to Philo on history-writing) alludes to some account of a war between the Goths and the Jutes; and the Edda abounds with traces of their habitual rivalry. Vafthrudni was a king of the Jutes.

ODIN. Far I' ve wander'd, much sojourn'd,
In the kingdoms of the earth;
But Vafthruni's royal hall
I have still the wish to know.

FRIGA. Safe departure, safe return,
May the fatal sisters[2] grant!
The father of the years that roll
Shield my daring traveller's head!

Odin rose with speed, and went
To contend in runic lore
With the wise and crafty Jute.
To Vafthruni's royal hall
Came the mighty king of spells.

ODIN. Hail Vafthruni, king of men,
To thy lofty hall I come
Beckon'd by thy wisdom's fame.
Art thou, I aspire to learn,
First of Jutes in runic lore?

VAFTHRUNI. Who art thou; whose daring lip
Doubts Vafthruni's just renown?
Know that to thy parting step
Never shall these doors unfold,
If thy tongue excel not mine
In the strife of mystic lore.

ODIN. Gangrath,[3] monarch, is my name.
Needing hospitality,
To thy palace-gate I come;
Long and rugged is the way
Which my weary feet have trodden.

VAFT. Gangrath, on the stool beneath
Let thy loitering limbs repose;
Then begin our strife of speech.

2 By the fatal sisters are meant the three Nornies, Urda, *past*; Verandi, *present*; and Skulda, *future*; who conjointly preside over the destinies of men. Gray is incorrect in giving to the Valkyries, or choosers of the slain, the name of fatal sisters.

3 Gangrath means, *seek-advice*.

ODIN. When a son of meanness comes
To the presence of the great,
Let him speak the needful word,
But forbear each idle phrase,
If he seek a listening ear.

VAFT. Since upon thy lowly seat
Still thou court the learned strife—
Tell me how is named the steed
On whose back[4] the morning comes?

ODIN. Skin-faxi[5] is the skyey steed
Who bears aloft the smiling day
To all the regions of mankind:
His the ever-shining mane.

VAFT. Since upon thy lowly seat
Still thou court the learned strife—
Tell me how is nam'd the steed,
From the east who bears the night,
Fraught[6] with showering joys of love?

ODIN. Hrimfaxi is the sable steed,
From the east who brings the night,
Fraught with showering joys of love:
As he champs the foamy bit,
Drops of dew are scattered round
To adorn the vales of earth.

VAFT. Since upon thy lowly seat
Still thou court the learned strife—
Tell me how is named the flood,
From the dwellings of the Jutes,
That divides the haunt of Goths?

4 In the Grecian mythology the gods of day are charioteers; but in the Gothic, notwithstanding Goranson, they seem to have been cavaliers.

5 Skin-faxi means *shiney locks;* but to this horse is never ascribed the supremacy among horses. On the contrary, the saga quoted in Percy's edition of "Mallet's Northern Antiquities," vol. ii, page 109, expressly says: "The ash Ydrasil is the first of trees; Sleipner, of horses; Bifrost, of bridges," &c.

6 The line *Nott oc nyt reginn*, literally *night eke bliss-showers*, is misrendered by the Danish interpreter. It is only capable of the sense here given, as will appear by consulting the word *Nyt* in the Vocabulary of the Edda Sæmundar.

ODIN. Ifing's[7] deep and murky wave
Parts the ancient sons of earth
From the dwellings of the Goths,
Open flows the mighty flood,
Nor shall ice arrest its course
While the wheel of ages rolls.

VAFT. Since upon thy lowly seat
Still thou court the learned strife—
Tell me how is named the field
Where the Goths shall strive in vain,
With the flame-clad Surtur's[8] might?

ODIN. Vigrith[9] is the fatal field
Where the Goths to Surtur bend.
He who rides a hundred leagues
Has not crost the ample plain.

VAFT. Gangrath, truly thou art wise;
Mount the footstep of my throne,
And, on equal cushion plac'd,
Thence renew the strife of tongues,
Big with danger, big with death.

PART II.

ODIN. First, if thou can tell, declare
Whence the earth, and whence the sky?

VAFT. Ymer's[1] flesh produced the earth;
Ymer's bone, its rocky ribs;
Ymer's skull, the skyey vault;
Ymer's teeth, the mountain ice;
Ymer's sweat, the ocean salt.

7 Ifing signifies *strife*.
8 The last day of the week was consecrated to Surtur, and named from him.
9 Vigrith seemingly means *drunkenness*, and Surtur the *funeral flame:* the allegory in this case intimates that a loss of the faculties is the harbinger of death. Grater translates it by *noise* of *battle*, *hurly-burly:* and is perhaps in the right. It might, however, be sought in real geography.
1 Ymer answers to chaos: it means *ever*, or eternity.

ODIN. Next, if thou can tell, declare
Who was parent to the moon,
That shines upon the sleep of man,
And who is parent to the sun?

VAFT. Know that Mundilfær[2] is hight
Father to the moon and sun:
Age on age shall roll away
While they mark the months and years.

ODIN. If so far thy wisdom reach,
Tell me whence arose the day,
That smiles upon the toil of man,
And who is parent to the night?

VAFT. Delling[3] is the sire of day;
But from Naurvi sprang the night,
Fraught with showering joys of love,
Who bids the moon to wax and wane,
Marking months and years to man.

ODIN. If so far thy wisdom reach,
Tell me whence the winter comes?
Whence the soothing summer's birth,
Showers of fruitage who bestows?

VAFT. Vindsual is the name of him
Who begat the winter's god;
Summer from Suasuthur sprang:
Both shall walk the way of years
Till the twilight of the gods.

ODIN. Once again, if thou can tell,
Name the first of Ymer's sons,
Eldest of the Asa-race?

[2] Mundilfær means *gift-bestowing;* The allegory therefore describes Beneficence, as producing the sun and moon.

[3] Delling, *twilight;* Naurvi, *north;* Vindsual, *wind-swell;* Suasuthur, *much-soothing.*

VAFT. While the yet unshapen earth
Lay concealed in wintry womb,
Bergelmer[4] had long been born:
He from Thrugelmer descends,
Aurgelmer's unbrother'd son.

ODIN. Once again, if thou can tell,
Whence, the first of all the Jutes,
Father Aurgelmer is sprung?

VAFT. From the arm of Vagom[5] fell
The curdled drops of teeming blood
That grew and formed the first of Jutes.
Sparks that spurted from the south
Informed with life the crimson dew.

ODIN. Yet a seventh time declare,
If so far thy wisdom reach,
How the Jute begat his brood,
Though denied a female's love?

VAFT. Within the hollow of his hands
To the water-giant grew
Both a male and female seed:
Also foot with foot begat
A son in whom the Jute might joy.

ODIN. I conjure thee, tell me now,
What, within the bounds of space,
First befell of all that 's known?

VAFT. While the yet unshapen earth
Lay concealed in wintry womb,
Bergelmer had long been born:

4 Bergelmer, *old man of the mountain*; Thrugelmer, *old man of the deep*; Aurgelmer, *original old man.*

5 Vagom, *waves, ocean.* The waves, the subjects of Niord, the wind and sea god, are often personified in Scaldic song; and are called Vanes and Vauns in Percy's Mallet. For what reason two words have been contracted into one by the Danish interpreter, to form the proper name Elivagi, appears not.

First, of all recorded things,
Is, that his gigantic length
Floated on the ocean-wave.

ODIN. Once again, if thou can say,
And so far thy wisdom reach,
Tell me whence proceeds the wind,
O'er the earth and o'er the sea,
That journeys viewless to mankind?

VAFT. Hræsvelger[6] is the name of him,
Who sits beyond the ends of heaven,
And winnows wide his eagle wings,
Whence the sweeping blasts have birth.

ODIN. If thy all-embracing mind
Know the whole lineage of the gods,
Tell me whence is Niord sprung.
Holy hills and halls hath he,
Tho' not born of Asa-race.

VAFT. For him the deftly-delving showers
In Vaunheim scoop'd a wat'ry home,
And pledg'd it to the upper gods;
But when the smoke of ages climbs,
He with his Vauns shall stride abroad,
Nor spare the long-respected shore.

ODIN. If thy all-embracing mind
Know the whole of mystic lore,
Tell me how the chosen heroes[7]
Live in Odin's shield-deck'd hall
Till the rush of ruin'd gods?

VAFT. All the chosen guests of Odin
Daily ply the trade of war;

6 Hræsvelger, *corse-greedy.*

7 The Danish interpreters render Einheria by Monoheroes, whereas it seems rather to answer to the Teutonic *Anherr*, patriarch, ancestor, forefather.

From the fields of festal fight
Swift they ride in gleaming arms,
And gaily, at the board of gods,
Quaff the cup of sparkling ale,
And eat Sæhrimni's vaunted flesh.

ODIN. Twelfthly, tell me, king of Jutes,
What of all thy runic lore
Is most certain, sure, and true?

VAFT. I am vers'd in runic lore
And the counsels of the gods;
For I 've wander'd far and wide.
Nine the nations I have known;
And, in all that overarch
The murky mists[8] and chills of hell,
Men are daily seen to die.

ODIN. Far I 've wander'd, much sojourn'd
In the kingdoms of the earth;
But I 've still a wish to know
How the sons of men shall live,
When the iron winter comes?

VAFT. Life and warmth shall hidden lie
In the well-head that Mimis[9] feeds
With dews of morn and thaws of eve:
These again shall wake mankind.

ODIN. Far I 've wander'd, much sojourn'd
In the kingdoms of the earth;
But I 've still a wish to know
Whence, to deck the empty skies,
Shall another sun be drawn,
When the jaws of Fenrir ope
To ingorge the lamp of day?

[8] The Niflhel of the text is probably an erroneous reading for Nifelheim, *home of mists*, which was the favourite epithet of the Goths for the nether world. Does Vafthrudni mean, by the nine nations, the nine regions subject to Hela?

[9] The giant Mimis, and the spring which he has in custody, are mentioned in the eighth fable of the new Edda; to this fountain-head the words *hod mimis* seem to allude. Gräter translates, "Life and warmth shall lie hidden in the flesh of the earth:" *see Nordische Blumen*, p. 141.

VAFT. Ere the throat of Fenrir yawn
Shall the sun[1] a daughter bear,
Who, in spite of shower and sleet,
Rides the road her mother rode.

ODIN. I have still a wish to know
Who the guardian-maidens are,
That hover round the haunts of men?

VAFT. Races three of elfin maids[2]
Wander through the peopled earth;
One to guard the hours of love;
One to haunt the homely hearth;
One to cheer the festal board.

ODIN. I have still a wish to know
Who shall sway the Asa-realms,
When the flame of Surtur fades?

VAFT. Vithar's[3] then and Vali's force
Heirs the empty realm of gods;
Mothi's then and Magni's might
Sways the massy mallet's weight,
Won from Thor, when Thor must fall.

ODIN. I have yet the wish to know
Who shall end the life of Odin,
When the gods to ruin rush?

VAFT. Fenrir shall with impious tooth
Slay the sire of rolling years:
Vithar shall avenge his fall,
And, struggling with the shaggy wolf,[4]
Shall cleave his cold and gory jaw.

1 The Goths make the sun feminine and the moon masculine. This is natural in a cold climate. Among savages every male is a foe, every female a friend. Displeasing and unwelcome objects therefore are, in their language, masculine; pleasing and welcome objects, feminine. In hot countries, where the night is more welcome than the day, an opposite allotment of gender takes place.

2 Hamingia, *domestic genius*, from ham, *home*, is the original designation.

3 Vali and Vithar are apparently the *gods* of *death* and *sleep*. Mothi signifies *mould, corruption;* and magni, *nobody;* so that these allegories obviously describe the state of the departed.

4 Vitris, *wolf*, is here mistaken for a proper name by the Danish interpreter.

ODIN. Lastly, monarch, I inquire,
What did Odin's lip pronounce
To his Balder's hearkening ear,
As he climb'd the pyre of death?

VAFT. Not the man of mortal race
Knows the words which thou hast spoken
To thy son in days of yore.
I hear the coming tread of death;
He soon shall raze the runic lore,
And knowledge of the rise of gods
From his ill-fated soul, who strove
With Odin's self the strife of wit.
Wisest of the wise that breathe,
Our stake was life, and thou hast won.

At whatever period those persons flourished, whose actions, or whose opinions, form the themes of the Edda; whether their deeds and their doctrines were chronicled in verse by skalds of their own times, or were preserved, by tradition merely, until the northern dawn of literature broke forth over Iceland; the sagas which preserve these transactions are equally interesting. They are, and must remain, the earliest monuments of Gothic intellect. They are, and must remain, the first-fruits of that noble stem of language, whose spreading branches yet overshadow Germany, Britain, and Scandinavia. They are the childhood-stammerings of those nations, who have created an original school of poetry not inferior to the Greek. They will acquire an increasing value among all the descendants from the Gothic stock. They are supplying to new poets the outlines of a fresh mythology; and they will afford a favourite text for commentary to all the antiquaries who shall in future busy themselves with arctic paleosophy.

§ 5.

Odin's Paradise, but the description of a Roman recruiting-house—the effect of his religion on Northern manners and literature to be inferred from the History of the Sword, Tyrfing.

The description of Valhalla, or the hall of the fallen, must have been, among the followers of Odin, the most impressive of his inventions, and the main feature of the religion which he founded; yet, no single saga remains, in which all its peculiarities are brought together, and which could be quoted as the fundamental doctrine of northern heathenism. The paradise of Odin is however but an embellished picture of those recruiting-houses, which the Romans established in the Gothic north, when they first determined to enlist barbarians into the service of the imperial army. A large hall was constructed, which served alike the purposes of an arsenal and a refectory; sleeping places for the soldiery were annexed; and the requisite offices for cooking and brewing completed these drill-barracks. From the cieling of the great room were suspended the shields of the troops; on the walls hung their coats of mail; sheaves of lances, supported in regular colonnade, stood beside the nave; and the heroes, for so the rawest recruit was taught to call himself, were invited by the sound of the

trumpet to assemble for the exercise of arms.[5] After going through the tournament of the morning, the trumpet again announced the hour of the repast: legs of pork, the favourite food in a land of wild hogs, were placed steaming on the board; and ale, or mead, was handed to the weary combatants, until drunkenness and sleep dismissed them to their quarters. Men are so prone to fancy that their favourite occupations in this world will again constitute their enjoyments in another, that it was natural to assure the young warrior that yonder also he would be able to avail himself of his military accomplishments.

In these palaces of the god of war were also harboured certain females, called in modern language, baggage-women, and in the language of the gods, Valkyries, or choosers of the slain. Their office it was, after a battle, to strip the dead, and bring home what apparel, weapons, or booty, might be further useful, and also to put out of their misery those wounded wretches who were presumed to be past recovery. But there were hours when these same women appeared in a lovelier capacity, when they

5 So in the Grimnis-mal, stanzas IX and X.

Easily is known
By those who come to Odin,
The aspect of his hall;
Shafts bristle against the pillars,
Shields roof the cieling,
Coats of mail glitter along the wall.

Easily is known
By those who come to Odin,
The aspect of his hall;
A wolf adorns
The western door,
An eagle peers on high.

Here are the Roman emblems, the wolf of Romulus and Remus, and the imperial eagle, made to decorate the hall of Odin, which nearly proves that the whole idea is taken from some Roman establishment.

accompanied the heroes to their couches, and bestowed the soft rewards of love.[6]

In order to collect the young Goths, a metrical description of these recruiting-houses was expedient, which may have been carried from one waggon-station to another, (for the Scythian villages were moveable,) by itinerant ballad-singers, or Skalds. Our serjeants have recourse to puffing hand-bills for spreading abroad the advantages of military engagement; but, in an illiterate nation, the recitation of the minstrel would be needed; and, with the employment of these wandering missionaries, a sufficient basis was laid for the propagation of Odinism in the north. This religion carried with it, and detained among the northern nations, several mythic poems and sagas, which were successively imitated by Danes, Englanders, Norwegians, Swedes, and Icelanders, and have formed collectively a northern school of poetic fiction.

Many of these remains are before the English public. Percy, in his five pieces of Runic poetry has assembled some. Gray, in his Fatal Sisters and his Descent of Odin, has delightfully versified others. Sayers, in his Dramatic Sketches, has gleaned the more prominent beauties of the newer Edda. Perhaps the history of the Sword, Tyrfing, abridged from the Hervarer-saga by Gräter, and here translated with slight variation from his German, will be thought to give a further idea of this cycle of fiction, and of its influence on the manners and opinions of the north.

6 Gräter, in a learned mythologic dissertation, published in the first volume of Bragur (p. 252), notices the double character of the Valkyries, who are sometimes terrific and sometimes welcome messengers, without detecting the real ground-work of the opposite personifications.

THE SWORD, TYRFING.

I.

In days of yore reigned in the north king Swafurlam. The land, over which he bore sway, was called Gardâreich, and had been given to his grandfather Sigurlam, the fair-haired, for an inheritance by Odin himself. Gardareich is often praised in the sagas, as one of the noblest boons which the father of the gods distributed among the braver of his companions; fir-trees covered its mountains; sheep fed in its valleys; and dwarves dwelt in its havens, who forged weapons, and built ships for the sea-kings.

Swafurlam had not degenerated: he was a great and a brave warrior, bold alike in battle or in duel. Whoever strove with him was sure to lose his life, or to owe it to Swafurlam's bounty. Even the dreaded Thias, who slew the father, found in the son an avenging overcomer. Swafurlam challenged him to single combat, and the giant fell beneath the might of this hero's sword.

Swafurlam having made himself formidable to the neighbours of his kingdom, lived in long repose; and took to his bed Frida, the daughter of the giant whom he had slain, and who in consequence had become his captive. By her he had an only female child, the beautiful Eyfura, the blueness of whose eyes, the splendor of whose complexion, and the flaxen paleness of whose hair, were noised abroad by those skalds, who feasted alternately at the halls of the earls, and enlivened the hour of ale with songs in praise of beauty and of courage.

Luck, like death, has its appointed hour. In Swafurlam's time, a mighty *kämper*, or champion, cruised about in the north seas, who was called Arngrim. He was grandson to Starkader, surnamed the eight-handed, and to the fair Alfhilda. This warrior sea-king despised helmets and coats of mail, and, in opposition to common prudence, as well as to the usage of the time, undertook every battle and every duel, without hauberk or harness. By this practice he acquired the surname Baresark, which means *bareshirt*, and which became the family name of his descendants.

What he might lose in point of safety by the want of armure, was replaced to him by the extraordinary fury which seized him when he was about to fight. In this state he resembled a madman, to whom every thing gives way because he is mad; equal efforts of strength, of daring, of rapidity, of resource, would in his sober senses be quite impossible. The most courageous, the best armed champions had opposed Arngrim; but, when his rage came on, he overpowered and cut in pieces every one, and seemed to feel at the time neither blow nor wound. As if he had a charmed body, made to deal death but not to feel it, he howled with a sort of exultation, while he struck in pieces his human prey.

Arngrim, after roving about from kingdom to kingdom, came at last into the peaceful Gardareich; and a rumor was soon spread that he desired to fight with the master of the country. Swafurlam, who had never been accustomed to shun a challenge, grew grave, when his messengers told him of the strength and of the character of Arngrim. The queen feared for the life of her husband, and Eyfura, though else heroic, wept with various alarms.

Swafurlam however determined to put his fate into the hands of the gods. He ordered the lads to saddle his horse, and bring his hunting spear; the chase he thought would divert his spirits and restore his activity. There is in hunting an all-absorbing whirl of idea, produced by the rapid changes of sensation, which has rendered it in all ages a willing refuge of the uneasy; it leaves no leisure for other cares than its own.

Into the forest near his dwelling the dogs were turned loose; and he and his people had beaten the bushes for many hours, before any marks were discovered of the wished-for game. At length a beautiful and bold white stag looked out of a bush, and then retired behind the fir-trees. Swafurlam uttered the halloo of pursuit, and spurred his horse after the fleet creature, which seemed to be making a joke of the royal hunter. It was now on the right, now on the left; then it doubled back, then it darted forwards; but whenever the hunter seemed to approach, and was lifting his arm to hurl the spear, the animal gave a prodigious bound on one side, and was afar in the twinkling of an eye. When at a distance, it would stop, and look round, as if disposed to wait for the pursuers, and so keep within ken: and this it did at least a dozen times.

The king grew impatient, but the more eager; he drove on with unrelenting perseverance over bush and brake, over hedge and ditch, over hill and dale. Night came on, but it was bright moonlight, and the fleet white stag was easily to be discerned. The king still chose to pursue. Midnight came on, and the stag was still running before the hunters, as much at its ease as ever; and stopping to look round for them, when they seemed at a loss, or disposed to halt from weariness.

At length they came to a monstrous rock, which appeared to wall in the forest, to overlook its highest trees, and to form, by its steepness, an impassable barrier. The stag ran directly up to it; and after bounding round in a circle, until the king should draw near, it sprang at a crevice of the rock, struck its antlers against it, and totally disappeared.

It had opened by the effort a pair of folding doors, behind which gleamed subterraneous fires. Two well-shaped dwarves presently came forth. The king, disappointed at missing his prey, and supposing them to have played him a trick and rendered the stag invisible, grinned with anger, uttered oaths of ill omen, drew his sword, and threatened to strike off their heads, unless they restored to him his game. The dwarves on their knees begged for their lives. "What are your names?" asked the king. "Dwalin is my name, and Dyrin is my brother's name."

This answer startled Swafurlam. He recollected to have heard from his youth that two dwarves of this name were the mightiest of their race, and the most consummate masters of the art of making weapons of all kinds, to which they attached a magic virtue. "Perhaps," thought he to himself, "the stag I have been pursuing was no common beast; but the elf who is my guardian spirit may have assumed this form to guide me to the dwelling of the dwarves. No doubt they could make me a magic sword, which would cut my way through my perils and rid me of Arngrim Baresark."

Swafurlam now determined to profit by his opportunity, and, softening the harshness of his tone, he said to the dwarves, with an assumed graciousness, that he would let them off harmless, if in three days they

would make him a sword, which would neither miss its blow, nor rust, which would cut through iron as through a garment, and always bring victory to its grasper in duel, or in battle.

"All this we will do," said the dwarves; "come hither in three days and take the sword. Then they showed the king into the bowels of the mountain; where he saw wells of fire, whence issued streams of liquid iron and gold, radiant as the sunshine. Dwarves unnumbered walked above the burning soil, and, wherever they stopped, flames came roaring out of the earth with a noise as of a stormy sea. They were black as moors, and showed to the king many magic weapons, which were to destroy the enemies of his race.

It was day-break when the king returned to the upper world. He found his attendants stretched in a deep sleep, at the threshold of the cavernous palace. No sooner were the folding doors closed behind him, than the spell ceased; the dogs started up and began to howl; the steeds snorted, rose, and pawed the ground; and the whole retinue returned home at leisure and in safety.

After three days, the king, accompanied by a single follower, went again to the palace of the dwarves. Dwalin stood before the folding gates, and gave to the king a new sword, which he held already in his hand. "Swafurlam, here is the sword; strong and good as thou hast commanded. Tyrfing, that is, *death of men*, is its name; let its first owner first beware."

These last words were pronounced in an oracular tone, which chilled Swafurlam to the backbone. The sword, which remained in his hand, felt to him cold as ice and heavy as lead. But the dwarves had disappeared; and when the doors of their dwelling flapped

together in the king's face, a long clap as of thunder seemed to echo their retreat throughout all the hollows of the place. Swafurlam admired his sword and its splendid accoutrements, the curious richness of the workmanship, the yellow gloss of the gold, the blue amel of the steel, the straps of scarlet leather, and the buckle studded with precious stones. He began to draw it, and perceived this motto on the blade:

> Niggard, learn a wiser hold;
> Gripe thy sword, and loose thy gold.

And on the other side:

> Draw me not, unless in fray;
> Drawn I pierce, and piercing slay.

Swafurlam now began to surmise that his insolent demeanure to the dwarves had undone all the good which his guardian elf, or hamingia, whom he supposed to have assumed the form of the white stag, had intended for him by conducting his course to the magical smithy. Still however he hoped that the graven curses were not to fall on the first owner, and that the term *niggard*, which among the northern nations passed for the bitterest reproach, was addressed to any other than himself. So much however of attention he lent to the motto as to sheathe the sword without wholly drawing it, and to proceed thoughtfully and slowly back to his residence.

II.

Arngrim, the unconquerable, as he was called, had already arrived. The customs of Scandinavia did not forbid, on the contrary they required, the kind recep-

tion of a man whose defial was accepted. This implied sufficient equality of rank to entitle either party to the other's hospitality. Those would drink against each other over night, who were to fight against each other in the morning. It was a maxim of Odin,[7] 'To the guest who enters your dwelling with frozen knees give the warmth of your fire; and offer water to him who sits down at your table, that he may cleanse his hands; he who has travelled over the mountains is in need of food, fire, and dry garments; their praise shall spread abroad who are kind to the stranger; the thankful guest brings help in trouble.'

The queen Frida, and her daughter, performed their part of the reception with seemliness. They slaked in water the largest hams, and threw them into the caldron to boil: they plucked fowls and eider-ducks for the spit, which an idiot-boy, a changeling of the elves, was employed to turn. They seethed parsnips, cabbages, and yellow turnips: they cut into smooth slices a vast loaf of rye-bread; and tapped a cask of the strongest ale brewed years ago, the month after harvest. Eyfura herself went into the cellar, and brought to Arngrim the first tankard hissing in its foam.

It was impossible for the queen to gaze without shuddering on her guest. He appeared about fifteen years younger than her husband, and still possessed that sinewy fulness of strength, which in Swafurlam was beginning to give way. Nor could she avoid recollecting, without some inklings of an impending retribution, that she had originally been herself the prize of a very similar visit of defial, and had been torn by Swafurlam from the grasp of a slaughtered father.

[7] See page 13, stanza II and III.

After the repast, Swafurlam, as was usual, proposed drinking a cupful to the immortal memory of Odin; then his guest named Niord and Frea, as the divinities to whom he thought himself indebted for a propitious voyage into Gardareich; the third bumper was to be emptied in honour of Braga; but a skald was first called upon to sing a song in praise of some champion of old. He chose the death-song of Hacon:[8]

Skogul and Gondula,
The god Tyr sent
To choose a king
Of the race of Ingva,
To dwell with Odin
In roomy Valhalla.

The brother of Biorn
They found unmail'd;
Arrows were sailing,
Foes were falling,
Hoisted was the banner,
The hider of heaven.

The wicked sea-king
Had summoned Haleyg;
The slayer of earls
With a gang of Norsemen
Against the ilanders
Was come in his helmet.

The father of the people,
Bare of his armure,
Sported in the field;
And was hurling coits
With the sons of the nobles.

[8] This poem forms one of the five pieces in Percy's collection, and is by him referred to the year 960: it is the triumph of northern song, the finest of the extant remains.

Glad was he to hear
A shouting for battle:
And soon he stood
In his helmet of gold,
Soon was the sword
A sickle in his hand.

The blades glitter'd,
The hauberks were cleft;
Blows of weapons
Dinn'd on the skulls.
Trodden were the shields
Of the death-doom'd of Tyr,
Their rings and their crests,
By the hard-footed Norsemen.

The kings broke through
The hedges of shields,
And stained them with blood.
Red and reeking,
As if on fire,
The hot swords leapt
From wound to wound.
Curdling gore
Trickled along the spears
On to the shore of Storda;
Into the waves fell
Corses of the slain.

The care of plunder
Was busy in the fight;
For rings they strove
Amid the storm of Odin,
And strove the fiercer.
Men of marrow bent
Before the stream of blades,
And lay bleeding
Behind their shields.

Their swords blunted,
Their actons pierced,
The chieftains sat down;
And the host no more
Struggled to reach
The halls of the dead.

When lo! Gondula,
Pointing with her spear,
Said to her sister:
'Soon shall increase
The band of the gods:
To Odin's feast
Hacon is bidden.'

The king beheld
The beautiful maids
Sitting on their horses
In shining armure,
Their shields before them,
Solemnly thoughtful.

The king heard
The words of their lips,
Saw them beckon
With pale hands,
And thus bespake them:
'Mighty goddesses,
Were we not worthy
You should choose us
A better doom?'

Scogul answered:
'Thy foes have fallen,
Thy land is free,
Thy fame is pure;
Now we must ride
To greener worlds,

To tell Odin
That Hacon comes.'

The father of battles
Heard the tidings,
And said to his sons:
'Hermode and Braga,
Greet the chieftain
Who comes to our hall.'

They rose from their seats;
They led Hacon,
Bright in his arms,
Red in his blood,
To Odin's board.
'Stern are the gods,'
Hacon said,
'Not on my soul
Doth Odin smile.'

Braga replied:
'Here thou shalt find
Peace with the heroes.
Eight of thy brothers
Quaff already
The ale of gods.'

'Like them I will wear
The arms I loved,'
Answered the king.
''Tis well to keep
One's armure on;
'Tis well to keep
One's sword at hand.'

Now it was seen
How duly Hacon
Had paid his offerings;

For the lesser gods
All came to welcome
The guest of Valhalla.

'Hallowed be the day,
Praised the year,
When a king is born
Whom the gods love;
By him, his time
And his land shall be known.

'The wolf Fenrir,
Freed from the chain,
Shall range the earth;
Ere on this shore
His like shall rule.

'Wealth is wasted,
Kinsmen are mortal,
Kingdoms are parted;
But Hacon remains
High among the gods
Till the trumpet shall sound.'

The kings and their guests admired the maker of the song, and asked the name of this son of Braga. "Eywind Scaldaspiller," answered the harper: "he was the friend of the king, and was playing with him at coits when the pirates surprised the iland, and wounded Hacon with a random shaft. Eywind himself, in his old age, taught me the song."

"And who was the sea-king," asked Swafurlam, "who came to plunder Haleyg?" That Eywind always refused to say; "Unlamented and unnamed," exclaimed he, "let them fall, who harbour not the hallowed voice of the skald." "I can tell you who it was," said Arngrim, "my father." Swafurlam

proposed to couple the names of Hacon and Eywind, and drink their deathless memory with three shouts, as Braga the god of praise ordained.

Hereupon the queen and her daughter withdrew, aware that the cup of love would be called for, and handed round, next, and that it commonly gives rise to jokes, and sayings, which a woman may not be seen to hear. Frida and Eyfura, while going, were requested by Swafurlam to prepare the cup; they accordingly toasted, or rather burnt, some bread, and quenched its flame in the ale; into which they grated some aromatic nuts, which had the property of causing love, and which were the gift of a wandering magician, who had presented them to the queen with other talismans. He had prophesied that Eyfura should wed a sea-king, and had been honoured for his visit with the present of a spiral bracelet of golden wire.

From chearfulness to noise, from noise to drunkenness, from drunkenness to sleep, the principal guests passed, or affected to pass, and Arngrim was carried last but one, and Swafurlam last, to his bed-room, by lads whose office it was to bring food and drink to the guests, but to observe sobriety themselves. They had also in charge to pile blocks of wood on the fire, and to feed and rub the horses of the heroes. These lads were sons of eminent chieftains in the neighbourhood, who, in the capacity of attendants, had the opportunity of learning the military and field exercises, and observing the manners of men of rank.

At dawn Swafurlam was already arming himself for the fight; and by break of day both combatants were met on the appointed spot. The queen and her daughter could see the conflict from their apartment. Frida shuddered for her husband; Eyfura seemed to

feel a double anxiety, to which perhaps the unusually heroic figure of young Arngrim somewhat contributed.

The duel began; Swafurlam was in complete armure, with his enchanted Tyrfing by his side. Arngrim had nothing to protect him, but a large firm shield covered with plates of tin, and a common stout sword. The king struck first, and clave the shield of Baresark into two nearly equal parts at the first blow, but it was so violent a one, that he overreached himself, and stuck his sword into the ground. Arngrim quickly seized his advantage, cut off the right arm of his adversary, stooped down, extricated Tyrfing from the lifeless hand, and, swinging the fatal sword in the air, gave to the monarch's head a gash, which brought him to the earth. "Mighty dwarves, was your vengeance to be so speedy?" exclaimed the queen, and sank into her daughter's arms: "my husband, my husband is no more!" In fact, he had fallen under a mortal wound.

The queen saw, with a sort of stupid grief, the corse of her husband brought into the great hall; pale and bowed down, she thought of the desertion which too probably awaited her declining years. Eyfura did what was possible to console her, and with sympathy replied to her bursts of anguish: "Oh my father, Oh my mother! Oh forsaken orphan that I am!" These words were heard by Baresark, who was assisting the followers of Swafurlam to lay the corse in state. "Princess," said he, "you shall not be forsaken; reach me your hand, and become my wife. Though by the laws of war you are now my booty, you shall be as content with me, as had I been a long acquainted wooer. Let us together quit this place; your father is in Valhalla, your mother, Freya will protect."

Eyfura, though a tender daughter, was, like all princesses of yore, too much accustomed to scenes of danger, slaughter and adversity, to be wholly overcome by her grief, or unaware of her situation. Brought up amid wars and battles, educated to hear the deeds of the gods, and the adventures of the heroes, and the enterprises of the giants related daily, she had acquired a general idea of the rights of conquest, and of the usage of the age. The proposal of Baresark therefore did not surprise her. She herself was sprung from one of these burly marriages; for her mother Frida had become the prize of a like successful aggression. It is not to her reproach that she gave to Baresark an answer, which had more of welcome than repulsion.

Whether Eyfura stayed with her mother until after the father's funeral, and whether the body was burnt, or buried in armure under a barrow, is not mentioned by the history; but it appears that Arngrim, after stripping the residence of Gardareich of what he most coveted, invited many of the dependants to assist in removing his booty, and to follow his future fortunes; and that he thus carried off, with his bride, a considerable addition both of wealth and strength. Nor did he omit to gird round his waist the celebrated Tyrfing, the dangerous present of the dwarves. He reached in safety his own home of Bolmey, an iland included in Halogaland, a part of the Norwegian coast, where his nuptials with Eyfura were announced with all the pomp of hospitality which the times and the region allowed; skalds were invited from Iceland, to celebrate the event.

III.

Thus were the dwarves avenged on Swafurlam, for the insult of compelling them to redeem their lives with the gift of a sword. Dwalin's prophecy, that the first owner must first beware, had but too exactly been fulfilled by the event of the late combat. Far greater misfortunes seemed, however, to be portended by the mottoes on the blade; and as the curses of dwarves, like those of the Nornies, eventually take effect, even if a whole generation has to await their fulfilment, a degree of uneasiness about them often afflicted Eyfura. After the first tumultuous enjoyments of marriage, she began to tremble for the life of her husband, and often begged him to give away, or bury underground, a weapon, which had been so fatal to those she cared about. But Arngrim was too much the warrior, and too proud of his trophy, to let the timorousness of a woman alarm him into putting it aside. "Am I a niggard?" he would ask: "can the motto be addressed to me?" At other times he would repel her intreaties, by relating old stories about the dwarves, which showed that their curses were seldom fulfilled on the living generation.

The all-despising courage and confidence with which Arngrim related these traditions, insensibly caused Eyfura to drop the subject; and as her husband habitually returned from his numerous cruises with glory and success, and brought home the spoil of powerful and distant chieftains, many of whom had fallen by the blade of Tyrfing, her fears at length subsided, and were forgotten in other cares. She lived much at her ease, and had the satisfaction year after

year of becoming a mother, and always of being delivered of a son. She bore in all twelve sons; but the two youngest were twins, and their birth cost her life. The eldest was named Angantyr; the second, Heerwart; the third, Seming; the fourth, Yorward; the fifth, Brami; the sixth, Brani; the seventh, Barri; the eighth, Reitner; the ninth, Tunder; the tenth, Bui; and the eleventh and twelfth were both called Hadding. But these twins, the last efforts of the now ageing Arngrim, were but half as strong as their brethren.

Angantyr, on the contrary, who was the first-born, was a whole head taller than any of his juniors, and could do alone as much as any two of them with united force could accomplish. The war-like spirit of their father had descended to them all. In their boyhood they already delighted to wrestle and to box; and as soon as they were so far grown as to know the use of a sword, they went out to seek their fortunes, and assisted in many an inroad both by land and water. In these joint excursions their fraternal enthusiasm acquired great strength, and they swore to one another reciprocally everlasting fidelity and friendship. Each was to consider the other's cause as his own: and if one was injured, or had any important undertaking to carry through, all the others were to take part in it. No one was to go on adventures of his separate account; no one to abandon the rest; but *all for one, and one for all*, to stake life to its last blood-drop.

And this bond they kept. Where one was, all were. Each fought for the rest, and would defy the greatest danger for his brother's sake. If a champion proposed to any one of them an iland-meeting, he had to sustain successively a combat with the whole twelve. Add-

ed to this, they observed the custom of their father, always to appear without helmet or mail; and hence they inherited the name of the Baresarks.[9] No less inherent in them was his rage in fight: but this fury was in them more frequent, more violent, and often ill-timed. Hence, if they were on board ship, with only their own people, and felt an attack of this animosity coming on, they were in the habit of landing, in order to vent their insanity on rocks and huge trees; for without something to hew and hack, until tamed with effort and fatigue, they were not masters of themselves. Once the misfortune had happened to them, in a fit of this kind, that they fell upon their own crew, slew every man of them, and cut into chips the masts and rigging of their ship. They spared no man: whoever withstood them they went against, and destroyed: and the marks of their daring and desolating spirit were scattered over a vast region. Hyndla sings truly,

> Manifold are the evils
> Which the rage of the Baresarks,
> Like storm, or flame,
> By sea and land,
> Has hurled on men.

But these evils operated to produce submission to their will: so that princes and kings of the north cared not to refuse any request of the Baresarks, fearing to expose their lands, their people, or their homes, to the ravages of these formidable sea-kings.

IV.

Once the brothers had lain by for the winter, and were come to pass, at their father's house in Bolmey,

9 The insane family of the Baresarks acquired great celebrity in the north, and is also mentioned in the Eyrbiggia-saga, of which a copious abstract closes Weber and Jamieson's Illustrations of Northern Antiquities, printed at Edinburg in 1814.

the yule feast, which succeeded to the shortest day. On these occasions it was customary, after the Braga-full, or third cup of ale, to make peculiar vows to the honor of the god Braga. One of the vows thus made by a son of Arngrim has, on account of its eventful consequences, been recorded by historians, namely, the vow of Yorward, the fourth son.

He had waited until his elder brethren had staked their pledges, and when the great cup came to him, he held it up in his right hand, and said: "By this cup, brothers, I swear to get Ingburga, the daughter of the great Yngwin, for my wife, or perish in the attempt: Braga blast me, if I do not!" Thereupon he emptied the cup. Now the princess Ingburga was the most beautiful and the most intelligent woman of her time; and was daughter to the king of Swithiod, a land of the Swedes.

In the ensuing spring, therefore, the twelve brothers set off together for Upsal; and, as soon as they were come to the palace, they entered straightway at the men's door, and placed themselves at the table of the king. All the present persons were startled at this unexpected intrusion of the Baresarks, and looked at one another wondering. The king was sitting on his high seat, and the princess at his left hand. At table were the two famous champions and guardians of the kingdom, Hialmar the bold, and Oddur the far-travelled, also surnamed Dart-Oddur. The former had his place next the princess, whom he long had loved in secret, and for whose sake probably he had forsaken his father's court, and entered into the service of Swithiod.

Yorward now began, and all listened eagerly for what he meant to say: "King, I am come to win thy daugh-

ter for my bride: I have sworn, over the cup of Braga, to take Ingburga, or death: tell me soon, O king, what is to be the doom of my prayer?"

When Hialmar heard what was the errand of the Baresarks, and perceived that the king was somewhat irresolute about an answer, he arose from his bolster, and, standing close to the king's table, thus spoke:

"You know, prince, that since I came into this land I have brought it honor and praise, and have fought many a successful combat to keep the kingdom safe for you and yours, abroad and at home. I have been, under the gods, the mean of extending your realm, and of bringing into your hoards much booty. I therefore ask a boon, such as my efforts and my birth have a right to claim. Give me your daughter; I have long hoped for some occasion to make the prayer. I am better entitled to her than these Baresarks, who are strangers in your land, and propose to carry her afar off, and who are besides harsh and bad men."

This speech put Ingwin in still greater embarrassment. On the one side he reflected how powerful and how over-bearing the twelve brothers were; of how famous a stem they were sprung; how decorous, and even useful, might be their alliance; how formidable and destructive their hostility. On the other hand he felt how much gratitude was due to Hialmar, the champion and protector of his kingdom, and how much the personal friendliness that prevailed between them would contribute to make him a welcome kinsman. Thinking to avoid the odium and risk of a decision between the rival claimants, the king said: "You are both great men and well-born: to neither would I have refused my daughter, if only one had applied: as you have both spoken, let her decide."

" Since the choice is left to me," said Ingburga, rising with inexpressible dignity from her seat, and awing into stillness, by the full display of her beauty, the rising anger of the rivals, " I will declare that choice. Hialmar, whose great and good deeds have been done here and for us, Hialmar, for so many years my father's friend and mine, I shall prefer to the stranger, in whose land no one knows me or cares for me."

" I shall have no words with you," said Baresark to the princess, " for I see you love him: but you, Hialmar, meet me at Midsummer, on Samsey: you are a niggard, if you fail to come; or if you wed before you have fought." Hialmar swore by Odin, that he would come at the appointed time.

Then the brothers returned back to Bolmey, and related to their father the event of their expedition. Arngrim seemed dissatisfied, and said that Hialmar was a brave and a strong man; and that he wished their visit to Samsey was well over. The brothers were too proud of their prowess to heed much such apprehensions. They staid all the winter with their father, and in the Spring began to prepare for a trip, which was no short voyage from their father's home.

V.

The old Arngrim, who began to feel that he had not a great many nights in store, observed with grief the preparation for an enterprise which his inklings led him to fear would be disastrous for his sons. When the time for their departure came, he said to them, " Go, my sons, since you will go, and take your fate. If the Nornies please, you shall be lucky: at least, you have my good wishes, and my blessing. I wish you to win the battle, and come back to your father safe

and sound, as many of you as may. But, my sons, I feel as if I should never see you more. My days are wintering apace: however, I will fetch you out of my hoard the best gift I can, to each a good sword. Angantyr shall take my Tyrfing; it has long rested, but never rusted: perhaps he may win with it the king's daughter for his brother, and so use it as to escape the curses inscribed by the dwarves upon the blade. You have heard me talk of this sword, which was never drawn without killing its man, and which I always reserved for great extremities. Farewell, and come again."

Such were the parting words of the anxious old man: he accompanied his sons in silence to the ship; took a sad leave, foreboding evil; and returned to his lonely dwelling, brushing the tears from his white eye-lash.

The Baresarks set off with a fair wind; they sailed in a southerly direction, along the rocks of Norway, and after having passed the coast of Jutland, turned eastward into the bay, called the Skagerrak, which is the entrance of the Baltic. Here they could not behold the dwelling of their faithful friend, earl Biartmar, without resolving to land and to visit him. This earl, the lord of Aalburg, had always been the confidant of the sons of Arngrim: he was a great warrior, and had many times lent aid, as well as shelter, to the Baresarks, when danger, or need, drove them to seek refuge in his hospitable home. They were now not far from the place of appointment, and had some weeks to spare before its date would arrive: but they had chosen to set off before their time pressed, lest adverse winds should prolong or intercept the earlier part of their voyage. This interval they determined to pass with their old and valued friend.

Earl Biartmar was heartily glad of the arrival of his young guests. He caused a great meal to be prepared. His only daughter Swafa presided at the board; she was now of a marriageable age, and her complexion was compared by the skalds to red northern lights reflected upon snow. Angantyr, in the course of his frequent visits, had often seen this young heroine with delight, and probably had long harboured the thought of asking her hand of the father. To-day, when the ale was circulating, and his heart felt warm, he took the opportunity, just after Swafa had withdrawn, of applying for her formally to Biartmar. To the earl this was a welcome offer: he called for the love-cup, which was next in turn, and insisted that the names of Angantyr and Swafa should be uttered in union by every guest; and the cup was emptied by each to their honour. He himself withdrew, under the pretence of pointing out the chosen beverage, to whisper the incident to Swafa; and he returned, full of satisfaction, to urge the ceremony of the toast. He determined that the marriage should take place at once, and announced the dinner of the very next day as the wedding-feast.

On the morrow, the meal was doubled, the union declared; and Swafa removed to sleep in the bed of Angantyr. The festivities lasted fourteen days, after which Yorward reminded his brothers that the time for the appointed combat was now at the door; and that it became them to prepare for immediate embarkment.

O that ye could for ever have remained with the friend of your heart, sons of Arngrim; misfortune would not so early have fallen upon your heads! How will your old father groan, when he hears the fate of his sons! Your fall will be his fall! O Biartmar, you

have feasted your friends for the last time: your daughter has tasted the joys of love; but she has tasted them for the only fortnight. Lonely henceforth shall be the life of Swafa! O that ye could for ever have remained with the friend of your heart, sons of Arngrim! misfortune would not so early have fallen upon your heads.

The last night before their departure Angantyr had a foreboding dream, which he related to the earl the next morning, after he had left the side of his grieving Swafa. "I thought," said he, "that my brothers and I were in Samsey; and that a vast flight of birds came against us, which we utterly destroyed; but we saw, following these birds, two eagles, and the one of them pounced successively at all my brothers, and left them stretched upon the field, and the other struck at me with its beak and its talons, and rose on its wings, when I aimed at it with my sword, so that I fell wearied to the earth." "'Tis not a dream hard to be guessed," replied Biartmar, "it announces the fall of many men, and I fear some of you are meant!" The Baresarks did not agree to the earl's interpretation, and thought they had nothing to apprehend. "All must go when the Nornies call," said the earl: and thus ended their talk.

The Baresarks now got ready, took their good arms on board, and set sail. Swafa begged to accompany Angantyr, but suffered herself to be detained by her father's intreaties. Biartmar led her back from a high promontory, which she had climbed to take a last view of the vessel. The wind was brisk, and lifted the streamers; the sun was bright; and the ship, with its twelve heroes, scudded hissing along the waves toward Samsey, while the crew thus sung:

Brown are our ships,
But the Vauns admire
The haunts of the brave;
Horses of the sea,
They carry the warrior
To the winning of plunder.

The wandering home
Enriches the fixed one:
Welcome to woman
Is the crosser of ocean;
Merry are children
In strange attire.

Narrow are our beds,
As graves of the nameless;
But mighty our rising,
As the storms of Thor;
He fears not man,
Who laughs at the tempest.

Who feeds with corses
The whales of Æger,
Shall deck his hall
With far-fetch'd booty,
And quaff at will
The wine of the south.

VI.

While the sons of Arngrim are sailing on, let us look back to Swithiod. The lovely princess Ingburga had not enjoyed one easy hour since the arrival of the Baresarks at her father's court. The champion Yorward continually hovered before her eyes, as he strode into the hall so daringly erect, and, presuming on the fame of his exploits, asked for her as his bride. She

could not forgive the contempt, with which he received the declaration of her love for Hialmar. Yet her heart palpitated with anxiety, when she thought of the day, now alas nigh, on which the friend of her bosom was to take leave of her perhaps for ever; and to fall, may-be, notwithstanding her parting blessing and her persevering prayers to the gods, beneath the sword of a ruthless ruffian.

To Hialmar she knew she could not communicate her anxiety, without the apprehension of offending him, and of having to blush in his presence: she therefore endeavoured to conceal her sorrow. Still it was observed by those around, that gladness had forsaken her forehead, that her eyes were downcast, and often red with weeping, and that her cheeks lost more and more the roseate hue of health. Even during the public rejoicings of the people, when she was wont to set the example of courteous gaiety, she forgot the king's daughter, and, instead of leading the dance, sought only where to hide and pine. The day of all the goddesses, or the Yule feast, had no longer any charms for her. Only when the courage of Hialmar was sung by the skalds, or when he added some new oaken wreath to his victorious brow, and brought to her the trophy of his spoil, a lightning of hope would flash across her eyes, and kindle a proud inkling in her lifted countenance. "Yes," she would prophesy to herself, "he shall return triumphant, my beloved, from his appointed meeting in the iland; my hero shall return a conqueror to my arms, and make me indeed the happiest of women."

The season of flowers was now approaching with swift steps. As the king was careful for the safety of Hialmar, partly because he also was of royal parent-

age, and was lord of five shires; partly because the kingdom of Swithiod was indebted to his courage for several acquisitions; but especially because the welfare and happiness of his daughter, whom he tenderly loved, now appeared to be knit up with the fate of the prince; he called together an assembly of the leading earls, to consult with them, what ought to be done for his protection in the approaching conflict with the Baresarks. After hearing all that could be learned of the circumstances, it was determined to fit out two armed ships, and to raise two hundred brave warriors, and to confide the command of the one vessel and of a hundred men to Hialmar, and of the other vessel and a hundred men to Oddur, his friend, and the fellow-champion of Swithiod. This arrangement pleased the king, who ordered the hall of weapons to be opened, that the young men, accepted by the two chieftains, might choose out new and similar accoutrements.

At length broke the morning of the day on which their departure was to take place. The willing young warriors were clustering before the porches of the dwellings of the two champions, who had armed themselves splendidly, and were superintending in the open air a distribution of sliced bread and dies of cheese, while priestesses of the wife of Odin handed about bowls of milk drawn in the court of the temple. Hialmar was in complete mail; but Oddur, beside his helmet and sword, had no iron armure; instead of it he wore an Irish enchanted quilting, which rendered vain the force of steel.

Presently the king came with his friends, and the princess with her ladies, to bid farewell to the heroes. Immediately a dinning sound was heard, as if the mace of Thor had struck on the kettle of Andrimner, which

arrested the attention of all the gathering crowd. The tolls were repeated at measured intervals, while the smaller doors leading into the side-ailes of the temple opened creaking from within.

The music of the warriors was then ordered to sound; to the clang of triangular harps, to the blore of horns, and to the sprightly whistling of the bag-pipes, the troops began to form. After circling for display in the area before the temple, called the field of Tyr, and brandishing their bright weapons with contemporary rapidity in the successive attitudes of combat, they proceeded in a long and narrow file toward one of the small portals, while the king and his train were admitted through a private opening in one of the central folding gates, to ascend the hustings, prepared for their reception opposite to the high altar.

It was impossible without awe to pass into the great temple, and suddenly to exchange the clear blue light of heaven for the dim and ruddy glare of the twelve pyramids of fire, which feebly assisted to discern the limits of the long, vast, dismal, enclosure, whose pillars and rafters were of a sooty black, and whose only window was the chasm at the summit of the turret, whence the smoke of the great altar climbed into the heaven of the gods, and revealed, by its ascent or its lingering, in what degree the worship of man is acceptable on high. The sharp-arch'd cieling of the holy hall was concealed by an ever-billowing cloud, in which hung suspended numerous limbs of the victims that had been offered up. A fire always burnt at the altar, but the twelve pyramids of flame were kindled only for the hour of the sacrifice and of the meal: they issued from nets of iron hoisted on small gibbets, beside each of which two boys, chosen by the Drots, and clad in can-

vas, were stationed, who fed the blaze continually by supplying it with fragrant shavings of the turpentine fir and with pine cones, and by waving to and fro the props, which only rested on a point.

The fire-deuses, so these lads were called, but the name is also given to the northern lights, and to the companions of the god Surtur, were placed in parallel rows, adown the nave of the temple, on each side of the long table, at which the feasts of sacrifice are consumed; but they stood closer at the upper end of the hall, so as especially to illuminate the colossal statues of the three gods.[1] Odin had a golden shield; Thor, a golden crown; and Frey had a chain of gold, which fastened all the three divinities to the corner-stone of the temple. These precious gifts of royal piety were never tarnished by smoak; the oftener they reflected the flames of sacrifice, the brighter they were seen to glitter.

The troops of Hialmar were ordered to halt for a few moments, before they followed him into the holy precincts. With Hialmar, a young man, his vassal, entered the temple, leading a cream-coloured steed from the land of the Saxons, his master's offering to

[1] The triple idol in the temple of Upsal was first described by Adam of Bremen; and Ruh, in the history of Sweden, (vol. i. p. 31) thus abridges the delineation, which, from motives of delicacy, is left in the original language.

Adam von Bremen berichtet, dass im Tempel zu Upsala drey Gottheiten verehrt werden, Thor, der als der mächtigste ihre Stelle in der Mitte hat, Wodan und Fricco. Ihre Bedentungen sind folgende: Thor herrscht in der Luft, gebietet über den Donner, die Blitze, den Regen, die Winde, die Witterung und die Feldfrüchte. Man bildet ihn mit dem Scepter. Wodan ist der Kriegsgott, der in völliger Rüstung vorgestellt wird: er ertheilt den Sterblichen Stärke wider ihre Feinde. Fricco schenkt den Menschen Friede und Freude; sein Bild wird durch ein ansgezeichnet grosses Geschlechtsglied, vielleicht das Symbol der Fruchtbarkeit, erkannt.

This Upsal idol was probably an imitation of the *Irmin säul*, or three-mans-pillar, which, from the time of Odin to that of Charlemagne, had been the favourite object of Saxon worship, and was erected in the neighbourhood of Paderborn. Charlemagne destroyed this monument of Paganism, during his war against Wittikind: it was not a solitary one; there is even much reason to suspect that the *Dreyfaltigkeits säulen*, or trinity-pillars, still common in the south of Germany, are but re-baptisms by the christians of other such pillars.

Odin. As they went in at the door, the sacrificing priest struck, as hitherto, with the hammer of his mace on the broad edge of the huge round empty copper kettle at the altar. The wooden walls and steep roof of the building were felt to reecho with the solemn tolls; and the white steed started. Every heart sank at the alarming omen. The croud of spectators in a moment was still, as on the morrow of a battle. The princess Ingburga, propping her wrist on her father's shoulder, hid against her hand a face suffused with tears. The king himself turned pale, but maintained a motionless dignity.

Then Hialmar, taking hold of the single rein of the horse nearer the chin, and patting him at the same time on the shoulder, led him without further struggle up to the place of sacrifice, made the usual obeysance before the three images, especially before that of Odin, and delivered the victim to the priest. The hope of the spectators now returned, that the offering was accepted by the god of battle; and some thought that the statue pointed toward Hialmar the sword in its hand.

The priest next drew the rein of the victim through the holy ring, and brought its head into confinement between the two upright parallel stakes on the estrade of the altar. He then with the axe of his mace suddenly cleft asunder the forehead of the beast, and, cutting its throat the moment it was fallen, suffered the blood to gush into the huge brazen kettle of the gods: it spouted freely, and, while it was reeking forth, the prophetess emptied upon it three pails of water drawn from the holy well.

Another priest stood near, with a small birchen besom in his hand, who dipped it in the blood and sprinkled therewith Hialmar. Thus purified, the hero

continued his returning way toward the other portal, followed by his hundred companions, who marched after him two and two, to the sound of military music, and were successively sprinkled by the priest, as they passed the high altar. While the procession went on, the sacrificer again struck the sacred kettle: the tolls were perceived to be less sonorous, now that the hunger of the gods was partly appeased.

The offering of Oddur was made to Thor, and consisted of a he-goat. The creature walked impudently into the temple, leapt as if by choice on to the estrade of the altar, and seemed to push its head as if in sport toward the mace of the sacrificer. No one doubted that the offering was acceptable to the weather-god. Oddur having made his obeysance to the three holy images, but especially to the crowned statue of Thor, which stood in the middle, and having been honoured with the aspersion of the consecrated blood, followed Hialmar out of the temple, attended in like manner by his hundred followers.

A third sacrifice to Frey, the god of wedlock, made by the king's order, closed the ceremony. This was understood to announce his daughter's betrothment. It consisted of a sow, the emblem of matrimonial fertility. The creature was difficult to guide, and actually broke loose from its guardians after approaching the altar: it was finally lifted by four of the Drots upon the block of slaughter, and died with piercing shrieks. No symptoms of complacence were seen about the idol. The blood of the victim flowed freely, which was thought a good sign; and the spectators began to disperse, more desirous of interrupting than of prolonging a ceremony, which could not easily be flatteringly interpreted to the princess.

Meanwhile the champions and their comrades proceeded in a long file out of Upsal, along the shore of the Mahlersea, in view of its many islands, to the town of Agnafit, in whose haven two ships of ash-wood lay ready to receive them. Oddur, the far-travelled, there commanded the two companies to separate: a hundred men climbed on board the one ship and a hundred on board the other. The weather was calm; oars were distributed; the rowers were divided into gangs, who were to relieve one another; and, when they had taken their places, Oddur informed Hialmar that all was ready, and withdrew into his own ship.

The king and the princess had overtaken the march of the army in a harnessed sledge, and were by this time arrived on the pier, to bid a second less formal farewell to Hialmar. The hero could not but feel affected at this mark of so tender an interest. His feet seemed to refuse to move, and his lips to speak. He stood irresolute, silent, looking now at the king, now at the princess.—"Thanks, my lord," said he to the monarch, pressing the hand offered to his shake, "for the love and for the honour shown me: if the Nornies have so doomed, I shall soon be back." "Doubt not, brave Hialmar," answered Ingwin, "that you will be victorious as heretofore, and that I shall live to see the sun shine on your return, and the moon on your marriage. Odin bless you! Tyr strengthen you! Farewell!"

"May all the gods shield you!" said the princess. "Yes, may all the gods shield me," replied Hialmar, "that I may see you again, my lovely Ingburga, and obtain that prize for which my life is willingly staked." "Alas," sighed the princess, scarcely articulate from grief, "we shall at least meet again in those golden

palaces where Gefiona assembles the virgin dead, if to Odin's board the Valkyries are to call you." "Fear not," said Hialmar: "in this world first, and then yonder, I trust we shall live together." "Yes, yonder, on high, at least"—striking her bosom in agony, then folding him in her arms and hugging him against her sobbing breast—"yonder, at least," said Ingburga, "we shall be joined—I feel, I feel our first embrace will be our last. O that I could go as thy shield-bearer, and give the death-blow myself to that Baresark, who wishes to stride into my chamber over the corse of my beloved! But I swear by Vara," continued she, presenting him with her ring in pledge, "that to whom ever Uller gives victory, I am the bride but of one."

Hialmar began to recollect that this melting mood was better interrupted. "*Ingburga or death!*" said he bawling: "that is our shout, my friends!" Then, breaking loose from the princess, he strode with alacrity to his vessel. Thence he cast on her an expressive look, saw her leaning on her father's arm in an attitude more composed, and then struck with his sword upon the deck as the signal for readiness. Music recommenced; and, as the vessels slid away, the oars dipped to the tune of sea-songs. The princess and her father gazed with melancholy pleasure at the gentle progress of the vessels along a smooth and glassy sea, and climbed a watch-tower, where torches were hoisted in dark nights, that they might pursue with their eyes to the very utmost verge of the horizon the slow course of the voyagers. Insensibly a breeze sprang up; and they could perceive the oars withdrawn, and the sails unfurled. At length, the ships having disappeared, they returned to Upsal.

"Niord preserve your son-in-law!" said the courtiers to the king. "May Frea hear your prayers!" said the young women to the princess.

VII.

Meanwhile the champions sailed toward the Sheerlings; the day was fine and still, and seemed to promise a lucky voyage. When they came to the iland Sott, a pleasing sound reached them from the shore. Beautiful girls were collected on the beach, and were singing in delightful unison. Hialmar had formerly rescued their country from the hands of the thick-bearded Jutes. They had heard he was to pass by; and they were assembled to greet their deliverer with songs, and to wish good luck to his undertaking. As the ships approached, they lifted their voices in praise of his courage and his kindness. With shouts of glee they recognized his flag, which fluttered at the stern; and several of them could discern brothers among his companions. Thus much of the song the sailors, as they passed, could hear or recollect:

Be kind, ye gods;
Great Thor, be kind;
Bind thou the thunder,
Rule the gale;
That the fair Sunna
May ride in peace;
And Niord forbid
Æger to be rough.
So shall the ships,
Like shafts of the archer,
Reach their aim
With whistling speed.

No more of the words could the crew catch, while within ear-shot of the shore: but they felt cheered by the incident, and especially Hialmar, on whom the honest glee of the young women, and the recollection of the deeds, which lived in their gratitude, produced a most beneficial effect. Since the farewell of Ingburga he had hitherto felt in a desponding mood: now his natural spirit seemed with added vigor to return, like the animal glow after cold bathing; to erase from his thoughts every gloomy apprehension, and to fill his fancy with the love of struggle and the faith of triumph.

The champions continued their cruise, with a fair wind and a merry heart, along the coast of Swithiod; steered safely between its numerous rocks, and entered the width of the Baltic, leaving Borgundarholm on one side, and passing between the coasts of Laland and Sialand into the Sound. Winds and waves remained friendly to them, until one clear morning they discerned the iland Samsey. They made land on the south side, and cast anchor in the haven called Unarvogar, from its having been first frequented by the Huns of the east.

All seemed quiet in the iland: no bird sang in the bushes, no tree rustled in the breeze, no beast brushed athwart the thicket, no footstep of man was to be seen. Hialmar and Oddur, curious for the adventure of the day, determined to go ashore, and to climb on the midmost hill, whence both the coasts can be discerned. Having confided to their trusty companions the care of the vessels, they proceeded to ascend, through a tall forest, the steep acclivity, reposing at times in barren plots, which commanded a reach of prospect.

Scarsely were the Swedish princes engaged in this expedition for exploring the region, when the sons of Arngrim, who had left the dwelling of earl Biartmar with a gentle and convenient breeze, also arrived; they landed on the north side of the iland in the haven called Mumar, or the welcome. Yorward sprang first ashore, singing aloud,

Hither, my brothers;
Hither, Angantyr,
Heerwart and Seming,
Brami and Brani,
Barri and Reitner,
Tunder and Bui,
And both ye Haddings,
'T is time to fight!

and all the brethren jumped after him. "We 'll soon send the Swedes to Hela," said Seming. "That we will, blast them," replied many, "and get Yorward his wife." "My Tyrfing," said Angantyr, "shall singe their polls like a firebrand, and feed every raven in the iland to bursting." "Here 's one," said Brani, drawing his sword, "shall rip up their entrails."

Another and another bared his weapon and began hewing and hacking in the air. By degrees the fury of the Baresarks glowed in every sinew; they could not contain themselves for thirst of blood, for lust of murder. They ran to the west side of the forest, they howled and jumped. Like those who flog their slaves in anger, they jerked their arms, they cut at the trees, and felled many, yelling with exultation, grinning with triumphant laughs, and stabbing at the imaginary foes. Some people of the iland, for on this nothern side the fishermen had a village, hid

themselves in their hovels, supposing that the deuses of the woods were holding their yearly walk of destruction, and singling out their victims.

Hialmar and Oddur, though in progress toward this side of the iland, were not yet within ken of the Baresarks, who by a westering and somewhat circuitous but not mountainous course, were tending to the haven Unarvogar, where they expected to find the Swedes.

No sooner did they get sight of the foe, than a twofold fury seemed to burn in their veins. They howled like dogs, they gnawed for anger the edges of their shields, they smote the air by their swords to and fro with whirring speed, they ran to the ships, and clambered on board, in sixes and sevens, yelling their war-whoop. The Swedish fighters showed admirable courage. No word of fear escaped from any one. Each stood like a post in his station, and gave no step of way to the mad blows. But neither all their bravery, nor all their despair, proved more than a mud wall against a chafing stream. The Baresarks, first on board the one ship, then on board the other, cut and slashed and hewed and hacked whatever had life to pieces. Theirs was the deck, they alone could find space for exertion, the number of their antagonists only supplied a longer succession of victims. And thus the picked manhood of Swithiod, two hundred brave and tried warriors, became one and all a prey to twelve madmen. The ships reeked, like kettles of sacrifice, in which the bodies of victims lie boiling in their blood.

The brothers, having fulfilled their slaughter, bounded on to the land: their rage had begun to abate from satiety, or weariness. Yorward, who thought that all

were slain, and that the princess was already won, said proudly to his brothers: "The weakness of age misled my father, Arngrim, when he held out this Hialmar and this Oddur, as the best of champions: you see neither of them has stood out against any one of us." But Angantyr, who recollected his dream, thought their enterprise was not at an end. "Let us not yet crow," he said; perhaps, Yorward, though we have not found an equal, this Hialmar and this Oddur may not have fallen."

The two Swedish explorers returned from the height they had climbed, when the Baresarks had finished their massacre. They had discovered the landing, and in some degree the direction of the foe; but were so hidden by the trees that the Baresarks did not quickly become aware of their approach. The saga says:

> Suddenly fear
> Came upon Oddur,
> When he beheld,
> All the twelve,
> With howling and triumph,
> Out of the ships
> Jump on the iland:
> All the twelve,
> Unhelm'd and unmail'd.

"Now you may see," said he to Hialmar, "that our men have fallen, and that we may all of us expect to sup with Odin in Valhalla." "I am not for being of the party," replied Hialmar: "the twelve Baresarks shall yet be sent with our apology."

"Such foes," said Oddur, sighing, "I have never met; we can escape into the forest, we can await them with armed hand; but how can we at once take up a

conflict with all twelve, now that two hundred of our people are either cowed, or destroyed?" "Let us not fly," said Hialmar; "fury has its fatigues, and I at least must and will cope with their latest efforts." It was thus agreed to advance toward them.

They walked calmly together out of the precincts of the forest, and stopped on a rising ground to display themselves to the Baresarks. As soon as the sons of Arngrim saw them at a distance, they pointed, and shouted, and waved their bare swords, and announced a hostile approach, and bawled curses of defiance. Dripping with the blood of carnage, they advanced closely united; but their demeanure was calmer than before; they seemed, if not overawed, yet exhausted and debilitated. When the proverbial rage of the Baresarks accompanied them no longer, half their dreadfulness was gone. One of the brothers obviously surpassed the rest by a head in height; it was Angantyr, who brandished the sparkling Tyrfing.

"Which do you prefer," said Hialmar, "to fight with that giant Angantyr apart, or to undertake his eleven brothers?" "With Angantyr," replied Oddur: "my magic quilting will match his magic sword, and we shall, in fact, fight man to man." "How!" said Hialmar, who did not expect this answer, "are we come hither that you should contest my preeminence? Do you covet to fight Angantyr, because you think it the bolder deed? I am the cause of this iland-meeting; I am moreover of royal blood; it is for me to undertake the utmost risk. Am I betrothed to the king's daughter to hand over danger to another? I will fight Angantyr." "Do so, if you like," replied Oddur: "you will have chosen the harder task."

Hialmar then drew his sword, and advanced toward

Angantyr; each damned the other to Valhalla. The then elder of the Baresarks desired a hearing, how he wished to be behaved to in case of either event. He especially thought of the curse engraved on his sword, and wished it not to pass into other keeping, nor to be employed against his own brothers.—"This I should like," said he, "that if but one of us goes from here, neither shall take away the other's weapons; so that, if I die, my Tyrfing may be buried with me in the carn, and Oddur keep on his magic quilting, and Hialmar his complete mail; and that whoever survives shall heap a hill over the fallen."

They were all content to abide by these conditions; and having said so, Hialmar and Angantyr drew on each other. Both were so brave and so ambitious of victory, that it was needless to spur, or curb, the zeal of either. Their blows fell so hard and fast, that their armure struck fire, and sparkled like billets that explode in the burning. Each smote with a force as if to hew down a tree at a blow; and the very ground trembled under them, as had it hung upon a string. At length, their harness being torn, they gave each other many deep wounds; yet still the combat went on obstinately, and the issue remained doubtful.

The eleven brothers and Oddur had long stood by to witness this extraordinary fight, and as yet saw on no side any appearance of victory, wherefore they determined to look for another place where to begin their own conflict. "You will not," said Oddur to the Baresarks, "wish to behave as churls, and to take any unfair advantage; you will therefore fight me one at a time, not all against one." To this the brothers assented. Yorward, the author of the duel, as in duty bound, stepped forwards first.

The combat began.[2] Yorward struck with might and main; but the magic garment, with which Oddur was defended, had so well been fashioned by sleight, or spell, that no sword of man's making could cut through it, and its gashes seemed to close again as the weapon rebounded. Oddur too had a good blade, which ripped asunder a coat of mail like a linen jacket; and, by dint of it erelong he stretched Yorward on the ground, dead. Triumph, princess Ingburga, the forcer of thy wishes is no more; thy choice is henceforth free. O that thy Hialmar were returned!

When the other brothers saw this, they grew angry, gnawed again the edges of their shields, and foamed at the mouth. Herward stepped forth next, and attacked Oddur, but was served likewise; and killed on the same spot, whence his brother's body had been withdrawn. Now the Baresarks howled for disappointment, they thrust out their tongues, they gnashed their teeth: their bellowing was like that of oxen waiting to be sacrificed, and was so loud that it was echoed back by the rocks.

Seming, next to Angantyr the most formidable, now hurled himself upon Oddur, and grappled with him more after the manner of a wild beast than of a trained warrior. Oddur was greatly in danger of being disarmed and strangled by the onset; but having succeeded in freeing himself from the grasp of his antagonist, and obtained play-room for his sword-blade, he became in his turn the dangerous assailant, and cut into strips not only the raiment, but the skin of Seming, who did not yield until the flesh was, as it were,

[2] This combat of the Baresarks with Hialmar and Oddur has been elegantly versified by the learned Mr. Herbert, in his Icelandic Poetry, part I, p. 71.

sliced off his bones, and he fainted and fell from bloodlessness.

Brani advanced next. It was difficult for Oddur to keep his footing, so slippery was the ground become with gore every where within the ring. He sent however not only Brani but all the remaining seven to the halls of the dead. Breathless and tired he was become, and bruised; still no gashed wound had been made through his enchanted acton: but such was his lassitude, that he sat down on the bodies of the two Haddings, who had been his last and easiest victims, and who had fallen one upon the other.

As soon as Oddur had somewhat recovered his breath and his strength, he withdrew from his own ground, to see in what state was now the combat between Angantyr and Hialmar.

Love and honor both contributed to warm the courage of Hialmar: he fought with persevering bravery, and pressed with so efficacious an activity against Angantyr, who was somewhat weakened by the previous boiling-over of his rage, that the eldest of the Baresarks had a difficulty in summoning sufficient remains of strength to keep possession of the field. Still Hialmar was receiving wound after wound, and at length the formidable Tyrfing asserted its privilege, and pierced him mortally through the heart.

The effort was fatal to Angantyr, who fell at the same time, and died before his antagonist.

Just at this moment Oddur reached the place of combat. Angantyr already lay stretched on the ground, grasping yet in his right hand the sword Tyrfing, his eyes glazed and still, but not closed. Hialmar sat on a heap of earth, bent forwards and pale as

ashes. "What ails thee, Hialmar," said Oddur to him, "that thou art so changed of hue? No doubt thy gashes bleed too fast; I see thy coat of mail is cut through and through: sharp was the sword of Angantyr: let me hold together the lips of thy sorest wound, it may the sooner staunch."

Hialmar raised himself a little, and, looking kindly at Oddur, said with a weak voice: "Sixteen wounds —slit open my hauberk—that sword Tyrfing—its point was hardened in venom—I have felt its coldness in my heart—all I see quivers and will soon be night. —My friend, farewell—take this ring—give it back to Ingburga.—Ravens—the ravens of Odin come to overshadow me—my corse is ready." Once more, but in vain, he tried to name Ingburga, and to press the hand of friendship to his heart; a hoarse sigh rattled up his throat, he chilled, he fell, he stiffened, and arose no more.

As the evening was already come, Oddur staid to watch the dead. The following morning he called the ilanders together, and caused the bodies of the Baresarks all to be laid side by side in one place. Large trees were felled and placed as a bulwark around the precinct. The corses were then covered with pebbles, sand, and turf. Their arms were buried with them, and Tyrfing was carefully left in the very hand of his master Angantyr. Finally the ilanders heaped much earth over the whole mound.

The body of Hialmar, Oddur took with him into the ship, and sailed back with it to the haven of Agnafit; he thence carried to Upsal the tidings of his sad freight. Ingburga soon determined on her conduct. The remonstrances of her aged father, however natural and affectionate, appeared to her in

opposition to the dictates of an heroic honor. She chose, on the day when the remains of Hialmar should arrive for burial, to devote herself to Gefiona, the goddess of virginity, and to fling herself into the sacred well.

Preparations worthy of the national magnificence of Swithiod were made for the funeral of Hialmar. A pyre of fir-trees was piled on the eminence allotted for his tomb. His weapons, his rings, his cup, his bracelets of golden wire were collected and attached to his remains. His favorite cream-coloured war-horse, the companion to his inauspicious offering, was bound to a stake near which the body was to lie. A bier covered with bear-skins supported the corse; and twelve earls supported the bier. The drots went from Upsal by day to Agnafit, and returned by night, bearing torches and singing songs of lamentation on either side of the valued remains. Hedges of people bordered each side of the whole road. When the body was deposited on the hearth, and surrounded with faggots, Ingburga advanced to set fire to the pile. She then walked steadily by its light to the brink of the sacred well. A procession of priestesses followed at a respectful distance. The utmost silence prevailed. At the edge of the precipice Ingburga turned round, gazed on the broad aspiring cone of flame which now blazed in all its glory, and as if she saw the spirit of her beloved ascending on its wing to the stars: "Hialmar," said she, "I join thee:" and was heard to plunge in the subterraneous waters. Immediately sobs and howls of lamentation broke loose from the innumerable croud around. The king only, drawing a cap over his eyes, and clasping his hands, kept silence, while he was led to his couch by Oddur.

Ingwin lived half a year, and Oddur was chosen in his room.

The foregoing version of the history of the Sword Tyrfing has been adopted from the Tales of Yore, printed for Mawman, in 1810. It does not, however, contain the whole of the original romance. Hervor, the daughter of Angantyr, next disinters the buried sword, and compels, by incantation, her father's ghost to reach back from the grave the fatal weapon, which again perpetrates deeds of carnage. Of this sequel, translations exist; but more than enough has been already given to sketch an outline of the manners of the disciples of Odin. By the conquests of Attila, and the Huns, the Saxons of Germany were pressed further northward; but the same state of culture, the same heroic contempt for death, the same respect for the chastity of married women, accompanied these pagans to their new abodes in Denmark, Britain, and Sweden; only that their more maritime situation naturally gave to their love of plunder a character of piracy. This romance, therefore, is satisfactory evidence of the kind of writings which delighted the German north, where, probably, first originated many other sagas, which remain to us only in the form of later Icelandic imitations.

§ 6.

Analysis of Beowulf—an ancient epopæa.

Whether Beowulf, as the Danish editor supposes, originated in the neighbourhood of Lubeck, or whether by the East Danes, whom it celebrates, are to be understood the Danes of East Anglia, the poem still belongs to this pagan school of the North, and throws light on the early condition of all the connected nations. It consists of forty-three or rather forty-four sagas, or cantos, which have been preserved among the manuscripts of the Cotton Library at the British Museum. Hickes mentions the poem in his *Thesaurus;* Wanley, in his *Wonders;* Warton, in the *History of English Poetry;* and Mr. Sharon Turner, in his *Anglo-saxons.* All these notices being imperfect, I avail myself of the edition printed at Copenhagen, in 1815, and edited by the meritorious assiduity and appropriate learning of Mr. Thorkelin, to make a new epitome, or analysis. In transcribing the Anglo-saxon names should be inserted an *h* after *c* when it precedes *e* or *i;* because, in the Anglo-saxon alphabet, which was borrowed from the Italian, the *h* was in such circumstances always pronounced: thus our word *witch* is written in Anglo-saxon, *wice.*

The *shaper,* or bard, thus commences:

At the beginning
Who was the Dane's
King of the People;
Winner of glory,
Leading their nobles
The path of daring?
Shefing the Shyld.
Threat'ner of foes;
For many crews'
Dwellings he won.

In the eleventh line, mention occurs of an earl whose name is obliterated, but who is praised as a good king. In the thirtieth line occurs another anonymous monarch, whose name must have been Ægtheow; and these three princes seem to have been all the ancestors of Beowulf, whom the poet could enumerate. The Saxon chronicle, under the year 854, mentions a Shefing, there said to be born in the ark of Noah, which merely means that memory, or record, reaches no farther back; so that, both according to the Saxon chronicle, and to this poet, Shefing is, among the east Danes, the eldest son of fame. By east Danes, I presume, are meant those who settled in East-Anglia, the modern Norfolk and Suffolk; and it is remarkable that the Saxon chronicle gives us, among the descendants of this Shefing, one Beaw Scheldwaing, which is very like to Beowulf the Shyld.

After this short catalogue of fore-fathers, the poet thus introduces his hero:

Famous was *Beowulf*;
Wide sprang the blood,
Which the heir of the Shylds
Shed on the lands.

So shall the bracelets
Purchase endeavour,
Freely presented
As by thy fathers;
And all the young men,
As is their custom,
Cling round their leader
Soon as the war comes.
Lastly thy people
The deeds shall bepraise,
Which their men have performed.

Beowulf having collected his crew, embarks.

When the shyld had awaited
The time he should stay,
Came many to fare
On the billows so free.
His ship they bore out
To the brim of the ocean.
And his comradés sat down
At their oars as he bade:
A word could controul
His good fellows the Shylds.
There, at the Hythe,
Stood his old father
Long to look after him.
The band of his comrades,
Eager for outfit,
Forward the Atheling.
Then all the people
Cheer'd their lov'd lord,
The giver of bracelets.
On the deck of the ship
He stood by the mast.
There was treasure
Won from afar
Laden on board.

Ne'er did I hear
Of a vessel appointed
Better for battle,
With weapons of war,
And waistcoats of wool,
And axes and swords.

This is the substance of the proem, which the editor does not include in the enumeration of his cantos; and which, in our judgment, has been transposed by the copyist from the place to which it belongs:—at least a more natural beginning would be that of the first canto,

Then dwelt in the cities
Beowulf the Shyld,
A king dear to the people:
Long did he live
His country's father.
To him was born
Healfden the high;
He, while he lived,
Reign'd and grew old,
The delight of the Shylds.
To him four children
Grew up in the world,
Leaders of hosts,
Weorgar and Rothgar,
And Halga the good.
And I have heard
That Helen his queen
Was born of the Shefings.
Then was to Rothgar
Speedily given
The command of the army;
Him his friends
Heard most willingly.

When to the youth
Was grown up a family,
It came to his mind
He would build them a hall.
Much was there to earn,
And men wrought at it,
And brought it to bear.
And there within
He dealt out ale
To young and to old,
As God sent them;
Without stood the people
And sported afar.
And, as I have inquired,
The work was praised
In many a place
Amid the earth.
To found a folkstead
He first contrived
Among his liegemen;
And when this was finish'd,
The first of halls,
Earth gave him a name,
So that his words
Had power afar.
He received guests,
And gave bracelets
To the friends of the feast;
And the cielings echoed
To the sound of the horn;
And healths were given
In strong drink.

In this hall, a shaper, or poet, sang the lay of the creation, in presence of the "grim guest Grændel;" and in this song he relates the murder of Abel by Cain: so that the Danes were already conversant with Christianity, when these personages flourished;

which obliges us to date the poem nearly as late as the tenth century, and not, as M. Thorkelin, in his title-page, ventures to assert, in the third or fourth century.

From the second section, it appears that this Grændel, getting drunk, quarrelled with his host, and said that he would never keep peace with these Danes. He is called (p. 16) a heathen, and is described as an adorer of Hela, and ignorant of the Creator. Some injury he accomplished, which is not well defined; probably, the plunder of the new mansion, with which apparently he made off. To revenge this feud, or injury, Beowulf had sailed.

The third canto introduces Beowulf consulting Higelak, a king of the Goths, concerning the manner to be adopted in punishing and revenging the mischievous visit of Grændel. This prince sends Beowulf to his relation Rothgar. In the fourth canto, Beowulf goes to the residence of Rothgar; and, when a shield-bearer, or keeper of the shore, comes to inquire the motive of the visit, Beowulf announces it as friendly, and calls himself the son of Ægtheow. In the fifth canto, he is led through a paved street to the dwelling of Rothgar, to whom he explains his purpose.

Here should have been placed all the previous narrative.

In the sixth canto, Rothgar acknowledges the family ties which bind him to Beowulf, and, expresses a disposition to favour his views against Grændel. It appears that Rothgar is a king of the west Danes, and that about three hundred men are to act under the orders of Beowulf. Both parties look up to Higelak, as to a common sovereign. In canto VII, Rothgar relates his own history. In the eighth, an altercation

takes place between Beowulf and Ilunferd, the king s minister. In the ninth, Beowulf relates an expedition into Finland. The wife and daughter of Rothgar are present, and bring mead and beer. In the tenth canto, Rothgar presents armure to Beowulf the Goth, and wishes him success.

Canto XI. Grændel, having been informed of the preparations making against him, resolves to anticipate his adversaries by marching against Rothgar. This very poetical section opens thus:

> Then came across the moor,
> Beneath a roof of mist,
> Grændel, the foe of God,
> Bent on the lofty hall
> To wreak his wrath,
> And work the scath
> Of human kind.
> Wrapt under clouds he steps
> To seek the golden home,
> Where once he shared the feast:
> Now big with angry hate.
> Not the first time was this
> He sought for Rothgar's hall;
> But never he
> In days of yore
> Was doom'd before
> To meet with harder hands
> Or braver fellows there.

Grændel is so far successful as to surprise and set on fire the palace, at which his people shout for joy. The poet then goes on:

> A noble shudder fell
> On all within,
> Whom that dire cry arous'd.

The foe of God
Delighted sang aloud
A lay of victory:
And Hela heav'd her head,
And steadily beheld
Upclimb the spreading flame.

In the twelfth section, Grændel is compelled to retreat, and presumed to be slain, by the exertions of Beowulf. In the thirteenth, the description of the palace, half in ruin, is quite from nature. Bodies of the heathens are scattered in the surrounding marshes; and the king's skald, or singer, is commanded to celebrate Beowulf. Canto XIV. Rothgar proposes to reward the courage of Beowulf by the gift of his daughter's hand. In the fifteenth, the mansion is cleansed and repaired, and adorned for the approaching festivity; and the sword of Healfden is given to Beowulf, as a reward of honour. In the sixteenth, the comrades of Beowulf are recompensed. In the seventeenth, some enterprises against the Frieslanders and the Jutes are celebrated.[3] In canto XVIII, the queen presents the cup of brotherhood to Beowulf and her sons. In the nineteenth, it appears that the mother of Grændel has cured his wounds by spells, and restored him to life: and that fresh exertions against him will be necessary. In the twentieth, Rothgar describes Grændel as a magical being, the son of a ware-wolf. In the twenty-first, Beowulf undertakes the new enterprise, and is armed with the sword Runting, a poisoned weapon, good against spells. In canto XXII, Beowulf takes leave of his father-in-law,

3 At p. 84, and again at p. 86, the word *Hengest* is here rendered by the latin adjective *maritimus:* but we suspect this to be a mistranslation; and that the word, which signifies a *horse*, is here a proper name.

and embarks to attack Grændel at his dwelling-place. On the voyage, mermaids appear to him. In the twenty-third canto, he accomplishes his purpose, and slays Grændel with the sword Runting; which, however, melts like ice, after having perpetrated the deed. The body is taken on board of the ship in order to be presented to Rothgar; and on their arrival they cut off the head and carry it by the hair into Rothgar's hall. In the twenty-fourth saga, Beowulf relates again the history of his voyage and victory, and receives the benediction of Rothgar.

Now comes a second part of the poem, of inferior merit and interest. Beowulf sets sail for his own home, and proposes to visit Higelak and recount his success. He goes accordingly to Sweden, and is welcomed by Higelak; delivers gifts from Rothgar; relates his adventure; receives other gifts of arms; and presents at court the daughter of Rothgar. Meanwhile, the mother of Grændel comes to claim the aid of the sovereign against Beowulf, the murderer of her son: but Beowulf's attack is deemed justifiable. Next, Beowulf goes to sea, apparently to fish for whales: but he takes a sea-worm of enormous length, which wounds him; and this he attributes to the spells of Grændel's mother. Imperfections occur in the manuscript, through which some predatory expeditions may be discerned; and a treasure is taken from a dragon. The death of Higelak is related in the thirty-third saga, which introduces the sons of Octher as contemporary with his old age. Now, if these be the sons of Octher, the arctic navigator, whose voyage was edited by king Alfred, this will decidedly date the heroes of the poem as coeval with our king Athelstan, who flourished in the middle of the tenth century.

Beowulf is stated to have revenged against these sons of Octher their hostility to Higelak. With Hugo, a king of Friesland, Beowulf also wars successfully; he undertakes, moreover, to avenge the murder of Weoxstan; and he adopts Wiglaf, the son of his slaughtered friend, as son-in-law.

The thirty-seventh saga begins a third part of the poem; a sort of epilogue, which narrates the old age and disease of Beowulf, and his determination to die a voluntary death. Accordingly, he recognizes Wiglaf as his successor, mounts the prepared funeral pyre, stabs himself with a sword, and is buried with solemnity. The dying harangue of Beowulf is pathetic and natural:

Thus spake Beowulf:
My wound will not heal,
Black is the flesh,
And I knew that to-day
The pain would increase.
From joys of the earth
I am shut out for ever.
To-day is fixed,
And my death is nigh.
Now, my son, will I hand you
The harness of war,
In which I rejoiced
At the storm of the fight,
Which my father gave me.
And with it I give,
As to the most worthy,
The whole of my wealth.
I have govern'd the people
For fifty winters.
No king of the nations
In reach of my sail
Dared come for my hoard:

I struck them with terror,
While I lived on the earth.
But I gave away meal,
And I gave away beer;
Nor wrong'd I the weak,
Nor broke I my word.
My soul is nowhere
Sick of a wound.
I need not fear
To beckon death,
And bid him take
The life from my body.
Go look at the hoard
Below in the tower,
My beloved Wiglaf,
Now the circle of guards
Sit silently weeping,
That you may well know
What you are to find.
Go out of my sunshine.
When you are away,
I shall gladly abandon
The life and the kingdom
Allotted so long.

In the ensuing canto, Wiglaf inspects the treasury, and a long inventory is given of the plunder accumulated by Beowulf. On Wiglaf's return, he finds his father-in-law dying of his wound, and a moving farewell ensues. Cares of the funeral succeed; the barrow, or cairn, is heaped on Rone's Ness; and an encomium is chanted by a skald, which closes with these words:

His hearth-mates said,
Of the kings of the world
He was the mildest man,
The strongest of hand,
The dearest to the people,
The most eager for fame.

Were I to indulge a conjecture as to the author of this poem, I should feel inclined to ascribe it to Wiglaf, the son-in-law of Beowulf. The final separation of these personages has much the appearance of an historical narrative; and the singular complacency of detail, with which the hoard of Beowulf is catalogued, indicates the information of an inmate, and the pride of an heir. The beginning of the thirty-eighth saga might also be construed to support this hypothesis. The earlier portions of the poem have every mark of being derived from the information of Beowulf himself, to whom probably they had been read: but where did Wiglaf the skald, and his father-in-law Beowulf, finally reside? Beowulf was of the clan of the Shylds; and, as he calls himself in the fourth canto a Goth, his origin must have been from Gothland, the south-western part of Scandinavia, of which Gottenburg is the chief town. He was, however, become (see pp. 32, 48, 64,) an east Dane. Now this epithet is applied either with respect to Denmark, or with respect to England. If he was an east Dane of the Danes of Denmark, he dwelled near Lubeck; if he was an east Dane of the Danes of England, he dwelled in East-Anglia. The latter appears to me most probable; because, in order to visit Higelak, he is not described as passing the Sound; and because his expedition against the Frieslanders announces a rover of the German sea, not of the Baltic. This being admitted, the name Gar-Dena, or Danes of the Yare, which is repeatedly applied to the crew of Beowulf, must be interpreted to mean Danes sailing from the port of Yarmouth. In this case, the burg, or castle, which Beowulf, in the thirty-second canto, builds, 'by the water-side, on the flat ground,

near the New Ness,' must have stood in the lower part of the Earl's Town, or Gorleston, opposite to the ancient mouth of the river, which seems about this time to have changed its course.

Although, from the colouring of the manners, and from the evidence of the language, which differs not greatly from the Anglo-Saxon of Alfred's time, we should be disposed, as before observed, to date this composition in the tenth century, yet one strong argument, which must not be concealed, exists for dating it considerably later. It is this. The Danes and the Goths in this poem both acknowledge Higelak as a common sovereign. Now it was not until the beginning of the twelfth century that the Swedes and Goths quarrelled about the election of a common chieftain; and that the Goths transferred their allegiance to the king of the Danes. According to Ruh's History of Sweden, (see the beginning of the second book,) this union of the Goths and Danes was effected in 1134; and at no prior period would they have acknowledged a common sovereign.

I exhort both the poet and the antiquary to examine this curious production. On the manners and spirit of the Gothic north it throws a new and appropriate light; it is one of the most brilliant corruscations of the boreal dawn of literature; and it may no doubt be applied to the discovery of earthly historical truth, as well as to the decoration of the starry skies of fiction.

With the admission of Christian opinions into the Gothic north, its literature begins to lose the raciness and originality of its native character, and gradually

assumes the forms common to the productions of the middle age in other parts of catholic Europe. During the dark millennium, which succeeded to the accession of Constantine, when Europe was collectively superintended by the papal see, nations were too similar in their stage and form of culture to learn much of one another by intercourse, or to direct their competitions to useful and noble purposes. Until the revival of classical literature, and the controversies provoked by protestantism, had disturbed the pernicious uniformity, how little there was to value in the condition of man. To the philosopher it would have been an interesting spectacle, if, in some one of the northern regions, in Scandinavia for instance, the progress of civilization had been left to its natural course, unmisguided by ecclesiastic missionaries and monastic institutions. Many superstitions,[4] which have fatigued the credulity, clouded the intellect, and impaired the security of man, and which, alas, but too naturally followed in the train of the sacred books, would there, perhaps, never have struck root; and in one corner of the world the inquiries of reason might have found an earlier asylum, and asserted a less circumscribed range.

[4] Such as witchcraft and dæmonology, trinitarianism, intolerance, &c.

§ 7.

Intrusion of Christianity—Ulphilas—the first rimes—Lombard literature—Old Hildebrand—other remains.

While the internal wars of the Germans, and the irruption of Attila and the Huns, were pressing northwards the Saxons and their paganism, Christianity was making a gradual and efficacious progress among the Teutonic nations of the south. The original impulse had been given long before.

About the close of the fourth century, and probably during the life-time of Odin, Ulphilas, an Arian of Mæsia, undertook the conversion of the Goths. He translated from the Greek many portions of scripture into the Mæso-gothic language, *(see Michaelis's Introduction to the New Testament*, § 82—87), went as a missionary among the inhabitants of Dacia, and succeeded in drawing their attention to the contents of the sacred books. So many Dacians had served in the army at Constantinople, or had visited that city from motives of commerce and curiosity, that the foundation of Christian places of worship among them had become a public wish. Ulphilas obtained from the emperor Valens, at Constantinople, the requisite patronage, and was honoured with a sort of episcopal jurisdiction over the churches which he had founded, and the tribes which he had undertaken to instruct;

and he deserved by his virtues the confidence and allegiance of his extensive flock.

Of his translations from scripture, but a small portion of the gospel has been preserved, which was edited at Oxford, in 1750, by Lye, and in divers cities of the continent, by Junius, by Ihre, and lately, by Zahn, at Weissenfels, 1805. This version disputes with the poems of Odin the honor of being the oldest monument of German literature.

The earliest rimes are commonly ascribed to saint Augustin; but a prior instance occurs, which is put into the mouth of children sitting in the market-place, and which well imitates that infantine love of like endings, on which is founded the whole system of grammatical analogy in language. The instance in question occurs in Matthew, (chap. xi, ver. 17), and runs thus:

Ἠυλήσαμεν ὑμῖν, καὶ οὐκ ὠρχήσασθε;
Ἐθρηνήσαμεν ὑμῖν, καὶ οὐκ ἐκόψασθε.

which may be rendered:

We piped to you, ye have not leapt;
We mourned to you, ye have not wept.

Well may it be suspected that the predilection of all Christian nations for rime has resulted from veneration for the august authority which gave utterance to this exemplary couplet. Ulphilas, at least, has translated it in rime thus:

Swiglodedum izwis, jah ni plinsideduth;
Gaunodedum izwis, jah ni gaigeroduth.

and this distich, or rather quatrain, is the earliest specimen extant of German rime. I say German,

because the Mæso-goths eventually ascended the Danube, being pressed westward by the Slavonian tribes, and finally settled in Thüringen, where, however, their language has lost the dual termination, which it probably owed to a Constantinopolitan grammarian. A part of these Mæso-goths appears to have become incorporated with the Lombards, among whom the next oldest traces of German poetry are to be sought.

The tale, or song, of Old Hildebrand, for it occurs both in prose and verse, is the most ancient remain of Lombard poetry. Eccard edited the prose copy, which is given entire in Weber and Jamieson's *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, p. 215. Eschenburg edited the rimed copy in his *Denkmäler Altdeutscher Dichtkunst*, Bremen 1799. The following translation is from Eccard's prose, as far as it goes; but the interference of the lady Utta, which is essential to the recognition, has been supplied from the poem. From the *Helden-Buch*, or Book of Heroes, first printed in 1509, it appears that Hildebrand was the son of Herbrand, and the grandson of duke Bechtung; and that he was governor to Diedrich von Bern, that is, to Theodoric of Verona, a celebrated king of the Lombards. A Danish copy of this ballad gives the name Alebrand to Hildebrand's antagonist; but Eschenburg has shown that the name Amelung is employed in a greater variety of authorities.

OLD HILDEBRAND.

I have heard say, that Hildebrand and Amelung agreed to go on a warlike expedition. These kinsmen made ready their horses, prepared their war-shirts, and girded on their chain-hilted swords.

As they rode to the meeting of heroes, Hildebrand, Herbrand's son, (he was one of the wise, and questioned in few words) said to his companion: "If thou wilt tell me who was thy father, and of what people thou art sprung, I will give thee three garments."

"I am a child of the Huns," answered Amelung, "and our old people have told me that my father's name was Hildebrand. In former times he came from the east, flying the enmity of Otto-asa, and put himself with Theodoric and his blades.

"He left behind, in the land, a bride in child-bed, and a child without inheritance; and went to the south with Theodoric, where he stood many brunts.

"He was a man without connexions, not a match for Otto-asa; but he was a good soldier, while he strove under Theodoric, acquired domains, was his people's father, and dear to brave men. I do not believe that he is living."

"My worthy god Irmin[5] in heaven above," quoth Hildebrand, "do not let me fight with so near a kinsman." Then he untwisted golden bracelets from his arm, and imperial rings which his king had given him, saying: "This I give thee not without good will, I am thy father Hildebrand."

Amelung answerd: "With willing soul be gifts taken, tit for tat. Thou art not of his age. Craftily thou seekest to deceive me: but I will convict thee out of thine own mouth. Thou art so advanced in years, that thou must be older than he. And shipwrecked men told me, that he died by the Wendel-sea,[6] in the west."

Then Hildebrand answered: "I well see thou hast

5 For a description of this triple idol, see p. 61.
6 Wendel-sea, the sea of Venice, the Adriatic.

in thy breast no Lord God, and carest nought for his kingdom. Go now, so God be willing," said Hildebrand, " I would we were parted. Sixty summers have I wandered out of my country, and sometimes I have joined archers; but in no borough did they ever fasten my legs; and now my nearest kinsman would aim his battle-axe at my neck, or I must bind his legs. Yet you may now easily, if your valour is up, win the spoils of the dead from one you should venerate, if you have any sense of right. He would be a base Ostrogoth," continued Hildebrand, " who should refuse thee battle, seeing thou so greatly desirest it. Good commoners, be judges which it is who flinches in the field, and which it is who ought to have our two coats of mail."

Then they let fly their ashen spears with such force that they stuck in the shields. Then they struck together their stone-axes, and uplifted hostilely their white shields, till their loins and bellies quivered.

But the lady Utta rushed in between them: " I know," said she, " the cross of gold which I gave him for his shield; this is my Hildebrand. You, Amelung, sheathe your sword, this is your father."

Then she led both champions into her hall, and gave them meal and wine and many embraces.

This narrative has much the air of being derived from traditions nearly contemporary with the personages introduced, and may belong to the beginning of the sixth century, although perhaps the language has been modernised in which it was originally couched.

Other ancient poems exist, in which industrious mention is made of the favourite heroes of the Lom-

bards, and of Attila and the Huns. Such are, 1. *The Court of Aetzel*, that is, Attila, of which the manuscript preserved at Dresden is still unedited. 2. *Diedrich and Sigenot*, which has been printed. 3 and 4. *Diedrich and his Champions*, and the *Flight of Diedrich to the Huns*, which are still manuscript at the Vatican. 5. *The Duke of Aquitain*, of which a latin version exists, entitled *De primâ expeditione Attilæ regis Hunnorum in Gallias*. This poem was edited by Molter, in 1798, and is by him referred to the sixth century. It opens with the praise of Attila, and his expedition from Pannonia. Gibicho, king of the Franks, sends the youth, Hacon, with treasures to deprecate his wrath. Henry, king of Burgundy, sends his daughter, Hildegonda, as a hostage to Attila; and Alsier, king of Aquitain, sends his son, Walter, for the same purpose. Hildegonda, Hacon, and Walter, are thus educated together at the Hunnish court. Meanwhile Gibicho dies, his son refuses homage to the Huns; and Hacon, apprehensive of danger, determines on secret flight to his own home, which he reaches. Walter and Hildegonda also escape together, and come into the territory of Gunthar, the new king of the Franks. He determines to arrest and plunder them, as they have brought with them stolen jewels; but Walter defends himself so bravely, that the king and Hacon are obliged to interfere. Walter and Hacon now recognize one another as old companions, and a reconciliation is effected. Many adventures related in this poem have been transplanted into later metrical romances of the Germans.

In some cases an original document has perished, and its existence can only be inferred from the traces it has left in long subsequent compositions. Thus in

the *Helden-Buch*, or book of Heroes, the scene opens in Lombardy, and frequently returns thither; Bechtung the grandfather, and Herebrand the father, of Hildebrand are named; and so is Hughdietrich the grandfather of Theodoric. In the second part, Theodoric himself, his friend Hildebrand, and Amelung, or Amelolt, the son of Hildebrand, are introduced; and, after achieving difficult adventures, they celebrate their triumph at Verona. These allusions to the Lombard heroes are palpably derived from some chronicle concerning them, which is no longer known to be extant. In the song of the *Nibelungs*, Attila, Theodoric and Hildebrand are likewise mentioned. From the total silence observed about Alboin, a celebrated monarch of the Lombards, and the non-mention of his capital at Pavia, it may be presumed that the document, which supplied the adopted anecdotes, was composed previously to his reign. Indeed the recently quoted story of Old Hildebrand is itself nearly sufficient to furnish the borrowed allusions, only that, in its present state, it does not include the name of Hildebrand's grandfather, Bechtung.

§ 8.

Frankish period—specimens of the language and poetry—loyal ballad to Louis II—Otfrid—hymns—legend of Saint George—war-song of Louis III—life of Saint Anno—Renard the Fox.

If the influence of southern civilization was first felt by the Lombards, it next extended to the Franks. The Lombards had retained the tolerance of Arianism, thought their Hunnish neighbours capable of the relations of peace and amity, intermarried freely with those heathens, and punished the plunderers of Jews. But the Franks adopted without reserve the persecuting system of Romish orthodoxy, and carried on a perpetual crusade against the heretics and pagans within their reach. At the instigation of the papal see, Pepin and Charlemagne usurped the throne of France, put down the Arian dynasties of Lombardy, and waged against Wittikind, and the Saxons of Westphalia, a no less exterminating war, which founded that hereditary animosity between the Franks and Angles, of which traces exist even now. The test, or abjuration, which Charlemagne imposed on the conquered Anglo-saxons, when he compelled them, under pain of death, to undergo baptism, has been put on record, and runs thus:—"*Ech forsacho diabolæ, ende Thunaer, ende Vuoden, ende Saxen Oto, ende allem them unholden, the hizar genotes sind.*" Which is word for word thus:

" I forsake the devil, and Thor, and Wodan, and the Saxon Odin, and all the unhallowed ones, who are their comrades." From this formulary of renunciation it results plainly, that the prophet Odin is a different personage from the god Wodan, and was so considered by his most zealous votaries.

The oath taken by the sons of Charlemagne to the French and German nations has also been preserved in the language of both countries. But the oldest Frankish poetry is a rimed ballad, addressed to Ludovic, or Louis II, in praise of his piety and government, which has been inserted by Hickes, in his *Grammatica Franco-Theotisca*, and which opens thus.

1.

Lewis the swift,
Of wisdom full,
Governs the east
As a French king should.

2.

O'er Frankland spreads
His wide-arm'd power;
He rules, as I tell you,
The whole country.

3.

To him be health,
And public fealty;
The Lord give him good,
And joy of soul.

4.

To him be wealth,
And prosperous times,
May he enjoy every hour:
Thus all men wish.

5.

And I propose
To sing his praise,
And devote my hours
To write his deeds.

6.

Above my strength
Is my ambition;
For great are the deeds
I mean to tell you.

7.

Noble is this Frank,
Wise of thought,
Wise of speech,
And of even temper.

8.

In his own breast
His heart is firm;
Manifold his goodness,
Affable his mood.

9.

In his slightest thoughts
He is always a Frank;
He is himself noble,
And is called our Ludovic.

This ballad, which extends to thirty-two stanzas, and concludes by comparing the king to David, was probably written by Otfrid of Weissenburg, a monk, who studied at Fulda, and who wrote before the year 876. This writer's rimed paternoster, rimed eucharistic

hymn, metrical versions of various portions of scripture, and rimeless poem on the nativity, are also to be found in Hickes. The last mentioned may deserve translation.

1.

Now, at the midnight hour,
Innumerable voices warn us,
That we sing the praises of the Lord;
Of the Father always, and the Son,
Together with the Holy Ghost.
The undivided Trinity,
And of one substance,
We ought always to laud.

2.

These are the days of terror,
When the destroying angel
Spread over Egypt death,
And smote the first-born.
These are the days of mercy,
When the descending angel
Was forbidden to smite
The threshold sprinkled with blood.

3.

Egypt wept heavily
The funerals of her children;
Israel alone rejoiced,
Safe in the blood of the Lamb.
We too are Israel,
Let us rejoice in the Lord,
Fearless of foes and of evil,
Safe in the blood of Christ.

4.

The time is come
When evangelic voices
Proclaim'd the bridegroom nigh,
Who builds the heavenly home.
The holy virgins haste
To meet thy coming tread,
Bearing their shiny lamps,
And singing notes of joy.

5.

The foolish virgins wait
With their unlighted lamps,
Knocking the door in vain;
The heavenly gates are closed.
Truly let us watch on,
Wearing a cheerful soul,
To meet the Saviour's coming
With eager steps of zeal.

6.

Now, at the midnight hour,
Silas and Paul rejoice;
Christ broke their prison-bonds;
They hail the freedom given.
The world our prison is;
We praise thee, Christ our God,
O break our bonds of sin,
Free thy believing flock.

7.

And worthy live our king
To taste thy kingdom's glory;
And with us ever join
To sing thy endless praise.

There is a morning hymn, seemingly translated from the latin, and also adapted to be chaunted by monks, which may bear transcription; but which in some manuscripts is attributed to Tatian.

1.

Creator of eternal life,
Thyself the light and day of all,
No night shall they incur,
Who in thy presence stand.

2.

Already whitening dawn
Announces coming day;
The stars forsake the sky,
All but the morning-star.

3.

Gladly we all arise,
Singing aloud our thanks,
That the blind night withdraws,
And comes the sun of day.

4.

Now may no stains of flesh
Defile the watchful man;
Now may no thoughts of sin
Pollute his holy soul.

5.

Nor wrath nor strife be heard,
Nor greedy feasting seen,
Nor thirst of wealth be felt,
Nor loose desires arise.

6.

With firm and sober mind
Chaste be our bodies kept;
And with believing soul
The day be spent to Christ.

To the Vatican manuscript of Otfrid is appended a ballad concerning St. George, which, in the structure of its metre and language, so much resembles the other productions of this author, that it may reasonably be ascribed to him; and, as it has been agreeably translated, line for line, and learnedly commented by the late Dr. Sayers, in a volume of Disquisitions, too little known, I shall here transcribe it. *Collect. Works*, vol. ii, p. 140.

George went to judgment,
With much honor,
From the market-place,
And with a great multitude following:
He proceeded to the ring
To perform the sacred duty,
Which then was highly celebrated,
And most acceptable to God.
He quitted the kingdoms of earth,
And obtained the kingdom of heaven.
Thus did he do,
The illustrious Count George.
Then hastened all
The kings, who wished
To see this man entering;
But who did not wish to hear him.
The spirit of George was there honoured;
I speak truly, from the report of these men;
For he obtained
What he sought from God.
Thus did he do,
The holy George.
Then they suddenly adjudged him
To the prison;
Into which with him entered
Two beautiful angels:
There they found two women
To nourish his body;

Then he became glad
When that sign was made to him.
George there prayed:
My God granted every thing
To the words of George;
He made the dumb to speak,
The deaf to hear,
The blind to see,
The lame to walk.
A pool stood nigh for many years;
It was dried up, and ran away quite.
This sign wrought there
George indeed.
Then began the powerful man
To be exceedingly enraged;
Tatian[7] wished
To ridicule these miracles;
He said that George
Was an impostor.
He commanded George to come forth,
He ordered him to be unclothed,
He ordered him to be violently beaten
With a sword wondrously sharp.
All this I know to be altogether true.
George then arose, and recovered himself.
He wished to preach to those present,
And the heathen men
Placed George in a conspicuous situation.
Then began that powerful man
To be exceedingly enraged.
He then ordered George to be bound
To a wheel, and to be whirled round;
I tell you what is fact,
The wheels were broken in pieces.
This I know to be altogether true.
George then arose and recovered himself.
He then wanted to preach
To the heathen men;

[7] Dioclesian?

And they put George in a conspicuous place.
Then he ordered George to be siezed,
And commanded him to be violently scourged;
Many desired he should be beaten to pieces,
Or be burnt to a powder.
They at length threw him into a well;
There was this son of beatitude,
Vast heaps of stones above him
Pressed him down.
They took his acknowledgment,
They ordered George to rise;
He wrought many miracles,
As in fact he always does.
This I know to be true.
George then arose and recovered himself:
They ordered him to proceed,
They ordered him instantly to preach.
Then he said;
I am assisted by faith;
Renounce ye the devil
At every moment:
This is what St. George teaches.
Then he was permitted to go into the chamber
To the queen.
He began to teach her,
She began to listen to him.

Contemporary, or nearly so, with this ballad is a deistical creed, found in Bavaria, at Weissenbrunn, and superscribed *Poetæ Kazungali*;[8] that is, *The Poet's Preachery;* but the author's name is unknown. Superior in poetical merit, though somewhat posterior in point of date, is the encomium on the victory of Louis III of France over the Normans, which Hickes omits, but which Schilter has edited. The following

8 Mr. Weber (p. 6) mistakes for the name of the author the word *Kazungali*, which is the Frankish collateral of the German collective *Gezungel*, tongue-work, prattle, preachery.

specimen, which is extracted by Bouterwek, (p. 79), may suffice.

Then took he shield and spear,
And quickly forwards rode,
Willing to wreak revenge
Against his gathering foes.
Erelong he saw from far
The Norman force approach.
"Thank God," said he aloud,
He saw what he desir'd.
The king rode bravely on,
And sang a frankish hymn,
And all his people joined:
"Kyrieleison."
The song was sung;
The fight begun:
The blood shone in the cheeks
Of the merry Franks:
But no blade of them all
Fought so bravely as Ludovic.

Other traces of vernacular poetry, prior to the year 1000, may be found in ecclesiastic writers: they consist chiefly of songs by unlettered poets, dear only to the memory of their contemporaries. Solemn prohibitions occur, addressed to the nuns, against getting by heart and singing love-songs. A coarse obscenity, no doubt, was a leading feature of these compositions. Other warnings occur, addressed to the people, against singing at the graves of their forefathers, *carmina diabolica*, meaning probably hearse-songs, in which heathen divinities are mentioned, or addressed. A quarrel between an archbishop of Mayuz, and a count of Babenberg, is stated to have been recorded, on account of the great notoriety which it had acquired from the satirical ballad in every body's mouth.

The life of St. Anno, a bishop, who died in the year 1075 at Cologne, deserves notice. This poem narrates the creation of the world, in these terms:

When Lucifer to evil turn'd,
And Adam God's commandment spurn'd,
The Lord of heaven more angry grew,
Because his other works went true.

The sun and moon could still agree
To shed their welcome light with glee;
The stars in bidden circuits roll'd,
By turns engendering heat and cold.

The clouds diffus'd their showers around;
The waters sought the lower ground;
The flowers adorn'd the verdant field;
Their leaves the forests joy'd to yield.

The cattle pac'd their quiet way;
The birds sang sweet on every spray;
Each thing its willing course coerc'd
To what the Lord appointed first.

Two creatures, whom he made the last,
Alone the line of duty past,
Turn'd for forbidden fruit aside,
And scatter'd evil far and wide.

At length this author arrives at the siege of Troy, and relates how a grandson of Hector, named Francus, came into Germany, and founded the empire of the Franks. From their conversion to the institution of the bishopric of Cologne; and thence, after various digressions,—in one of which the Saxons are said to be so named from a *sass*, or large knife, which they

wore,—the author proceeds to St. Anno, who is thus panegyrized:

Before St. Anno
Six were sainted
Of our holy bishops;
Like the seven stars,
They shall shine from heaven.
Purer and brighter
Is the light of Anno,
Than a hyacinth set in a golden ring.
This darling man
We will have for a pattern;
And those that would grow
In virtue and trustiness,
Shall dress by him as at a mirror.
As the sun in the air,
Which goes between heaven and earth,
Glitters to both;
So went Bishop Anno
Between God and man.
Such was his virtue in the palace,
That the empire obeyed him.
He behaved with honor to both sides;
And was counted among the first barons.
At worship, in his gestures
He was awful as an angel.
Many a man knew his goodness;
Hear what were his manners:
His words were frank and open;
He spoke truth, fearing no man.
Like a lion, he sat among princes;
Like a lamb, he walked among the needy.
To the unruly he was sharp,
To the gentle he was mild.
Widows and orphans
Praised him always.
Preaching and praying

Nobody could do better.
Happy was Cologne
To be worthy of such a bishop.

The entire poem consists of 880 lines, separated into forty-nine irregular strophes, or paragraphs: it makes mention of the Emperor Henry IV; blames the concurrence of Anno in a plan to carry off this young prince; treats the bishop's illness as a judgment for that crime; but flatters him with the hope of celestial pardon, and that his body should work miracles, —a pious civility, commonly shown, in those times, to a predecessor. Although this latter part of the poem seems to record the death of Anno, yet,—as he provided his own mausoleum in the minster of Siegeberg, was familiar with the thought of death, and might have strong reason to expect it,—there is no impossibility in his having written the entire poem. He was a vain overbearing man, another St. Dunstan; but likely to have given such a colouring to his own conduct as it here receives: and the intimate knowledge displayed of all his connexions favours the suspicion that he is himself the versifier of this rimed chronicle.

Notger, at Liege, translated psalms, and set them to music.

A long and complex fable, known by the title of Renard the Fox,—resembling in structure the apologues of Pilpay,—is supposed to have originated at this period; as history mentions an Austrian (Count Isengrim,) and a Lorrain (Duke Reinhard,) who flourished before the twelfth century,—after whom the wolf and the fox of the story are thought to have been named. This fable retained a long popularity; it was repeatedly modernized during the middle ages, and latterly by Goethe.

§ 9.

Midnight of the dark ages—digression concerning the origin of romantic fiction and of chivalry.

The Frankish dialect was not long to continue dominant. Charlemagne had projected a partition of the empire among his sons; and this dismemberment was realized, not without civil warfare, by his grandchildren, who, in 843, at the treaty of Verdun, separated France from Germany. The sovereign of Gaul soon found it expedient to cultivate and adopt the language of his western subjects; and, in a few generations, the court of France had substituted the French to the Frankish tongue.

In Germany the race of Charlemagne became extinct in 911, and the Saxon princes, who were called to the imperial throne, gave ascendancy to a more eastern dialect, and to a ruder nobility. Conscious of relative inferiority to the Carlovingians in culture, though not in military virtue,[9] they turned toward Gaul a curious and an imitative attention, introduced tournaments, chivalry, and Norman minstrels, and favoured the im-

9 Initiato certamine tantâ cæde Franci mulctati sunt, ut a mimis declamaretur, ubi tantus ille infernus esset, qui tantam multitudinem cæsorum capere posset. *Witichind*, p. 636.

portation of a foreign, rather than the cultivation of a native, literature.[1]

Some legendary ballads were produced under the Saxon emperors, analogous to the lyrical history of St. George. Such, for instance, was the life of St. Gangolf,—of which, indeed, the German original exists no longer, but of which a latin metrical version remains, written by Roswitha, a nun at Gandersheim, in Lower Saxony; who, under the first and second Otho, distinguished herself by latin poetry, and wrote spiritual plays in a language resembling that of Terence.

But in general a dead pause seemed to have checked the fertility, or paralyzed the industry, of the studious Germans; and when they next awoke to recommence their practical exertions, a new mythology appeared to have grown up in the country, a sort of oriental fairyism, wholly distinct from the stern simplicity of the original paganism, and from the imported hagiolatry of the Romish priesthood. Had the Constantinopolitans borrowed it from their Persian neighbours, adopted it in their popular novels, handed it through Ravenna to the Italians and Lombards, and thus naturalized it in the north? In this case it ought first to have made its appearance in Italy, and next in the metrical romances of Lombardy, which is not apparent; so that the nest of romantic fiction, the origin of chivalry, and the establishment of rime, are of uncertain locality. The pedigree is still to seek of circumstances, which have given to the manners of our heroic ages, and to the compositions of our European poets, their most peculiar tinge.

[1] Speaking of a school at Paderborn, the biographer of bishop Meinwerk observes: Viguit Horatius, magnus et Virgilius, Crispus ac Sallustius, et urbanus Statius. Ludusque fuit omnibus insudare versibus, et dictaminibus, jucundisque cantibus. *Vita S. Meinoverci*, n. 52.

Different theories have indeed been offered of their probable origin. Two systems especially, which may be characterized as the Arabic and the Gothic, have attracted the toils of microscopic erudition, and divide the votes of literary speculators.

That scheme of opinion which aims at deducing romance, rime, and knighthood, from the Arabs, originates probably with Velasquez, who, in a history of the poetry of Spain, naturally ascribes to the Moorish conquest many peculiarities of Spanish culture. Warburton (Final note to *Love's Labor Lost)* and Warton (First Dissertation prefixed to the *History of English Poetry)* favour more or less this hypothesis, which makes Spain the birth-place of modern civilization, and successively the school-mistress of the Provenzal and Italian, of the Norman and English, poets. According to these writers, the *Douazdeh Rokh,* or twelve champions of Kai Khosrou, would be the archetypes of the peers of Charlemagne; the *moriscos,* of our ballads; and the *fiestas de las canas,* of our tournaments.

Mallet, by his *Introduction to the History of Denmark,* suggested those trains of idea which led Percy *(On the Ancient Metrical Romances)* and probably Pinkerton *(Dissertation on the Scythians, or Goths)* to ascribe a Scandinavian origin to the tales and rites of chivalry. According to these writers, the model of romance must be sought in the history of *Karl und Grymur,* the firstlings of rime in *Egil the Skald,* and the rudiments of knighthood in the *Edda.*

Various considerations, however, favour the suspicion, that neither Moorish Spain, nor Gothic Scandinavia, gave this very decisive impulse to the character of early modern civilization; but Armorica rather, and the connected provinces of Britain.

I. All the European nations take their romances of chivalry from the French.

The Italians have no vernacular poetry[2] prior to the fourteenth century: the earliest of their writers in verse[3] or prose,[4] abound with imitations from the Provenzal. Ariosto derives from Turpin, and Tasso from Bechada,[5] the subject of his poem. The Spaniards enumerate, among their earliest poets,[6] those invited out of the south of France to Barcelona by king John the First of Arragon. According to Cervantes, they have no older book of chivalry to exhibit than Amadis of Gaul, which is posterior, by many centuries, to the first French romances. The English possess few compositions of this sort, which are not avowedly translated[7] from Norman originals: and this is the case of the three oldest,[8] the Geste of King Horne, the Sangreal, and the Lives of the Saints. The German romancers again, as Adelung and Eichhorn[9] have proved, borrow from the French their first essays: Ulrich of Zezam, who flourished in 1190, translated Sir Lancelot of the Lake from the French

2 Petrarch, indeed, mentions in his Triumph of Love

—— i Siciliani
Che fur' già primi———

But these seem to be Provenzal poets migrated to Sicily.

3 See especially *La Crusca Provenzale* of Ant. Bastero, Rome, 1724.

4 Brunetto Latini, the master of Dante, "il quale, siccome testimonia G. Villani, fu cominciatore, e maestro in digrossare i Fiorentini, e farli scorti in ben parlare ed in saper giudicare, piuttosto che adoperare il patrio suo linguaggio nella grand' opera del Tesoro, volle anzi scriverla in lingua Romanza, o Provenzale, come quella che era in quel tempo tenuta per più gentile, e più nobile del' Italiana." *Vicende della Letteratura*, p. 75.

5 "Gregorius, cognomento Bechada, de Castro de Turribus, professione miles, subtilissimi ingenii vir, aliquantulum imbutus literis, horum gesta præliorum (the taking of Jerusalem by Godfrey) maternâ, ut ita dixerim, linguâ rhythmo vulgari, ut populus pleniter intelligeret, ingens volumen decenter composuit." *Labbé Biblioth.*, nov. II, p. 296. This Bechada of Latour was assisted by Guabert, a Norman.

6 Dillon's Origin of Spanish Poetry, p. 54.

7 Percy's Reliques, III, p. 21.

8 Warton's History of English Poetry, I, 13, 38, and 134; and Tyrwhitt's Essays on Chaucer, III, 68, and 164.

9 Geschichte der Cultur, p. 224.

of Arnaud Daniel: Albert of Halberstadt and Wolfram of Eschenbach translated, from the French of Guyot, the romances Gamuret and Percival, about the year 1200: Rupert of Orbent, in 1226, translated Fleur and Blanchefleur; and Godfrey of Strasburg, in 1250, Sir Tristram. The Icelanders, it should seem from Peringskiold,[1] have borrowed usually from the Germans: as the Niflunga-saga, which is the most ancient of their ballads not mythological, appeals to Teutonic poems for vouchers.

II. The French romances originate in the north of France.

Among the provincial dialects of that country, the only two,[2] which attained in the middle ages a degree of polish and fashion, were the Provenzal and the Norman, then called *langue d'oc* and *langue d'oui*. South of the Loire the cultivated classes spoke and wrote in Provenzal, north of the Loire in Norman French. In each of these dialects the kings of France were accustomed to pronounce the coronation-oath; and in each, a variety of versified compositions were early drawn up. But among the Provenzal poets the History of the Troubadours enumerates only two[3] makers of metrical romances, Arnaud de Carcasses and Raimond Vidal. Nor is there more than a single romance of Provenzal origin which has probable claims to high antiquity and originality: that namely of William the Short-nosed, a companion of Charlemagne, who, for his services against the Spanish Moors, receives the duchy of Aquitain, and at last turns monk. Whereas in the *langue d'oui*,[4] or Nor-

1 See also Bragur, III, p. 354. 2 Legrand's Preface to the Fabliaux.
3 Histoire des Troubadours, II, 390, and III, 296.
4 See Corps d'extraits des Romans de Chevalerie, par le Comte de Tressan: Fauchet's Recueil de l'origine, &c. plus les noms et sommaire des œuvres de CXXVII

man French, above a hundred romance-writers have been reckoned. The cause of this disparity seems to be, that, in the south of France, poetry was cultivated as an accomplishment of the gentry, as a *gay science*, and dealt chiefly in galant *sonnets*, or satirical *syrventes*; while in the north of France it was the business of an *order of reciters*,[5] who travelled from castle to castle, amusing with their tales those vacant hours which the modern novellist occupies. Rimed stories of marvellous import, merry fabliaux, miraculous legends, romances of chivalry, were best adapted for the purposes of such an employment.

III. The older romances of chivalry, have especially celebrated the heroes of greater or lesser Britany, and are therefore of Armorican origin.

Armorica was the north-west corner of Gaul, included between the Loire, the Seine, and the Atlantic. In imitation of Britain, and in concert with it, this province[6] favoured, about the year 410, the revolt of Constantine against the Roman emperor Honorius; but it did not resume, on the death of the rebel, its ancient allegiance. Under a constitution, in which the clergy, the nobility, and the city-corporations had all a formal influence, it continued in a state of independence until Charlemagne. The titular sovereignty of Clovis,[7] who, by an opportune conversion to christianity, obtained the voluntary submission of the Armoricans,[8] encroached so little on the real franchises

poëtes François vivans avant l'an MCCC: and the Appendix, No. II, to Eichhorn's Geschichte der Cultur.

5 In the Encyclopédie, article *Jongleurs*, a tariff of Saint Louis is quoted, in which these wandering story-tellers are exempted from the taxes levied at the gates of Paris, on condition of their repeating to the toll-gatherer a stanza from some ballad.

6 Zosimus, liv. VI.

7 Mezeray, Abrégé Chronologique, I, 313.

8 The name Armorican, which signifies *on the sea-shore*, was perhaps applied as

of the burghers, that neither he, nor his royal successors, rivalled in power the metropolitan mayors, and were often removed by them.

The conduct of the independent British was similar; first they hired the protection of the Gothic stragglers, next they conferred a limited and local sovereignty, and finally they submitted wholly to the sway of the barbarian intruders; a revolution, which may be considered as completed throughout this iland, with the exception of a few Welsh mountains, in the time of Offa, the correspondent of Charlemagne. Among the chieftains of continental Britany, Charles Martel acquired the strongest claims to public gratitude for maintaining and extending the independence of his country against the Saracens of the south, and the Germans of the east: and among the pendragons of Britain, Arthur won the like celebrity against the Piks of the north, and the Saxons of the east. A survey of romantic literature will evince, that these two heroes and their companions were principally extolled.

The romances of chivalry may be arranged in four main classes. 1. Those which relate to Arthur[9] and the Knights of the Round Table, or to Charlemagne and his peers. These were mostly published in prose

far east as the mouth of the Rhine (Procopius *peri Gothikón*, as amended by Hadrian Valesius); it seems to be translated in the law of Clovis by the term *ripuaire*, and in the maritime code by *anseatic*. See *Gibbon*, III, 274.

9 Tressan, indeed, says, (Discours préliminaire, p. 15) " Tous les anciens Romans de la Table-ronde, tirés par les Bretons des anciennes et fabuleuses chroniques de Melchin et de Telezin, furent écrits en Latin par Rusticien de Puise." But the passage implies that the Latin versions were either from the Norman-French, or from still prior romances of the Bretons. This Telezin is probably the same with the Tyrsilio of the Welsh. Chaucer says very truly, (ver. 11021)

> Thise olde gentil Bretons in hir dayes
> Of diverse aventures maden layes
> Rimeyed in hir firste Breton tongue,
> Which layes with instruments they songe.

and he no doubt transcribed this tradition from some Norman-French poem, which he was refashioning.

during the first century of printing, but preexisted in metre, and were recited in that form by the minstrels of the middle ages. 2. Those which relate to Amadis of Gaul and his fellows. These were all written originally in prose, are nearly contemporary with the introduction of printing, and are therefore comparatively modern. 3. Those which ascribe to religious worthies the manners of chivalry; as the Seven Champions of Christendom, the Lives of the Saints, and the Vision of Pierce Plowman. Such romances mostly occur, both in prose, in metre, and in monkish Latin, from which language the various vernacular metrical versions seem to have been made for the convenience of the pilgrim's memory. 4. Those which ascribe the manners of chivalry to the heroes of classical antiquity; rehearsing the siege of Troy, or the exploits of Theseus and of Alexander, with the costume of knighthood. These mostly occur in vernacular metre, and in monkish Latin verse.

From the modern imitations of the proper romances of chivalry, no conclusion can be drawn relative to the patrial soil of the originals. From the first class, it would naturally be inferred, that the country of Arthur, and the country of Charlemagne, gave birth to these compositions. But it may be doubted, whether the romances concerning Charlemagne do in fact relate to this emperor. They ascribe to him a father named Pepin, who has four sons; exploits in the forest of Ardenne; wars against the Saxons; the repulsion of the Saracens, in consequence of a victory at Poitiers; the institution of an order of knighthood; the deposition of the Duke of Aquitain; an embassy from the Pope; and the gift of the sacred territory to the see of Rome. All these circumstances are historically

true of Charles Martel.[1] The names are the more likely to have been confounded through the medium of an Armorican dialect, as *meur* signifies great, *le mayne*; and *marra*, a mattock, *martel*, in that language, so that Charlemar would be the Britannian name of both. Passing on to the third and fourth classes; the Lives of the Saints, the Troy-book, the Story of Alexander, and the Gesta Romanorum, are obviously modifications of the later remnants of Latin culture: they can, by no plan of inference, be referred to an Arabic or a Scandinavian origin. They must either be deduced from the Italian literature of the middle ages; or from the vestiges of ancient literature, which, in Armorica and Britain, survived the separation of these countries from the Roman empire. But they do not derive from Italy, because that country has no native legends in which the manners of chivalry are ascribed to the champions of religion; and because William of Britanny, Walter Chatillon, and others, preceded Guido of Colonna, and the Italian romancers, in the chivalrization of ancient epopœas. It remains probable, therefore, that even these stories received first in Armorica their chevaleresque garb.

IV. Rime derives from Armorican language. The speech of Armorica and of Britain, during the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth, centuries, which include the period of their connexion and independence, must have resembled closely that of the older Welch bards. The patois of Britany, Cornwall, and Wales, are kindred dialects[2] of the Cimbric tongue, differing radically from the Gaelic or Irish, and from the Gothic or Saxon idioms of their western and eastern neighbours,

[1] Velly's Histoire de France, vol. i. [2] Lhuyd's Archæologia.

but agreeing minutely with the few remaining monuments of the old Armorican and British; so that from what is known of the Welsh, one may reason concerning the Armorican. Now rime[3] is essential to Welsh poetry. Their oldest versifiers,[4] Taliessin, Aneurin, and Cian, employ this measure. The heroic elegies of Llywarch[5] are composed in rime. In[6] each of the poems of Hywel, the son of Owain Gwynez, the same rime is repeated throughout the whole composition. In all the Gothic dialects rime is a novation: but in Welsh it is coæval with recorded poetry. It is the more probable, that out of this language rime passed into all the other European tongues, as the first Latin rimes on record are those of St. Augustin[7] relative to the Pelagian heresy, which originated with Morgan, a monk of Bangor, and was rife both in Britain and Armorica. The peculiarity of the form of attack is a legitimate ground for inferring, that rime had been recurred to for its diffusion, and was consequently in popular use. St. Patrick, an Armorican, introduced[8] rime into Ireland.

V. Chivalry, though of obscurer origin, is also probably Armorican. Its history has been less evolved than its institutions by the labors of St. Palaye. It resembles, in the spirit of its operation, a confederacy of country-gentlemen to ward off from each other the

[3] "The first kind of Stanzas was the triplet; and the first kind of rime was identical rime." Institutes of the bards, as quoted in the Life of Llywarch, p. 19.

[4] Evans de Bardis, p. 67. Pinkerton (Enquiry into the History of Scotland, II, 97) pleads rime as a proof that these poems are of the thirteenth century: in the Lives of Saint Columban and Saint Faron, that is in the sixth century, Latin rimes occur.

[5] Heroic Elegies of Llywarch, by W. Owen, 1792.

[6] Monthly Magazine, III, 95, 186, 257, 335, 419.

[7] Quisquis novit evangelium, recognoscat cum timore;
Videt reticulum ecclesiam, videt hoc sæculum mare,
Genus autem mixtum piscis justus est cum peccatore;
Sæculi finis est littus, tunc est tempus separare, &c.

[8] Usserii Antiq. Eccles. c. xvii, p. 450.

dangers and evils of anarchy. A defensive, not an offensive, spirit characterizes the obligations of a knight. To protect the church against heathens, ladies against ravishers, orphans against encroaching guardians, and the conquered equal against insult, were the topics of his oath. An order-spirit, an exclusive care for the interests of gentlemen, distinguishes the practice of the initiated. The personal rights of women of the lower classes were invaded without scruple; while those of ladies were respected with superstitious politeness. Such features seem rather the reliques of a receding, than the tokens of a growing, civilization. The whole ritual of chivalry, the military exercises, the tournaments, the fortified palaces, its very religiosity, imply an advancement in society, to which the Scandinavians could not have attained. The sacred reverence for ladies cannot have proceeded from the Mahometan Moors. Armorica alone was adapted by its political circumstances, its Christianity, and its long participation of Roman culture, to become the nurse of such peculiarities. Some ceremonies of knighthood bear a strong resemblance to those bardic institutions, which were common precisely to the Belgic provinces of Gaul and Britain; and which retain until now among the Welsh a great influence. The Ovyds,[9] like the knights, passed through preliminary grades, were admitted by dubbing, were instructed in the use of arms, affected a green livery, swore obedience to the judge and priest (to the Braint[1]

9 See the Dissertation on Bardism, prefixed to the Elegies of Llywarch, p. 36, &c.

1 The Braints answer to the *Chevaliers de loi*, and the Ovyds to the *Chevaliers d'epée*, of the ancient French jurisprudence. Loisel, in his *Dialogue des Avocats*, remarks, p. 468: "Pendant long temps une bonne partie des gens lais du parlement étoient appellés *chevaliers*." Boutillier, in his *Somme Rurale*, says, "Or sachez que le fait d'advocacerie sont les anciens faiseurs de loix, si est tenu et compté pour *chevalerie*; et pour ce sont ils appelliez en droit escrit *Chevaliers de Loix* et peuvent et

and Druid), respected the truce of God (the intermission of hostility commanded occasionally by the Bardic order) were liable to punishment by excommunication, and often made great sacrifices of personal convenience to the desire of executing an individual vengeance, from deference apparently for secret tribunals. To these features may be added, a passion for public historical recitations in rime by the Dadgeiniad, an order of men educated for that purpose, and analogous to the earlier minstrels.

These intimations singly taken might be insufficient to authorize decision; but as they all favour one conclusion, collectively they are entitled to much confidence. It is reasonable then to believe, that romance, rime, and knighthood, which are the pivots of what is most peculiar in the manners of our heroic ages, and the compositions of our popular poets, are all derived from the Welsh, or Cimbric, inhabitants of Armorica and Britain.

doivent *porter d'or* comme font les chevaliers." We find the Welsh nobles wearing a gold chain, and breaking off one or more rings to reward their followers for prowess in battle, or their minstrels for excellence in song: we also find the vaers, maers, or municipal magistrates, with a gold chain: possibly it was a badge common to both orders of chivalry, the makers and the executors of the law. It is highly desirable that those Welsh antiquaries, who are at present so laudably employed in the translation and publication of their manuscript monuments, would bestow a preference of care on such as tend most to evolve the early form of an institution so influential on the education and character of modern Europe, as chivalry.

§ 10.

Swabian Period—Multitude of Poets—Cycles of Romance.

In the year 1147, the Emperor Conrad III undertook a crusade in concert with Louis VII of France. This expedition brought the nobility of Germany into habitual acquaintance with the nobility of France; who at that time cultivated Provenzal poetry, as a gay science, and the apt accomplishment of a gentleman; and who were about to study the Norman story-books, concerning Charles Martel and king Arthur. This taste for romantic literature was brought home by the German nobility; who first circulated the table-songs and lighter productions of their neighbours; and, afterwards, the longer tales and metrical romances. The Frankish dialect, which had been the court-language of Charlemagne, had, in some degree, been superseded by the Saxon, until the accession of the house of Hohenstauffen, in 1138; when the Swabian dialect, which was native to that family, acquired the upper hand. In the Swabian were composed the first imitations of Provenzal songs, and the first translations of Norman romances. The vicinity of Swabia to France favoured the literary intercourse of the people, and the acquisition of both languages. As long

as the Hohenstauffen dynasty could maintain itself on the imperial throne of Germany,—namely, from 1138 to 1268,—the literature of chivalry was patronized at court; and the Swabian minstrels became the classics of their countrymen. It is to this period principally that the German nation owes the mass of its elder poetic literature.

During about a century and a half, from 1150 to 1300, emperors, princes, barons, monks, and minstrels, vied with each other in translating and producing lays of love, satiric fables, sacred legends, fabliaux, and metrical romances. Henry of Veldeg is the earliest Swabian poet whose name is known. The works of nearly two hundred poets of that era have been preserved, among which occur those of the Emperor Henry V, of Wenceslaus, King of Bohemia; of the unfortunate Conradin, beheaded in 1268, who calls himself King of the Romans; and of Otto, margrave of Brandenburg, who died in 1298. The usual topics of these poems are amatory, military, bacchanalian, and devotional; and, in general, they resemble the prototypes of the troubadours. Yet, in the German love-songs, may be distinguished a Gothic[2] veneration for the sex, and a more scrupulous constancy. Both the emperor Henry, and the virtuous clerk, Henry of Rippach, adore the shadow of their mistress; and declare, that even her cruelty shall not induce them to break their vows of fidelity. Songs to the Virgin Mary flow not only from the pen of friar Eberhard of Saxony, but from that of knight Wolfram of Eschenbach. Short lyrical narrations, ballads as we call them, also occur, which are not cast in French

[2] Inesse quin etiam sanctum aliquid et providum putant feminis. *Tacitus de Mor. Ger.*

moulds. Watch-songs, which one knight, stationed as centinel, is supposed to sing, while another is venturing into the chamber of his mistress, form a peculiar and national class of these compositions. Here is one of them:

"Already gleams the eastern sky
With gold and silver gay;
Rejoicing that the morn is nigh
The lark salutes the day.
Arise, ye knights, obey my cry,
Nor with your ladies stay.
At break of day
In full array
We must away."

I heard the lay, while yet 't was night,
The watchman's call to start;
His singing ended my delight,
And chill'd my glowing heart.
My lady said: "And is it light?
Alas we now must part.
At break of day
In full array
You must away."

The rising sun-beam sparkled o'er
Tears on my lady's face;
A hasty kiss she gave once more,
And yet a soft embrace;
Then reach'd my acton from the floor
The supple loops to lace.
"At break of day
In full array
You must away."

Her ring she put my finger round,
A ruby set in gold;
Then on my helm a ribband bound;
And down the stairs I stroll'd,
Below upon the turfy ground
To mount my charger bold.
"At break of day
In full array
We must away."

Now at the turret-window stood
Stately my lady bright;
She gaz'd upon the marshall'd croud
And hail'd the glittering sight:
"To arms" with heroine voice aloud
Waving her kerchief white
"At break of day
In full array
You must away."

"Amid the fight, each pennon white
Recalls to mind my love;
In fields of blood, with swelling mood
I see her kerchief move.
And by this ring, I 'll bear or bring
Unbroken truth and love.
To arms! 'tis day,
In full array
To arms! away!"

Of the Swabian period, the principal poets are these,—

1. Henry Veldeg, the earliest, delighted in trochaic metres, and short rimed lines; and has attempted both lyric and epic composition. He must have been a native of lower Germany, to whom the Swabian, or court

dialect, was originally strange; for, in certain of his poems, preserved in a Vatican manuscript, he occasionally mingles Low-Dutch verses with his compositions. This attempt may be compared with the public-spirited effort of Homer, to render every Greek dialect a denizen of the national language.

2. Hartman von Aue, or Owe, a Frank, who lived with the Landgrave of Hesse, and who also may be classed both among the elegiac and the epic poets. He has to bewail an unfortunate personal accident.

> Und so was ein weib am manne begehrt
> Der ist alles mir benommen;
> Das macht mir unz an meinen todt.[3]

This distinguished eunuch translated part of Launcelot of the Lake, which was finished by Ulric, and the entire romance of Iwain, which was edited at Vienna in 1786, by Michaeler. In the first canto occurs the following adventure, of which the old English version may be found in Warton's *History of English Poetry*, vol. iii, p. 109.

> Far in the forest ere I got,
> Methought mine was no pleasant lot.
> Wild beasts unnumber'd rang'd around,
> Worrying each other on the ground.
> Wolves, bulls, boars, bears, in many a score,
> Bark'd, bellow'd, broon'd, with hideous roar,
> Wielding, with hungry hate, the jaw,
> The horn, the hoof, the tusk, the paw.

[3] See *Bodmer's Sammlung*. p. 183.

I check'd my steed to watch the fray,
And inly wish'd myself away:
But soon I saw the ugliest wight
That ever mortal had in sight,
And thought the beasts of better clan
Than this same monster of a man.

His head was bigger than a bullock's,
Cover'd with tangled black and full locks
On lip and chin, on cheek and crown.
His ears, like elephant's, hung down.
His eyebrows were as black as tinder,
His eyes as red as a hot cinder.
His mouth was a span wide or more,
And a huge hump his shoulders bore.

A fresh-flay'd hide supplied his cloak.
Arm'd with a club of stubborn oak,
He rose, star'd at me, and drew nigh,
Whether with good or evil eye
I hardly knew; but not a word
Had either of us yet proferr'd.
I thought him dumb perhaps, or slow;
But said: "Who are you, friend, or foe?"

FORESTER.

"I let alone, who lets me so."

SIR COLGRIAND.

"And what is here your office now?"

FORESTER.

"I watch these beasts, prevent disaster:
They fear me, own me for their master."

SIR COLGRIAND.

"Then make them cease this ravenous cry."

FORESTER.

" They 'll not annoy you while I am by.
And what 's your business in a place
Which feet of men so seldom pace?"

SIR COLGRIAND.

" Accoutred in this knightly guise,
I seek adventures, bold emprize,
Some champion, who in equal arms
Will try a joust, and hazard harms."

FORESTER.

" You need not ride three miles for that.
Beyond the wood a spacious plat
Of grass displays its lively green:
No prettier meadow can be seen.
A little chapel decks the centre,
The sculptur'd porch, 'neath which you enter,
Has, at each end, a marble prop,
A bell beside, a cross at top.
Its roof a linden overshades,
The fairest tree in all these glades.
A clear cool fountain springs hard by,
Fram'd in with marble not breast-high;
Whence the unceasing streamlet tinkles
Into a cistern it besprinkles.
An emerald basin you 'll behold
Chain'd to the brim with links of gold.
Scoop water in the glittering shell,
And fling it back into the well;
You 'll find you 've anger'd a stout elf,
As fond of fighting as yourself."

The woodman pointed, as a guide,
With his left hand, and turned aside.

I rode along with thoughtful mien,
And reach'd in half an hour the green.

O 'twas a lovely spot! a view
O'er woody hills and rivulets blue.
A castle towering from the plain,
The mistress of the fair domain.
The trees so still, the air so mild,
The sun so bright, the landscape smil'd.
And, on the linden, birds were thronging,
All chirping, warbling, singing-songing;
Since world is world, was never heard
So sweet a concert from the birds;
Had I been with a funeral train,
My heart would have felt cheer'd again.

I saw the chapel on the lawn,
Just as the forester had drawn,
The fountain with its marble rim,
The glistering basin on the brim:
The morning-star is not more bright,
While watching for the dawn of light.

When I beheld the emerald basin,
Methought to hesitate at facing
The upshot, would be acting lightly,
Would seem unmanly and unknightly.
With rash resolve, in luckless hour,
I got the basin in my power,
Scoop'd water with the glittering shell,
And flung it back into the well.

At once was quench'd the light on high;
Black storm-clouds gather'd in the sky:
The lightnings flash'd, the thunders crash'd,
Wind, rain, and hail, in eddies dash'd:
The scatter'd leaves bestrow'd the ground,
The trees stood skeletons around;
The birds fled toppling on the blast.
The steed, I held, plung'd, look'd aghast;
But for the providence of God
We both had perish'd on the sod.

Then silence all the scene o'erspread,
Save where the waters gurgling fled.
Slow sail'd the parting clouds away;
Again the landscape shone in day.
But, from the castle's echoing mound,
A bugle-horn began to sound.
My ear a noise of engines smote;
The drawbridge bow'd across the mote;
A stately knight, arm'd cap-a-pee,
Rode forth, and turn'd his steed tow'rd me;
I girt my saddle, and remounted,
As if I on his coming counted.

I soon perceived this lordly elf
Had broader shoulders than myself,
A stouter horse, a longer spear,
A tougher shield; and I felt queer.

When he was ridden near enough,
He said in accents loud and rough:
"I shall not deign to ask your name;
You are no courteous son of fame.
My forest you have half destroy'd,
Have scar'd my game, and left it void;
'Tis meet we try each other's strength;
Defend yourself, or lie at length."

Spurring his charger to advance,
He firmly couch'd his heavy lance.
I levell'd mine, display'd my shield,
And met him fairly in the field.
His breast-plate I no sooner struck,
Than my lance splinter'd, by ill luck,
While he, with a resistless force,
Had thrust me backwards off my horse,
And left me sprawling on the plain
Chap-fallen, stunn'd, and bruis'd, amain;

Leading as lawful prize away
The steed that bore me to the fray.
Poor I trudg'd back on foot again
The whole long road explor'd in vain.

This adventure is related by Sir Colgriand to the knights of the round table, in the presence of king Arthur. Sir Iwain determines to avenge the disgrace of his nephew, and repeats the same enterprize with opposite success; he slays the elfin knight, takes possession of the castle, and marries the widow. The English romance is referred by Warton to the reign of Henry the sixth; but, as this German version is of earlier date, both are probably from an original in Norman-French.

3. Wolfram of Eschelbach, who took part, during the year 1207, in that poetical contest at Wartburg, which is celebrated by many contemporary bards, and which seems to have been imitated from the Court of Love, founded about the year 1180, in Provence. This writer was eminently industrious, and excelled in epic writing; he translated the romance of the Sang-real, dividing it into two parts, called Parcival and Titurel; and has recorded some disappointment of love in elegiac stanzas.

4. Henry of Rippach, who also took a share in the contest at Wartburg, was a translator of epic works from the Provenzal, and wrote original lays. Here is one of his stanzas:

Mir is sam der nahtigal,
Der so viel vergebens singet;
And im doch zu leste bringet
Niht wan shaden suezer shal.

I am but like the nightingale,
Who sings so variously in vain.
For what does all his toil avail?
His sweet song only brings him pain.

5. Walter von der Vogelweide, a nobleman of Thurgau; several of whose poems, included in Bodmer's collection, preceded the commencement of the thirteenth century. A patriotic character animates his song; which, however, implies an extensive knowledge of other countries; he mentions a king Constantine, a Leopold of Austria, and a pilgrimage undertaken to Rome as an act of penitence.

6. Reinmar, the elder, of a noble family; whose seat was near the Rhine. He was one of the eight Wartburg competitors, but has not the ease of diction which was acquired by his younger rivals.

7 and 8. Nithard von Rüwenthal, who wrote comic verses, and, among others, a dance-song; and Count Conrad, of Kirchberg, who wrote poetry on the seasons.

9, 10, and 11. King Conrad, or Conradin, who has left a single, but a memorable, love-song; king Wenceslaus, of Bohemia, the father of Ottocar; and the emperor Henry the Seventh: who severally attempted to twine the laurels of Parnassus with those of royalty.

12. Godfrey of Nifen, who, in the year 1240, was at war with the bishop of Constance, wrote some lampoons, and some lyric poetry.

13. Brother Werner, a priest, has left some moral stanzas, in which he relates an interview with the Emperor Otto, who died in 1218, and was much attached to him. He begins his tedious poem with Adam and Eve, finishes with the fair at Nuremberg, and attaches equal importance to whatever passes across his mind.

14. Henry, duke of Anhalt, who died in the year 1267, and was surnamed *the fat*, from his corpulency; but displays in his verses an active and alert gallantry.

15. Burkard, of Hohenfels, was of a noble family in the Palatinate: with honest simplicity he compares his own poetry to a mirror reflecting a monkey, and his mistress to a hand, which beckons back at will the falcon just dismissed.

16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24. Otto of Henneberg, who had a castle at Bodenlauben, died in 1254. —Werner of Tinfen valued himself on conquering the difficulty of complex rimes.—Walter of Metz wrote French, as well as German, verse.—Ditmar of Ast, Walter of Klinger, Rubin of Tirol, all three flourished about the thirteenth century: as did also Reinboth of Doren, who wrote both galant and epic poetry.—Duke John of Brabant, Duke Henry of Breslau, and Margrave Henry of Meissen, are to be included among the noble poets of this period; although few of their compositions have been preserved.

25. Godfred, of Strasburg, is classed by Oberlin among erotic poets, in his dissertation *De Poetis Alsatiæ eroticis medii ævi, Argentorati*, 1786; but he is better known by his epic exertions.

26, 27. Ulrich of Lichtenstein wrote merry poems in a dactylic metre, of which he seems to have been the inventor; and was imitated in this new metre by Heinrich von Rugge.

28. Ulrich of Winterstetten affected short lines and frequent rimes,—such as Swift called Lilliputian poetry.

29. Brother Eberhard, of Saxony, left a hymn to the Virgin, which surpasses most of the religious poetry of his time.

30. Christian of Hameln composed some watch-songs of a voluptuous turn.

31, 32. Some other names might be brought forwards,—as that of Tannhausen, of a noble family in Bavaria, who attempted humourous poetry, and displays reading; and that of Conrad of Wurzburg, who flourished at the close of the Swabian period, between 1275 and 1300; and may be allowed to terminate the list in a manner not unworthy of its commencement.

The romances of chivalry, which were translated into German rime, during the Swabian period, are so numerous, that, in order to facilitate a rememberable survey, it has been found necessary to divide them into classes, according to their topics; and each class is denominated, by the German critics, a cyclus, or cycle, of romance.

The first and earliest cycle respects Arthur and the knights of the round table. These romances have an Anglo-Norman origin, (see p. 119) and are probably derived from Welsh chronicles, extant in Britain and Britany, before the French poets, on both sides the channel, began to rime in the *langue d'oui.* Of all these round-table romances, none became so popular in Germany, or produced so great an effect there, as that of Chrétien Menessier, of Troyes, entitled, the *Sang-réal.* By the *sang-réal* (the real blood) was understood a dish, or charger, supposed to have served at the last supper, and to have been employed in receiving the precious blood of Christ from the side-wound given on the cross. This relic is stated to have been brought, by Joseph of Arimathea, into northern Europe; to have become the property of king Arthur, and to have been intrusted by him to the custody of Sir Percival. A part of the legend,

that which describes, under the allegory of a knight, the duty of a priest, is of Provenzal origin, and originates with Guiot; and the combination of it, with heroes of the round table, is an addition of the north-country French romancer. In this mixed form it was adopted by Wolfram of Eschenbach, and given in two successive poems, called *Parcival* and *Titurel;* the latter of which displays much of invention peculiar to the translator. Both have been modernized in Bodmer's Calliope, 1767. To the cycle of round-table romance also belong the lately quoted *Iwain* of Hartman von Aue, the *Lancelot* of Ulrich of Zezam, the *Gamuret* of Albert of Halberstadt, the *Trystan* of Godfrey of Strasburg, and the *Lohengrin* of an unknown author, which remains in manuscript at the Vatican. Wigamore, Bliomberis, Flordibel, and Wigolais, have also been sung.

A second cycle of romance respects Charlemagne and his twelve peers. From patriotic sympathies one might have expected in Germany a predilection of attention to this monarch; but the number of epopæas which celebrate his exploits is comparatively small. This seems to have resulted from the circumstance, that the Provenzal poets, who chiefly undertook this set of stories, were less addicted to epic writing than the Norman poets; and that the Germans were mostly content to translate what they found extant in the literature of France concerning French heroes. The *Margrave of Narbonne, William of Orange, Renwart the strong*, which are ascribed to Ulrich of Thurheim, belong to this class. Fleur and Blanchefleur, and also Parthenopex, both Provenzal tales, were successfully germanized by Rupert of Orbent.

A third cycle of romance relates to the heroes of

classical antiquity. The story of Alexander the Great occurs, in which the heroes are exhibited in the costume of chivalry, and surrounded by Arabian wizardry. Stories from Ovid were versified by Albrecht of Halberstadt; and an Æneid was composed by Henry of Veldeg; but the names of Jason, Hector, Achilles, Hercules, and the other heroes of Guido of Colonna, never acquired in Germany so vernacular a celebrity as among ourselves.

A fourth cycle of romance, which may aptly be called the patriotic, is truly native, original, unimported, and consecrated exclusively to the celebration of German heroes: this class corresponds with our King Horn, Guy of Southampton, and Richard Lion-heart.

Concerning these domestic romances it may generally be observed that they select, as the central hero, Theodoric of Verona; that he serves in them for the Arthur, or the Charlemagne, who is petitioned in every emergency, whose comrades are despatched in every direction, who selects the champion and rewards the achiever of every adventure, and whose empire and glory are to be extended by every successful exploit. Hence it may not unreasonably be conjectured, that these story-books, although extant only in the Swabian dialect, were originally of Lombard origin, and only received in Swabia a modernized form. In the ancient libraries of northern Italy may still slumber the older models of these tales of heroes.

Several of these native epopæas have been enumerated at p. 97; to which list may be added: 6. *The Book of Heroes*, by Wolfram of Eschenbach, which narrates the adventures of the emperor Otnit, and of the dwarf Elberich, who seems to be the original Oberon; and passes on to the history of Laurin, another

king of the dwarves. This last part is a continuation by Henry of Ofterdingen; there are, however, distinct editions of the story in different dialects, one, for instance, edited by Suhm, at Copenhagen, in 1787, which varies materially from that which has been almost entirely translated in Weber's *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, p. 149. 7. The *Expedition of the Ecken*, which has been repeatedly printed. 8. *Horny Siegfried*, who, from being apprenticed to a blacksmith, becomes a kind of Salamander, and marries a princess. 9. *The Song of the Nibelungs*, by an author named Conrad. Probably this is Conrad, of Wurzburg, who flourished about the year 1280, and who might still possess, in a more ancient form, the materials whence this epopæa is derived. It contains adventures alluded to in the Wilkina-saga, which is attributed to the year 1250; but the same stories were common to the whole Gothic north. This song relates about forty distinct adventures, which are detailed, with all the interest which fidelity could bestow, in Weber's learned *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*. 10. *King Rother*. This romance forms an intermediate link between the German cycle of romance and that of Charlemagne; the hero being the grandfather of that emperor, and the father of Pepin. 11. *Duke Ernest*, by Henry of Veldeg, which is little else than a rimed chronicle, having true history for its basis.

Much might be said concerning the didactic and erotic poetry produced during the Swabian period; but, as these poems are ill suited to furnish themes or models for modern art, it may suffice to mention the dialogue entitled *King Tyro, of Scotland*, in which this imaginary monarch lectures his son Friedebrand on the virtues of chivalry; and the dialogue entitled

Winsbeck and his Wife, in which the feminine virtues are similarly taught.

Fables of Æsop were versified by Boner, under the title of *The Jewel*, and edited by Bodmer, at Zurich, in 1757. On the whole, this period of German literature is singularly rich in productions, which rival those of the Provenzal poets, whence they were principally imitated.

In the Swabian dialect was also composed a remarkable satirical poem entitled *Der Welsche Gast*, the Italian guest. It is the work of Thomasin of Tircler, a native of Frioul in the Venetian territory, who, during his residence in Germany, acquired so unusual a skill in the language, as to compose rimes in this foreign dialect. He addresses panegyrically the emperor Frederic II, and laments the death of his cousin Frederic duke of Swabia, who, on his route to the Holy Land, perished in Armenia, from bathing in the river Seleph, in the year 1191. He states himself to be under thirty years of age, and bewails the decay of honor, truth, and generosity, with a melancholy but noble grief. His somewhat diffuse lamentation has been critically analyzed by Eschenburg in his *Denkmæler Altdeutscher Dichtkunst*, p. 120. A dialogue between the poet and his pen constitutes one of the most original passages.

§ 11.

Notices of the Period intervening between the Accession of the House of Austria and the Reformation—Dance of Death—Ship of Fools—Mirror of Owls—Mysteries—Faustus—Pope Joan.

The Swabian dynasty of German emperors became extinct, during the year 1268, in the person of Conradin, whom Charles of Anjou had taken prisoner, and beheaded at Naples. From this profligate act of regicide much anarchy ensued; until, in 1273, a diet was held at Frankfort, in which the clerical party managed to invest Rudolf of Hapsburg with the imperial purple. Thus the house of Austria acquired the direction of Germany, and retained a long gratitude to the papal see, which had facilitated its elevation.

The rank and influence of a metropolis was ere long practically transferred from Frankfort to Vienna. So great a distance from Provence intercepted the hitherto habitual conversancy of the German nobles with Mediterranean literature. They were no longer occupied in crusades, but in wars against the Huns. The court-language changed from a west-gothic to an east-gothic dialect, which was less nationally vernacular. And, after the close of the thirteenth century, much disappeared of that southern culture, and of those European sympathies, which had ascended the Rhone, and illustrated the Swabian poets. Henry of

Klingenberg, however, the chancellor of Rudolf, composed some religious poems in lyrical metres; and Steinmar, his military friend, wrote love-songs.

What of literary patronage emanated from the house of Austria was chiefly directed to the endowment of colleges. In 1333 was founded the University of Vienna; in 1346, that of Heidelberg; and, during the second half of the fourteenth century, were also established those of Prague, Cologne, and Erfurt. These institutions had more for their object the promotion of theology and jurisprudence than of poetry or classical literature; and they contributed to busy the studious world, which was not numerous, about questions of scholastic metaphysics and occult science. A few translations from the classics were produced in these seminaries of learning: Ovid's "Art of Love" was rendered into high-dutch in 1482; Terence, in 1486; the Fables of Avienus, in 1487; the Æneid of Virgil, in 1515; the Comedies of Plautus, in 1518; to say nothing of the sentences of Dionysius, Cato, and other prose works. In the fifteenth century were further founded the Universities of Wurzburg, Leipzig, Rostock, Basle, Freiberg, Greifswald, Ingolstadt, Trier, and Mayence. And certainly it was to the multiplicity of these institutions that Germany owed, at this period, the pedantic character of a literature, conducted chiefly in the Latin language, and busied more with the recondite than with the beautiful.

A poem, on the destruction of Troy, resembling that of Lydgate, and paraphrased from Guido of Colonna, was printed in 1474. Some other metrical romances were collected by the Bavarian knight, Jacob Püterich of Reicherzhausen; and by the Zurich counsellor, Rüdiger of Manesse; but, in general, few

efforts were made to preserve, or revive, that taste for chivalrous poetry, which had grown up among a literary nobility, but had fewer attractions for the burgher-classes, who were next to woo the Muses. Indeed, a great prosperity had grown up in various cities of the Germans, especially in those of the Anseatic confederacy. Pope Pius II, who, in earlier life was secretary to the emperor Frederic III, and who composed at Vienna a Latin poem on the crucifixion of Christ, has also left a treatise, *De Moribus Germanorum*, in which, though of Italian origin, he expresses surprise at the costly luxuries and splendid plate of the merchants of Nuremberg.

The manner in which these wealthy citizens chose to patronize poetry, too much resembled the institution of a manufactory. To the emperor Charles IV they applied for a charter of incorporation, and instituted a sort of guild, or company, of poets, by the name of *master-singers*, whose office it was to compose verses, on given occasions, in specified metres, and to sing at public festivals bespoken poetry to tunes which were taught and practised at the meetings of these new bards. The plan seems to have originated in the provisions made for training choristers at the cathedrals; and to have been extended to other bands of vocal musicians, who were to be attached to the principal corporations of magistrates in Germany. At Nuremberg, the Sunday was appointed for the day of exercise. The rules of prosody, and the rules for executing tunes, which were to be gotten by heart by these sons of the Muses, have been collected under the name of *Tabulature*, and were printed in 1572. The same class of persons composed these guilds as those who occupy the singing-galleries of our methodist

meetings; and, after serving to give popularity to the flagellants, they became an efficacious power in giving popularity to protestantism, by singing abroad the hymns of Luther. These minstrels were not so much poets, as musicians, who used the human voice for their instrument, and were marshalled in regular bands, like public performers.

The schoolmaster of Esslingen is one of the earliest singers of this class, who attained celebrity by original satirical ballads, in which he complains that the emperor Rudolf did not reward song as it deserved. Master Rainbow, master Rumsland, master Spervogel are also named, and may be ranked with our Taylor, the water-poet, for popularity and worthlessness. Süsskind, a Jew, wrote moral songs, and laments the coarse and savage turn, which the modern nobility were taking, converting their castles into eyries of robbers. Henry, of Meissen, surnamed the woman-praiser, was a doctor of divinity at Maynz, who acquired great fame as a master-singer; he died in 1417, and the ladies of the place carried his coffin to the grave. Hans Hadlaub, though a plebeian, boasts of the notice of the nobility, and has left some pleasing songs, of which this is a specimen.

TO A WOMAN NURSING AN INFANT.

I saw her kiss the child so fair,
  And press it to her flower-soft breast;
Methought: I wish that I was there,
  So lull'd, so cradled into rest.
I saw the child upon her smile,
  And her eyes sparkled at the sight;
Methought: I 'd fain be it awhile,
  I should grow giddy with delight.

I took the child upon my knee,
And kiss'd the cheek that touch'd her breast;
Thank God for every hour of glee,
But, oh! for this above the rest!

Stricker endeavoured to versify the chronicle of Turpin, and the story of William of Blumenthal, of which only a fragment remains, but which seems to be that of Bliomberis. John of Wurzburg composed a rimed chronicle concerning William of Austria. Poets of names unknown have written lives in verse of Henry the Lion; Reinfried of Brunswick; Duke Frederic of Austria; and Landgrave Louis of Thuringen. The legend of Barlaam and Josaphat was translated by Rudolf of Hohenems, during his residence at Monfort; that of Solomon and Marcolf, by an unknown author. Brother Philip, a Carthusian monk, versified the Life of the virgin Mary. Hugh, of Trymberg, wrote the Runner, a satire, and some fabliaux. Freidank, his successor and admirer, composed many ethic poems. An early poem concerning chess, possibly of the year 1337, was written by Conrade of Ammenhausen, and entitled the *Schachtabel.* Zeno, or the three kings, exists in low-dutch; so do the legends of saint Marinus, saint Brandanus, and saint Theophilus. For the most part, however, the trading poets of this era have been content to celebrate the marriage of a merchant's daughter, the birth of an alderman's son, or the funeral of a doctor of divinity: these were incidents, which they frequently accompanied the bell-man to announce, and to impress on the public mind. A coat-of-arms was granted by the emperor to the worshipful company of poets: a master-singer was not to receive a gratuity for himself, but presents were made to the purse, or guild,

whose services were required. So mechanical these singing-schools became at last, that, in Colmar, the cobler's company supplied the greater proportion of master-singers. Hans Folz, a barber, of Nuremberg, acquired celebrity for his ready talent; wrote various farces for the theatre, of which four remain; and set up a private printing-office to sell hand-bill copies of his own shorter productions. In the Saxon Chronicle of Spangenberg, mention occurs of a political song, which acquired great popularity about the year 1452, in which bold lessons were given to the magistrate, and enforced by the united voices of the master-singers.

Peter, of Dresden, may deserve notice for founding the new genus of macaronic poetry. Certain Swiss republicans composed war-songs, and propagated, by means of them, a spirit of revolutionary liberty: Veit Weber is the most celebrated of these imitators of Tyrtæus. Many ballads, which repeated, in short and separate relations, the leading adventures, comprehended in the book of heroes, and in the song of the Nibelungs, became popular performances of the master-singers, who thus retailed, for vulgar use, the huge epopæas of the preceding age. Several German robbers and pirates acquired a name as popular as that of Robin Hood. Specific feuds of the cities with the barons of the empire were described in rimed chronicles, which usually take part against the nobility.

Among the writers of this period may further be remarked Macaber, the author of a *Dance of Death*, in rime, which has left more traces in painting, than even in literature; yet it was translated into French, in 1485, and published at Paris with the title *Danse Macabre des hommes et des femmes;* into Latin, in 1490, and published at Paris with the title *Chorea ab*

eximio Macabro versibus alemannis edita; and into English by John Purcy, whose version, preceded by an engraving of Hollar, is preserved in the third volume of Dugdale's *Monasticon*, 1673. It was re-edited at Dresden, in 1705, by P. C. Hilscher, and again, in 1721, with his *Beschreibung des Todten-Tanzes, wie solcher zu Dresden auf dem Schlosse gemahlt.* 2. Sebastian Brandt, born at Strasburg in 1453, afterwards a civilian at Basil, who, about the year 1494, published a rimed satire entitled the *Ship of Fools.* He died in his native city in 1520, with the rank of Syndic. This author coolly calls himself the fool Sebastian Brandt, but adds:

> For he, who thinks himself a fool,
> Has got one step in wisdom's school.

This poem was translated into French by Joseph Bade, and printed at Paris, in 1497; into Latin verse by James Locher, a pupil of the author; and into English by Alexander Barclay of St. Mary Otery, in Devonshire, about the year 1508. Warton cites this translation profusely in the seventh section of the second volume of his *History of English Poetry.* 3. The anonymous author of a comic romance, or satire, composed in low-dutch, entitled *Till Eulenspiegel,* that is the *Mirror of Owls,* acquired singular popularity, by his lively satire and diverting obscenity. It was partially done into English by the appellation of Owleglas. 4. Heinrich Teichner put many proverbs into rime.

Of this æra, however, the most remarkable feature consists in the production of numerous mysteries, moralities, or sacred dramas, which were mostly composed in latin to be represented on holidays at monasteries and colleges. The more popular of these holy

plays were subsequently translated into German, and acted by voluntary confederacies of pilgrims, students, scholars, parish-clerks, master-singers, and singing-boys.

Such mysteries are of high antiquity. From the earliest times a band of dancing-girls and singing-boys was attached to the temple at Jerusalem, who accompanied the Sabbath-festivities with choral dance and song. In a commentary on the 149 and 150 psalms, Lorin observes: De tripudio, seu de multitudine saltantium et concinnentium, minime dubito. These dances, accompanied with songs, were gradually improved into operas, which were regularly exhibited on sabbath-days in the temple itself; and some of these operas had so Aristophanic a character, as to have dragged odious individuals before the public, and to have represented, for instance, the scourging of Heliodorus by angels. After the conquest of Judæa by Alexander and his successors, the Greek language became so prevalent at Jerusalem, that these sacred dramas were given in Greek; and, among the Apocrypha, has been preserved the chorus of one of them, entitled *the Song of the Three Holy Children*, whose deliverance from the fiery furnace formed the subject of the pageant. The story of Daniel, of Susanna, of Bel and the Dragon, were favourite topics; and perhaps the Spanish mystery *Las Profetias de Daniel* has traditionally preserved a canvas more ancient than christianity. Ezekiel, a jewish dramatic poet, composed a tragedy on the Exodus of the Israelites from Egypt, of which portions remain. The principal characters are Moses, who prologuizes, Sapphora, and Jehovah speaking from the burning bush; the rod of Moses is turned into a serpent on the stage. Warton

(vol. II, p. 371) endeavours to place this poet after the siege of Jerusalem; but the very structure of the drama, which represents the jewish nation as triumphing in the especial protection of God, seems inconsistent with a period of disaster and dispersion; I incline therefore, with Huet, to date the poem before the christian era.

There is no reason to suppose that the early christians in the least swerved from the notorious practice of the jews, or that they objected to sacred dramas and mysteries on sundays, when these were compatible with their own religion. All temples were then theatres; and it is against frequenting *pagan* spectacles that the declamations of the fathers were directed. The first christians, in imitation of the jews, gave balls in their churches. On the eve of great festivals, and after the close of the love-feasts, the young people danced on a stage in the choir. Scaliger thinks that the bishops were called *prœsules, à prœsiliendo,* because they set up the dance. Father Heliot has collected curious particulars of these religious or ecclesiastic balls, which were first suppressed by the council of Carthage in 397, under pope Gregory.

This discountenance of the church was neither complete nor lasting. Saint Gregory Nazianzen, an archbishop, a poet, and one of the fathers of the church, had already written a tragedy entitled Χριστος πασχων, or Christ's Passion, which became a religious spectacle at Constantinople, and remains to us. Theophylact, also of Constantinople, who about the year 990 became a bishop in Bulgaria, favoured, says Cedrenus (in the *Historic Compendium,* p. 639) the practice, which prevails to this day, of scandalizing God, and the memory of his saints, on the most splendid and

popular festivals, by indecent and ridiculous songs, and enormous shoutings, even in the midst of those sacred hymns, which we ought to offer to the divine grace, with compunction of heart, for the salvation of our souls. But he, having collected a company of base fellows, and placing over them one Euthymius Casnes, whom he also appointed the superintendant of his church, admitted into the sacred service, diabolical dances, exclamations of ribaldry, and ballads borrowed from the streets and brothels. Such was the point of view in which the iconoclast party regarded these dramatic mysteries in the ensuing century.

From Constantinople these religious exhibitions, and even the more farcical of them, such as the Feast of Fools, and of the Ass, were imported into Europe by crusaders and pilgrims, and became favourite shows to an illiterate populace, which could no otherwise so easily imagine to itself the principal incidents in the sacred books. The Death of saint Catharine was one of the most popular, it was performed by the monks of saint Denis, and eagerly frequented by the Parisians; and at a later period it was imitated in Spanish by the powerful poet Calderone.

The Germans had an immense number of these miracle-plays; but the two which are most peculiar to the soil, and which cannot be traced in the analogous literature of the other European nations, were Faustus, and Pope Joan.

The German Faustus much more resembles the tragedy of our Christopher Marlowe, who was no doubt indebted to the continental original, than it resembles the modern imitation by Goëthe, which has recently been so much panegyrized. In its structure

and moral, it forms a close parallel with the Spanish Don Juan, or the Guest of Stone, to which the imitation of Molière, and the allusions of Lord Byron, have given so European a celebrity. Both pieces exhibit the life, death, and damnation, of a daring libertine.

Hans Rosenblut produced various comic dramas, called, "*Fast-Night-Plays*," which succeeded on the Nuremberg stage, and are remarked for the mixture of coarse obscenity, with magical scenery, and intervals of song: he may be considered as the inventor of the melodrama. A dramatic mystery remains, in which Virgil accompanies the shepherds to adore the new-born Christ: this is not so incongruous as it appears; for, in the Pollio, Virgil has introduced, from the Septuagint version of Isaiah, many passages, which the catholics consider as prophetic of Jesus, thus realizing his early promise:

Primus Idumæas referam tibi, Mantua, palmas.

But a still more striking and original composition is the "Canonization of Pope Joan," a play written in 1480, which attained universal popularity, and contributed to shake the public reverence for the papal see. It was edited in 1564 by a Protestant, named Tilesius, who ascribes it to Theodoric Schernberg, a catholic priest. The number of characters in the piece is twenty-five; among them occurs the Devil and his mother Lillis, three good Angels, the Virgin Mary, and even her Son; pope Basil, four cardinals, a Roman senator, and Death. The scene shifts from earth, to hell, to purgatory, and to heaven. The play opens with a council of devils, who agree upon tempting Jutta, the heroine, to profane the papacy. She is

induced to put on men's clothes, and to accompany a young clerk to the University of Paris, where she acquires a doctor's degree. She then accompanies her friend to Rome, is made cardinal, and next pope. All Heaven is now in uproar. The Virgin Mary intercedes, and is permitted to send an angel to the pope, to know whether she prefers eternal perdition, or penance and final pardon. Jutta determines to repent. Death is sent for her soul, which he waits for, whilst she is lying-in, and which he carries to the devils in hell. They torment her with loud laughter. She prays to the Virgin, who again intercedes, and an angel is sent down from the throne of grace to release her from torment. Her ascension into heaven terminates the piece with a splendid decoration.

Not possessing a copy of this drama, I cannot attempt an entire translation; but avail myself of the three extracts communicated by Bouterwek, (vol. ix, p. 365, 366, and 367) to give some idea of the composition.

The devils are thus convened by Lucifer.

> Wheresoe'er ye rove, or dwell,
> Come home, ye loyal host of hell;
> From earth and sea, from fire and air,
> Hither, ye devils all, repair!
> From hill and dale, from stream and lake,
> From wood and wild, from bush and brake,
> Attend the summons of your lord,
> And hearken to his awful word.

The devils progressively assemble.

> Joint tenants of this nether sphere,
> Where deeds of darkness still are dear,
> Children of mischief, hither come;
> Fresh guests are wanted for our home.

Ye darlings of the wanton throng,
Asmodeus, Satan, raise the song:
Kreutzling, Samiel, Fenfireglow,
Nottis, merriest imp below,
Ashtaroth and Spiegelglantz,
Round me whirl in hovering dance,
Thread the mazes of the cloud,
With gambols lewd, and curses loud,
Flap your wings, and twine your hands,
Such is the worship hell commands.

Dance of devils.

Now I 'll utter what I plan
In the dwelling-place of man;
God's vicegerent upon earth
Shall become the hoot of mirth.
Nor shall those, who aid my views,
The fitting recompenses loose;
This in heaven's hearing I declare;
This, by my iron crown, I swear.

After the terrestrial catastrophe, the devil, who scourges Jutta, thus taunts her.

There must be penalties for sin.
Is this as bad as lying-in?
Hysterics——what another faint?
Call somewhat louder on your saint.
A sob, a shriek, a groan, a prayer,
That is the music of our air.
Here 's some hell-drink, some spirits, swallow;
You 'll better bear what is to follow.
I 'll fetch some ointment, while you 're kneeling,
That makes wounds smart the time they 're healing.

In another scene, the Virgin thus intercedes with her Son for the popess in purgatory.

My dear son, do not bear so hard on
This sinner; for my sake, grant pardon.

If you chose me to be your mother,
How can you deal thus by another.
Leave her not ever in that place,
Show her some way to win thy grace.
Didst thou not quit the blessed sky,
That penitence on mercy might rely.
Hast thou not died to save them all,
And to atone the pristine fall?
Let me from thee obtain, my son,
What from the father thou hast won.

This bold drama had a great effect in Germany, and so popularly impressed the conviction of there having really been a pope Joan, that when the protestants employed the anecdote to bring the papacy into contempt, much literary industry was requisite to extirpate the groundless persuasion. Blondel closed the controversy to which this play gave occasion.

These mythologic dramas merit revival. They offer a new career to poetic art. There may be provinces in Europe, where it would be held irreverent to bring on the stage the heroes of our faith; but this is a local and a deciduous prejudice. Christianity was first taught throughout the north of Europe, by means of the stage. The mysteries and miracle-plays of the first missionaries had familiarized the prominent incidents of biblical history, long before the art of reading could have been called in, to communicate the chronicles themselves. If modern missionaries had as much zeal and sense as those of the church of Rome, they would adopt in savage nations the same method of address, and would represent, chiefly in pantomime, and with illustrative scenery, the Creation, the Deluge, the Exodus, the adventures of David, and the miracles of Christ. Religion is less beloved, and the stage less

moral, in consequence of the dissolution of their original alliance. Let it not be feared that religion would be degraded by thus mingling with our pleasures; this depends on the skill and excellence of the poet. Who that has seen Racine's *Athalie* performed at the opera-house in Paris, but must allow, that one evening spent at such an exhibition impresses more indelibly the finest passages of scripture, (read the chorus *Tout l'univers est plein de sa magnificence)* and enlivens more powerfully a feeling for the beauties of piety, than a month's attention to the lessons at church? Another valuable end is attained. By the learned and appropriate character of the decorations, a curious knowledge of jewish habits and ceremonies is widely scattered among the people, and distinctly engraved on the memory. The pulpit often labours to communicate such information: but how slowly, how imperfectly, it succeeds! A theatric chorus of Levites in procession, a scenic inside view of the temple, teaches more at a glance concerning jewish costume and ritual than a week's poring over Godwin's *Moses and Aaron.* In Oxford and Cambridge, at least, and as a mean of instructing theologic students, who in England are not always comprehensively informed, such biblical dramas should be regularly exhibited before the young clergy. The minutiæ of the vestments, and utensils, and architectural decorations, illustrative of the ceremonial and fashion of the temple of Jerusalem, the mitres and phylacteries, the cherubic andirons, the candelabras of seven lamps, the pomegranates straining through a net sculptured on the capitals of the pilasters, should all, by the personal attendance and criticism of the professors of Hebrew antiquities, be brought to the utmost perfection of which such imitations are sus-

ceptible. From the seats of learning, a correct style of habiliment and decoration would thus accompany our sacred dramas into the other provinces of the empire, and render them worthy to employ and amuse the Sunday evening leisure of pious and intelligent families.

The *Teuerdank*, of Melchior Pfinzing, an epic poem, in honor of the emperor Maximilian, was printed in 1517, with unsurpassable pomp. The excellent woodcuts, with which it was decorated by Hans Schänfelin, give to the orignal edition a great bibliographic value. The poetry was so defective that it was re-made in 1553 by Burkard Wallis: it resembles the Fairy Queen of Spenser, in mingling allegorical beings with human personages.

Of Hans Sachs, something might be said here without anachronism; but, as his writings contributed to the Protestant revolution, they will be included in the next period.

§ 12.

Digression concerning the Protestant Reformation—its effects on German Poetry.

WHETHER the introduction of Protestantism has or has not been advantageous to human society, is a question much agitated. It has formed the subject of a prize-inquiry proposed by the National Institute of Paris. The successful dissertation of Mr. C. Villers has been printed, translated, and admired; and is thought to have proved that the Protestant Reformation was not merely a step in the progress, but in the amelioration, of social order.

Doubts may be suggested of the solidity of this inference.

Europe is indeed better off now than it was three hundred years ago. It is more populous. The accommodations of life abound more among the most needy. The proportion of educated, civilized, and refined individuals is greater in a given number of persons. Wealth and art, science and taste, scatter more widely their productions and gratifications. An influencing philanthropy has softened the harsher laws, and multiplied the benevolent institutions. But of this indisputable advancement of prosperity, how little can be attributed to the Reformation!

If the three hundred years, which elapsed between

1500 and 1800, be divided into equal parts, the spirit of the Reformation will be allowed to have been most operative during the first hundred and fifty years. But the diffusion of general welfare and illumination will be found most conspicuous during the last hundred and fifty years. This progress, both of populousness and of refinement, resulted chiefly from the increase of wealth; and the increase of wealth resulted chiefly from that extension of commerce, which grew out of the conquest of Hindustan, and the colonization of America; events independent of the Reformation.

If the European territories shaken by this revolution, be distinguished into protestant and catholic countries, and the respective masses be compared with each other, the protestant will uniformly be found the more barbarous during the three first half-centuries of the Reformation; as if the victory of the new opinions had occasioned a retrogression of civility. The catholic provinces seem barely to have retained their anterior refinement; but the protestant provinces to have far receded toward rudeness; and these only began to recover their natural rank, in the competition of national culture, when the religious zeal of their ruling classes began to abate. What Italy was under the Medici, and France under Louis XIV, England became under the two first Georges, and Germany under Frederic. Valuing thus in gross the effects of the Reformation, it is surely not easy to perceive its merits.

By attending more in detail to its operation on morals, religion, policy, and literature; some approach to equitable appreciation may perhaps be made. The following are obvious features of the change. An austere ascetic scriptural morality was generally substituted for the lax gentlemanly traditional practice of

the catholics. The play-house was reviled, fornication was abominated, compotation was encouraged; the young men became puritanic and sottish. Adultery was held out by a married clergy to just abhorrence. A vogue for holy reading was diffused by the vernacular Scriptures, Liturgies, and Homilies, of the Reformers. Some degradation of public taste and temper was superinduced by a scurrilous literature, appealing to the lowest vulgar. A more lamentable degradation of public humanity ensued from the pious intolerance of the antagonist parties.

Truth and reason were so little the gainers by the doctrinal conflict, that it remains doubtful whether more points of faith were changed for the better or the worse. The belief in a purgatory is more humane and rational, than the eternal future punishments of the reformers. The practice of auricular confession, if derogatory in adults, opposed among the young a wholesome obstacle to premature and solitary indulgence; and efficaciously impressed the duty of pecuniary probity. The consubstantiation of the Lutherans is not at all less absurd than the old transubstantiation of the catholics; the one sect imagines the transmutation of the elements to take place in the mouth of the communicant, and the other in the chalice of the priest. The invocation of saints was defended by the catholics with stronger arguments than the protestants advanced to the attack: the use of pictures and statues in places of worship was advantageous to the progress of art, of commerce, of refinement; the void left, by abolishing idolatry, was ill supplied by mysticism and gloom.

On political institution, the effects of the Reformation are still more uncreditable. Except in Scotland,

in Holland, and at Geneva, civil liberty suffered every where by its intrusion. The power of the Swedish, Danish, and British kings was greatly and mischievously increased, for the purpose of protecting this rude religious revolution. In all the catholic countries, except Poland, the power of the sovereign was likewise augmented, almost to despotism, for the opposite purpose of enabling him to suppress the new heresy of the protestants. The territory emancipated is less extensive far, than the territory which was more heavily yoked.

Security, order, and tranquillity suffered still more than liberty. The first century and half of the Reformation was universally a scene of confiscation, persecution, proscription, and civil war. The reformers were no where content that the old opinions should die out with the incumbents of benefices; they accelerated the course of nature to the utmost limits of their power: even the old bishop of Iceland was beheaded, to make room for a protestant successor. The antagonist cruelties of Henry VIII of England, and of his daughter Mary, both grew out of the Reformation. The sudden proscription of Saint Bartholomew in France, and the deliberate persecutions of queen Elizabeth in England, who hanged up, one by one, merely for teaching their hereditary religion, a hundred and seventy-five catholic priests, alike grew out of the Reformation. The civil wars of the British against Charles I originated in parties formed by the Reformation. The thirty-years war in Germany, and that pernicious separation of the German empire into independent provinces, which paralyzed the proper antagonist of French power, were other great and lasting political evils, which Europe owed to the Reformation.

The new forms of church-government, which were substituted for popery, had the merit of favouring patriotism. By conferring ecclesiastic supremacy on the national magistrate, the church and state acquired a common centre of allegiance. But this is not an unmixed good; for the popish clergy were less dependent and servile, and were more cosmopolitical. With the progress of humanization, they were likely to employ an all-pervasive power, in promoting the common interests of countries; sometimes by reforming the calendar; sometimes by uniformalizing coins, weights, and measures; sometimes by enforcing the law of nations, and laying under interdict a refractory people.

It is chiefly in services to literature, that the utility of the Reformation must be sought. Controversy is itself a great good; it is the awakener of intellect and the scatterer of instruction. Whether the audience be in a humor to applaud the iconoclast or the idolater, the libertarian or the necessarian, the monotheist or the polytheist, matters little; if they do but listen and interfere. Stagnant water putrefies; but, whether it ebbs or flows, it diffuses lustre and fertility: it is so with opinion; be the motion toward atheism or toward superstition, the agitation is still of value. Why sank the catholic countries, after the Reformation, into literary insignificance? Because their precautions against innovation operated to crush inquiry and discussion. Those games of mind were prohibited, in which intellect wrestles itself into vigor. Why rose the protestant countries, after the Reformation, into literary eminence? They admired and rewarded their polemic authors; they opened a career of ascent to eloquence and learning: they read theology at least, and became content to trust in the liberty of the press for the

eradication of error and the dissemination of truth. Tolerance, and the liberty of the press, these were the blessings, which, during the third century of the Reformation, were to remunerate protestant Europe for the sufferings of the two preceding centuries.

But can this religious toleration, this freedom of opinion, this philanthropic liberality, which distinguishes the higher literature of modern Europe, and which has conferred on the last century its noblest features, be strictly and justly ascribed to the Protestant Reformation? Has it been imbibed from the sacred books, then first evulgated? Has it been imbibed from writings of the leading reformers? Alas, no! The protestants, like the catholics, read in the Scriptures[4] the precepts of intolerance; they employed licencers for the press, and executioners for heresy. Calvin was the most generally influencing writer among the reformers; and he acted up to the atrocity of his doctrine, by burning alive Serveto.

If Europe owes tolerance to the Reformation, it so owes the bark to fever. After trying the violently irritating remedies against fanaticism in vain, a feebler but more permanently active specific is discovered to avail. Tolerance really grows out of the sceptical philosophy, it is the appropriate fruit of that tree; every people, in proportion to their religiosity, have withstood the magistrate in realizing the political equality of religious sects. The English and the Spanish are the most pious and the least tolerant of all the Europeans.

Bayle was the great diffuser of the sceptical philo-

[4] John xv. 6. If a man abide not in me, he shall be cast out as a severed branch, and shall wither; and men shall gather together such branches, and cast them into the fire, and they shall be burned.

sophy. His opinions are but in a small degree the result of the Reformation. They are mostly derived, either from the ancient classics which he studied, or from the Latin writers of modern Italy, such as Pomponatius, &c. It may be presumed therefore, that the sceptical philosophy, with all its effects, would, in the person of some other Frenchman or Italian, have blossomed and scattered its seeds among the ruling classes of society, whether the Protestant Reformation had or had not taken place. The predisposing causes, which were to provide it with apostles, lay in a literature independent of the Reformation.

The liberty of the press, however favoured by scepticism, is less a result of opinion, than of the multiplication of independent jurisdictions. Forty years ago, the liberty, or licence, of the press in Germany, exceeded that of Britain. A wider arc of oscillation was open to opinion. Now that the country is overawed by other sovereigns, the conduct of princes may be freely criticised no longer. The liberty of the press enjoyed by the Hollanders, and the contiguous provinces, during the whole æra of Dutch independence, arose from the very narrow extent of the power of controul in any given body of magistrates. A high degree of liberty of the press was finding room in Italy, when the disorders of the Reformation broke loose, and confederated the Italian church-alarmists of the different principalities into one strong party of inquisitors. The earliest *index expurgatorius* is subsequent to the protestant troubles.

Unless for the German Reformation, either the literary taste of the Medici, or the hostility of the Venetians to the Romish see, or the commercial liberality of the Genovese, or the philosophic courage of the

professors of Padua, would have established in Italy a free press, and have habituated the people to bear with bold controversy. There is much of habit in liberty of all kinds; those who begin, should begin gently: but the habit once formed, it might have defied suppression. And what then would have been the reformation achieved? By removing the focus of discussion and emanation, the whole character of the revolution would have been changed.

The fellow-thinkers of the eloquent and accomplished Socini, in their successive conventions at Vicenza, would have shapen, into a severely beautiful consistency, the articles of a narrower, simpler, purer, and sublimer, creed. They would have evulgated the holy scriptures, more carefully picked over than by the council of Trent, and accompanied with expositions, not tending, like those of the northern reformers, to revive and diffuse the absurdest superstitions of the most ignorant jews. Formed in the bosom of Italian taste, stationed on a classic soil, surrounded by a refined people, whose poetry an Ariosto and a Tasso, whose art a Michael Angelo and a Raphael were illustrating, they would not have enlisted, like the protestant barbarians, among the destroyers of the beautiful, but would have preserved in all its majesty the antique ritual of Rome; they would have associated religion with our noblest pleasures. Reducing the established hagiolatry to that posthumous veneration for the benefactors of mankind, which is the natural religion of every grateful heart, and the strongest incentive to future excellence, they would have encouraged the people to superadd new altars to those, which were before visited in pilgrimage, on the birth-day of the favourite saints, and to include the hero, the patriot,

and the sage, among the worthies whose memory was consecrated by public piety.

Compare with the probable pupils of such a religion, the evangelical christians of our own age and country, who are the undegenerate heirs, the faithful copies, the living images, of the characters originally formed, by a like reading and discipline, at the Protestant Reformation. What moral artist would be proud of such productions? what moral critic will bestow his approbation?

Change follows its most natural movement, when it emanates from the centre toward the circumference; when it begins in a metropolis, and radiates into the provinces; it is then most likely to quadrate with the ultimate inferences of progressive inquiry. Not so, when it begins at the circumference and advances toward the centre: it is then less likely to be improvement; because it originates in inquiries less comprehensive, and in the comparative sentiments of fewer and ruder minds. The Protestant Reformation had this latter character. From the twilight edges and confines of the illuminated world, the northern nations endeavoured to blow their own clouds over the meridian serenity of the south. They made tempests and bloody showers; and now that the sunshine is restored to their fields, they boast of the storm, as the cause of the fertility.

When it is considered that, of the evil, which for one hundred and fifty years accompanied the Reformation along its progress, much inheres in the very nature and essence of the change: that, of the good, which for one hundred and fifty years has been enjoyed in the seats of the Reformation, much might equally have been expected without any alteration at all: and

that a purer reformation from the bosom of Italy itself, was probably intercepted by the premature violence of Luther and his followers—surely they may not hastily, or decidedly, be classed among the benefactors of the human race.

Perhaps the invention of printing took place too soon for the real interests of the world. The revival of classical studies was itself a recent event; and much time was requisite to educate any influencing number of accomplished minds in this only school by which they could then be formed. Naturally enough, the first leisure of intellect was employed in providing for the perpetuation of classical learning; it was not immediately directed to vernacular literature, to practical inquiries, to useful topics, to popular interests. Hence society was wholly unprovided with sound elementary books, when printers began the dissemination of all extant knowledge. For want of wheat, they had to sow tares. The instruction, which at first was blurted out among the people, was in quality not only behind the acquirement of the age, but behind the æra of the revival of letters. The new public of readers had to feed on the husks of a dull and mistaught generation. A style of superstition, which Rome had encouraged two centuries before, and had deposited in the monastic libraries of Europe, was now generalized among the laity of the north by the efficacious industry of the press. Declamations of mystical piety, and arguments of scholastic theology, which the Italian clergy had already thrown by, were again handed about among the German people as oracles of religion. Errors and prejudices, not easily untaught, were thus scattered far more widely than if literature had remained confined to the possessors of manuscripts.

In such circumstances, an appeal to the people about their religious institutions was likely to be attended with disastrous effects; and to bring back an ascetic morality, an irrational dogmatism, and an intolerant bigotry, alike unfriendly to refinement. Luther, however, made this appeal. A competition between the Dominican and Augustin friars, for the exclusive sale of papal pardons, occasioned the first discords which interested the multitude. Disappointed of the brokerage of indulgences, Luther attacked the doctrine of a purgatory, on which their value was based; he also called into question the duty of auricular confession, and the obligatoriness of vows of celibacy. These opinions drew applause in Saxony, and censure at Rome. Luther then attacked the infallibility and supremacy of the pope, suggested an appeal to a general council, and issued, in 1523, that treatise *On a common fisk*, which induced the German princes to undertake the spoliation of church-property. At length he translated the entire Bible into vulgar German; and thus submitted the criterion of faith to the verdict of universal suffrage.

Luther's translation of the Bible is a truly revolutionary epocha in the history of German literature and poetry. It introduced a new dialect, that of Saxony, to national preference. All the protestants adopted this Bible; and their itinerant preachers and proselyte-mongers commented it in the language in which it was composed: indeed, they were chiefly Wittenberg students educated under Luther. Thus the provincialism of Saxony became prevalent in all the protestant circles. The catholic theologians again were almost obliged to reply to controversial writings in the same speech in which they were written, else

the impression could not efficaciously be counteracted; and, by degrees, the books which had a preference of circulation and attention, were mostly drawn up in Saxon. Into Saxon also Luther made his rimed version of the Psalms; and every village school-boy among the Protestants was presently employed to get them by heart, and help to sing them on a Sunday. From that time to the present the German of Saxony has been considered as the standard of national language.

Luther's version of the Psalms may be ranked with that of Watts for heartfelt piety and popular vehemence of manner; and is likewise deficient in a majestic equality of style. Luther's *Eine feste burg ist unser Gott* will hardly be thought to surpass Watts's *Songs of immortal praise belong to my Almighty God.* So great was the passion for spiritual songs awakened in Germany by this rimed psalter, that Wetzel in his *Hymnopœographia*, published in 1718, could reckon up 55,000 printed German hymns. A manuscript collection of 33,712 was made by counsellor Frankenau at the close of the seventeenth century, and presented in 300 volumes to the University-library at Copenhagen.

Hans Sachs, a shoe-maker, born at Nuremberg in 1494, became a Protestant, edited his poems in 1558, and died in 1576. He understood neither Latin nor Greek; but, as his verses, which fill three folio volumes, had a very popular turn, and favoured the new doctrine, they were received with noisy approbation. They consist of hymns, songs, allegories, comic tales, and farces; and attained a second edition in 1570. Hans Sachs, whose proper name was Loutzdorffer, may be compared with our Pierce the ploughman,

who, in like manner, lent, by his satirical verses, an efficacious assistance to Wickliffe.

John Schnitter, known in the theological world by the name of Islebius Agricola, made a collection of German proverbs in 1528, and enlarged it greatly in 1548. There are original distichs in the book, and many sayings and expressions, such as vulgar oaths, which cannot strictly be classed among proverbs; it seems to have been the model of the Paræmiography of Howell. He died in 1566. Sebastian Franke, a Swabian pantheist, continued the work of Agricola.

Martin Agricola printed at Wittenberg, in 1545, rimed directions for playing on the violin, the flute, and other instruments; of which wood-cuts are given. John Malthesius versified as awkwardly the Art of Housekeeping.

Paul Schede, or Melissus as he called himself, flourished between 1539 and 1602, and left some spiritual and some amorous effusions.

John Fischart, who was settled at Forbach, and died in 1590, translated into German some fragments of Rabelais, and wrote an original poem on a voyage from Switzerland down the Rhine to Strasburg; he also composed a comic epopæa called the Flea-Hunt, a topic since revived by the Abbé Barthelemy.

Lazarus Sandrup wrote some comic tales in the manner of Hans Sachs; and so did an anonymous writer, who makes the priest of Kalenberg his but. A rimed Chronicle of Wirtemberg is cited among the poems of this period. More popularity was acquired by George Rollenhagen, who was born in Brandenburg about the year 1542. His father was a brewer, and sent him to a Latin school, and thence to Wittenberg, where he took a master of arts degree.

He afterwards became rector of the high school at Magdeburg, where he died in 1609. He modernized the Batrachomyomachia of Homer; introduces the pope as high-priest of the frogs, and the protestant princes as chieftains of the mice: while the allusions were intelligible, this singular epopœa was in request.

Jacob Ayrer acquired some reputation by writing for the stage; thirty tragedies and comedies, thirty-six farces and fast-night plays, are comprehended in the collection of his works made in 1618. One of the most burlesque is the Trial of the Gout. It is not an imitation of Lucian's Podagra. Priam, Ulysses, and Achilles, are all introduced as afflicted with this disorder; and they elect Hans Sachs to accuse Queen Gout before Jupiter. Petrarch undertakes her defence; and a formal trial, satirizing the practice of courts of justice, ensues. She is permitted to torment those who deserve it.

John Valentine Andreas was born in 1586, in the county of Wirtemberg, and published at Strasburg, in 1619, his German poems, under the title of *Spiritual Leisures.* They have mostly a pious, moral, and mystical, turn; the best is an elegy on the decease of a female friend. Her death-bed is described as surrounded by twelve holy virgins, whose names are Faith, Hope, Piety, Love, Chastity, Obedience, Benevolence, Patience, Simplicity, Modesty, Temperance, and Industry. These angels await the separation of her soul, which they accompany into Paradise. This same writer translated sonnets of Campanella, and composed many works in Latin.

Frederic Spee, a jesuit, born in 1591, versified the legend of Saint Francis Xavier, and put into German verse the Song of Solomon. He also wrote descrip-

tive poems which are remarkable for euphony, and first recorded the observation that in the German language stress constitutes quantity.

The emblems of Matthias Holzwart, printed at Strasburg in 1658, resemble and rival those of our Quarles. He also wrote for the stage. Among the dramatic poems of this era may be distinguished his *Saul*, which includes one hundred speaking characters, and five hundred dumb ones. The piece has ten acts, and was exhibited by daylight in the open air, at Gabel, in Bohemia. Another scriptural drama of the same description is entitled, *the Apostolic Tragi-comedy*, by John Brummer, schoolmaster. It dramatizes, with all possible fidelity, the acts of the apostles; but admits, like the pictures of Rembrandt, the introduction of low and ludicrous personages. It was performed, in 1572, by two hundred and forty-six persons.

Diedrich von dem Werder translated in vain Ariosto and Tasso; nor did the literary society he founded in imitation of the Italian academies produce much effect. The earliest literary association of Germany, *Societas Rhenana*, dates further back, and was founded by Conrad Meisel, or Celtes as he called himself, who was crowned poet laureate by the emperor Frederic III, and died at Vienna in 1508.

Johann Rothe, a priest at Eisenach, wrote picturesque poems, but consecrated his descriptive powers principally to a chronicle of Thüringen.

Friederich Dedekind published a latin satire entitled Grobianus, which afterwards passed into German rime: he also wrote *The Christian Knight*, an allegorical drama, which introduces the apostle Paul, saint Francis, Faith, Hope, and Charity, Beelzebub, and several merry devils.

Samuel Hebel of Hirschberg wrote the Siege of Bethulia, in which, beside Judith, Holofernes, and Nebuchadnezzer, is introduced the court-devil, who assists some other farcical personages to divert the audience during the pauses of the tragic action.

George Rudolph Weckherlin was born at Stutgard; and lost his patrimony by the consequences of the thirty years' war, in which he was employed as an officer; and probably in close connexion with those English gentlemen, who volunteered their services to Gustavus Adolphus. At least, he was very familiar with the English language; and includes, among his poems, a translation of Sir Walter Raleigh's *Go, soul, the body's guest*, and of Daniel's *Ulysses and the Syren*. Wotton is one of the Englishmen to whom he has addressed complimentary verses. He alludes to some loose verses of his, which were lost; but has known how to preserve many, which breathe an amorous spirit. Myrtha is the name given to his favourite mistress. Among his epigrams this occurs:

> Fortune gives many a man too much,
> But not enough to any such.

Martin Opitz was born at Breslau in 1595, and wrote Latin and German poems; which last are remarkable for a terseness hitherto unknown. Suspected of Socinianism, he was protected by Bethlem Gabor, Prince of Transylvania, who made him rector of a free-school at Weissenburg. His poems were printed at Frankfort, in 1628; and have since frequently been re-edited. He died of a contagious fever in 1639.

The reputation of Opitz, perhaps, surpassed his merits, as it reposed rather on polish of diction than on strength of thought; his style, however, found

many imitators, among whom a few must be enumerated.

Paul Flemming, a Saxon, born in 1609, wrote sonnets, odes, epigrams, and other occasional poems: he accompanied the learned Olearius into Persia, on an embassy sent by the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp with the view of facilitating an overland trade in silk. A sonnet written in Circassia, and exhaling reminiscences of his native land, is still remembered.

Frederic von Logau of a noble family in Silesia, was bred to the bar, and died in 1655. Born his father's soul to cross, he penned a stanza when he should engross, and produced 3553 epigrams, out of which Ramler and Lessing selected for republication, in 1759, the more tolerable.

Zacharias Lundt published in 1636 a collection of his poems, one of which celebrates the humpback of his mistress.

Andreas Gryphius, a Silesian, born in 1619, wrote many plays, for some of which he was indebted to the muse of Joost van Vondel, a popular play-wright for the theatre of Holland. He chose for the theme of one of his tragedies, the regicide of our Charles the first; and also composed a comic afterpiece, named Pyramus and Thisbe, in the manner of Shakspeare's interlude in the Midsummer-Night's Dream. His seven tragedies are written in rimed Alexandrines, and adorned with chorusses accompanied by music: ghosts, angels, and miraculous personages, such as the wandering jew, mingle in his scenes, and give a truly impressive character to his wild colossal delineations. The mysteries of a former generation seem to have been his models, and there is a something so native in the direction of his taste, that he will proba-

bly find future imitators. Indeed the sacred melodrama is singularly adapted for the national Sunday evening spectacle of the Germans: it admits the marvellous in scenery, the splendid in pageantry, and forms an excellent vehicle for that romantic music of the German composers, which itself would hand these holy plays to the principal theatres of Europe. Poets in this cultivated age would know how to avoid the exorbitances which deformed the works of their predecessors.

In the manner of Gryphius, and with a still bolder contempt for probability or taste, for the limits of nature or the forms of the drama, John Klai, or Claius, of Meissen, produced legendary melodramas. He flourished between 1616 and 1656, was long a tutor at Nuremberg, and finally a preacher at Kitzingen. His most remarkable play is entitled *The Angel and Dragon Strife*, and describes the celestial warfare between the archangel Michael and the devil. The Lord Zebaoth is one of the personages; Michael, Lucifer and his dragon, and various subordinate angels and dæmons appear on the stage: but the poet also introduces himself, and fills up, by narrations to the audience, those chasms of the action, which were ill adapted for representation. The storming of heaven supplies one of those dazzling decorations which gave popularity to the piece.

There is a strong analogy between this dramatic war of the angels, and the Paradise Lost of Milton. Some resemblance may be detected in the soliloquy of Lucifer, which runs nearly thus:

> Whither would now the demigod aspire?
> To hold divided empire on yon earth—

To bring the human race on bended knees
Of worship to his feet—and inly own
His wanton counsels sweeter to obey
Than all the cold formalities on high.—
The mighty one will hardly deign to quit
The distant light of his imperial throne.—
Fear we to grapple with his ministers,
To wrestle with coævals? The good soldier
Asks not how many or how strong his foes,
His pledge of victory is in himself.—
On then—trarara[5]—bid defiance—on,
And bundle them in legions out of heaven.

A stronger resemblance to Milton occurs, where the devils invent artillery, and direct it against the angels.

.....Let no one fear no death.
Bring hither the new-founded ordnance,
Hither the balls, the powder, and the tow,
We 'll break a spine or two, besure, above stairs.
Fresh forwards, comrades, fall upon them bravely:
Some load, others fire![6]

Now, although Milton cannot have seen or read this play, yet many of his friends may have seen it, and have described it to him. In the year 1620, a volunteer body of English gentlemen went to the continent, under the command of Sir Horatio Vere,

[5] The German lines are these:

Trarara! Trarara! Trarara!
Geht mit uns ein das tolle Mordgetümmel,
Oder packt euch aus eurem Himmel.

[6] Keiner scheue keinen Tod!
Her die neugegossnen Stücke,
Hier die Kugeln, Kraut, und Loch,
Sollen brechen sein Genicke.
Frisch heran, treue Cameraden, fallet an!
Diese schiessen, jene laden.

and served under Gustavus Adolphus. In this corps were trained Essex, Fairfax, and many of the principal officers in the army of parliament and of Cromwell. From some of these travelled gentlemen, Milton may have derived information concerning this remarkable drama, and may have been influenced by it in the choice of his topic.

Harsdörfer of Nuremberg was intimate with Claius, and lived between 1607 and 1658; he travelled much and published much; but of his seven and forty volumes none have long survived him.

Andreas Tcherning, a Silesian, born at Bunzlau in 1611, acquired the Arabic language, and translated into German verse the proverbs of Ali: he died at Rostock in 1659.

Jacob Schwieger published some loose songs accompanied with musical notes, several of which were translated from the low-dutch.

Philip von Zesen wrote on prosody, and varied the metrical forms of his language; he died in 1680.

Nor were poetesses wanting: Sibylla Schwarz, whose short life was comprehended between the years 1621 and 1638, produced lyrical effusions, which were edited by her tutor. Catharina Regina von Greiffenburg addressed to her cousin, whom she afterwards married, many spiritual sonnets, which his admiration laid before the public. Dorothea Eleonora von Rosenthal was the pupil of Zesen, and the imitatress of his manner.

Justus George Schottelius lived between 1612 and 1676, and lamented in a long elegy the decay, political and literary, of his country.

Christian Hoffmann wrote a didactic poem on mining, which introduces, like the Botanic Garden of

Darwin, much of the technical phraseology of science and of art.

Wolf Helmhard, Freiherr of Hohenberg, published in 1664 a rimed biography of Ottobert of Habsburg; the prodigious length of this chronicle in 40,000 alexandrines did not deter another writer from recording in like manner the thirty years war. A metrical life of Gustavus Adolphus was executed in 1633, by Sebastian Wieland, a laureate ancestor, it is said, of the celebrated poet of that name.

With Opitz expired what little remained of the previous culture and refinement. The progressive desolation of the thirty years' war, a necessary and natural consequence of the Protestant troubles, had trodden down, under the hooves of a swinish multitude, the monuments of art, the institutions of learning, and the traditional habits of taste; and a long period of intellectual silence and darkness was to intervene, before the German people could crawl out of the mire of the Reformation, and bask in the sunshine of returning day.

During the sixteenth century arose in Germany the additional universities of Wittenburg, Frankfurt-on-the-Oder, Konigsberg, Jena, Marburg, Helmstadt, Altdorf, Gratz, and Paderborn. To the pernicious multiplicity of these institutions may be ascribed the want of a public or national spirit in German literature. The genius of the country, diffused over a wide and faint galaxy, could not bring attention to settle on any one local constellation of these satellites of preferment. A pedantic character of writing was another necessary consequence: where every man of letters had a professorship for his eventual object, every book aimed at the exhaustive completeness of a course of lectures, and every opinion was promulgated with the

dictatorial dogmatism of a doctor. Publishing in Latin became the fashion among these professors, because it announced the ambition of European reputation. But a foreign diction is unfavourable to domestic instruction; this Latin learning flourished, like an exotic in a flower-pot, with barren fragrance: there was no earth about in which to cast its seeds. Numerous and heavy tomes crept with slow perseverance through the press, to attain only the notice of professional men. Erudition performed her most difficult feats, for the sake of the toil still more than of the praise. The vernacular public remained unmoved, and gazed at the labors of authorship, as Londoners at the opera, which has subsisted for a century without provoking the addition of a single stock-play to our English national drama. Leibnitz was the most illustrious ornament of this Latin age of Germany.

At length, in 1748, J. C. Gottsched, who had for the previous fourteen years been professor of logic at Leipzig, published a thick German Grammar. The Germans are not an imitative, but they are a listening, people: they can do nothing without directions, and anything with them. As soon as Gottsched's rules for writing German correctly had made their appearance, every body began to write German. Wolf, Baumgarten, Semler, published in German their lectures on jurisprudence, æsthetics, and theology. Sulzer wrote a theory of the poetic art; and, as if for this again nothing but a directory was wanting, poets began to blossom by the dozen, and to fill the local periodic publications with offerings on the altars of the Muses. Of the versifiers who now arose, many will require some detail of attention, as they assert the rank of European classics.

§ 13.

Revival of Fine Literature—Swiss groop of Poets—Bodmer —Haller—Gesner.

In the composition of literary history a strictly chronologic order cannot well be observed. Which is the elder writer? He who was born first, he who died first, or he whose leading publications first engaged the national attention? This last is perhaps the more equitable plan of date; yet its adoption would necessitate a discontinuity of narrative, analogous to that which deforms the Orlando of Ariosto, where the same hero is repeatedly brought forwards, and abandoned, and returned to, with confusing and irrememberable alternation. It is more convenient, therefore, somewhat anachronously, to marshal in groops those writers who acted on one another; and to connect, with the biography of the chief character in each association, such notices as it is desirable to preserve of the private habits and domestic intercourse of his several co-residents.

The nebule of returning culture in Germany first became visible to the naked eye at Zurich and Leipzig: it soon broke into distinct constellations at Hamburg and at Berlin: Göttingen was next, for a while, irradiated with its increasing luminousness: until, at length, its clustered glories shone forth in full efful-

gence at Weimar. Of each little republic of letters in its turn.

At Zurich appeared, under the management of Bodmer, a sort of Swiss magazine, which, though mainly consecrated to the antiquities and topography of the canton, included many translations from foreign works of literature, such, for instance, as Addison's reviewal of the Paradise Lost from the Spectator, and many other critical animadversions. As Bodmer and his coadjutors were conversant with the English language, they freely drew materials from British sources, and gratefully repaid the accommodation by panegyrizing the English school of poetry.

At Leipzig Gottsched conducted a similar periodic publication: his taste and reading inclined to French literature, and his fellow-labourers were encouraged to import and to bepraise the productions of the Parisian press. The rivalry between these two journals progressively became an active opposition; their controversial skirmishes grew bitter; and the divided readers of Germany were gradually embodied in two hostile factions, each of which partially undervalued the opinions and productions of the opponent. Both, however, drew attention to foreign models of art, both patronized the translation of many works of merit, and both contributed to provoke attempts at native imitation.

Let us first attend to the English party.

Bodmer was born at Greifenberg, near Zurich, in 1698, and christened by his father, an ecclesiastic, with the names, John Jacob. Laboriously instructed, he would already, in his twelfth year, make Latin verses, and construe Greek with ease. To Ovid's Metamorphoses he was peculiarly attached; and delighted to

compare the original with a German translation, modernized by Wickram from the old one of Albrecht von Halberstadt.

Intended for the church, he was sent to the college at Zurich; but he listened with disgust to the unintelligible jargon of dogmatic theology, and sought for more rational amusement in the Essays of Montaigne, and in the all-examining argumentations of Bayle. When the time for ordination approached, he refused to make the necessary subscriptions and professions of faith, preferring, like Milton, a blameless silence before the sacred office of speaking, bought and begun with servitude and forswearing.

Bodmer's father could not, or would not, afford to maintain his son in idleness; but sent the youth, almost immediately after his return home, in 1717, to Bergamo in Italy, where a subordinate mercantile situation had been obtained. This occupation suited the clerk as little as he suited the employer. Lexicons instead of ledgers were found on Bodmer's desk, and he posted citations into his common-place book more assiduously than entries and envoices. He associated little with his fellow-clerks, and was quizzed by them for his abstemiousness from wine, from women, and from music. His earnings were all expended on books. After some remonstrances against these singularities, he was dismissed, as unfit for trade, and returned to his father's house.

Thence he removed to Zurich, and gave a course of historic lectures, which led to his obtaining a college-tutorship in that department: he collected but a thin audience, and too frequently mounted the rostrum in slovenly attire; but his lectures examined Swiss history with laborious micrology.

At this time Bodmer took part in an antiquarian magazine called the Helvetic Library; and was the editor of the Zurich Charter, of Kistler's Account of the Barons' *(Twingherren)* War; of Kürchenmeister's *Gesta Monasterii S. Galli;* of Myconii *Bellum Capellanum;* of the commentary *De Tumultu Bernensium*; and of other keep-worthy documents. He wrote for the same work a Life of Malleolus; many illustrations of the annals of the fourteenth century; and he began an especial History of the Town of Zurich, which his fellow-citizens thought deficient in the narration of meteoric phenomena, of floods, contagions, and fires. Bodmer, with ambitious civism, also attempted to dramatize some striking portions of Zurichian history, in three long gothic tragedies, not intended for the stage, entitled *Brun, Schöno,* and *Stussi.* Nor was this activity to illustrate the place of his abode lost on the corporation: they assigned to his lectureship an additional salary, and a professorial title.

Notwithstanding these toils, Bodmer had found time to learn English, chiefly in the Spectator; and, in 1721, assisted by his friend Breitinger, he set up a weekly paper at Zurich, after the manner of Addison's, which includes many discussions of the theory of criticism, and probably awakened the attention of Sulzer to a topic which he afterwards exhausted.

By a most industrious use of his pen, added to the increased income of his professorship, Bodmer more than supplied his very limited wants. In 1727 he married prudently: his wife's dower and various inheritances bettered his condition; but his children all died young: one of them, a son, he has lamented in an elegy. In 1737 he was chosen to be an alderman of Zurich, or one of the great council. His antiquarian

taste followed him into the corporation. He edited, successively, many of the elder poets of his nation, —Canitz, Wernike, Opitz, and the Swabian minstrels. He prepared notices and extracts of several unpublished manuscript poems of an old date; and he translated, from the English, various ballads, of analogous character and antiquity to those which he had edited at home.

Bodmer lived nearly half a century before he published anything in verse. On a sudden he seemed to have acquired the facility of versification, and to display it with almost metromaniac eagerness. He translated Milton's Paradise Lost; and, under the title Zilla, published an imitation of it, in which he supposes an analogous temptation realized in another planet: but the woman alone falls, and the man remains faithful to the behest of his Maker. The catastrophe is brought about by the creation of a new Eve instead of the expelled one; and, with this second marriage, the untemptable Adam is extremely delighted. He also composed bucolic narratives, relative to Jacob, Rachel, Dinah, Joseph, and other patriarchal characters.

Indefatigable, but not fastidious, Bodmer translated into German hexameters the whole Iliad, the Odyssey, the Rape of Helen, the Rape of Europa, and the Argonautics of Apollonius Rhodius. If he had ever had any high poetic reputation, one would suppose him pensioned by the booksellers to acknowledge the works of others,—so insufficient seems an individual life for so much rhythmic effusion.

Yet this is not all: he modernized several metrical romances, Sir Percival, Conradin of Swabia, Hedwig of Gleichen, Hildebold, and the Sister's Revenge. He wrote some tales in verse, among which occurs Inkle

and Yarico. He versified some fables, and he began an epic poem on the Discovery of America, of which five cantos were printed, under the title of Colombona.

This poetic fury appears to have been first enkindled in Bodmer by the appearance of the five first books of Klopstock's Messiah. In his Zurich Spectator, he immediately printed some critical commentaries, in which he extolled the young genius, or rather seraph, to the skies, and congratulated Germany on the birth and bloom of a more than Virgil. Bodmer enjoyed at that time a high authority for critical wisdom: his editions of the antiquated poets were in vogue, and implied a vast range of poetic reading: his intimacy with Breitinger and Sulzer gave to his personal opinion the weight of a verdict by a special jury. No wonder that his panegyric of Klopstock was ratified by the pious feelings and national pride of all Germany. Poems long feel the effects of their early fortunes; there is so much of prejudice in all questions of taste, that, without the corroborative sympathy of others, we should often mistrust our own appreciation. It is with the fancy as with the palate;—at a fashionable table the caviare is relished, which would be despised on ship-board. The service was great and lasting which the critical praise of Bodmer had bestowed on Klopstock's writings: it was repaid by odes of imperishable beauty. This interchange of flattery increased the wish for personal acquaintance. Bodmer invited and drew Klopstock to Zurich, in 1750; and was not a little disappointed, after detaining the illustrious guest some time under his roof, to find, in the supposed angel and anointed of the Lord, a fondness for young and free society of both sexes. To Bodmer, whose youth had been guided by severely puritanic maxims, such habits

appeared little less than an impious profanation of the poet's high and hallowed destiny: while, to Klopstock, who was superstitiously orthodox, the rational heresies of Bodmer appeared licentious and alarming, —so that they separated with a somewhat diminished reciprocal veneration.

A year or two after this visit, Wieland came to see the lakes and Bodmer. The latter had been composing his Noah, and gave it to Wieland to read, as the work of a young friend. Luckily, Wieland's urbanity inspired a flattering sentence. Not so another friend, who, after Bodmer had published anonymously the five first cantos, sent him, for insertion in the Zurich Spectator, a very harsh critique of the work. Bodmer printed the censure entire, and thanked the author for his communication,—thus lending, like Aristides, a hand to his own condemnation.

Bodmer did not shun the practical business of his office, but was put on several committees of the corporation for the care of bastards and orphans, for the education of the children of the poor, and for the arbitration of the differences with Geneva. In the troubles of Geneva, which broke out in 1777, he took a marked interest; but, though passionately fond of Rousseau's writings, sided with the magistracy, not with the citizenry. He was no speechifier; but preferred talking over such business in a walk with those friends who acted with him: and in this way his advice often swayed his party.

Bodmer lived to a great age, and incurred that heaviest grievance of longevity, the successive loss of his oldest and dearest friends. Latterly he would stroll along the Limmat, and call aloud by name those that were gone, and seemed to think their ghosts

might heed his notice. His greatest loss was a niece, who supplied to him the place of a daughter, and whose attentions to his age he had determined to reward by the bequest of his property.

After holding for fifty years his professorial chair, he resigned in favor of a Mr. Fuessli, who pronounced, at his inauguration, a fine eulogy of Bodmer. His figure is described as tall and thin, his complexion latterly sallow, his hair scarsely at all gray, his forehead high, his nose Grecian, his eyes dark, his eyebrows thick and overhanging. His conversation, like his writings, was copious to exuberance, and good-humoured, though often ironical. He willingly wore a fur cap and a girdled bed-gown.

A History of the German Language lay unfinished in his desk at the period of his decease, which took place on the 2nd of January, 1783, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. His will, which had been re-made after the loss of his niece, contained many charitable bequests; among them, he gives his house and garden to the girls'-school, his books and manuscripts to the city-library.

The best of Bodmer's works, his Noah, is known in England by a good prose translation from the pen of Mrs. Collier. It consists of twelve books. The preparations for the deluge, which a comet announces and accomplishes, occupy the first seven cantoes, in which the depravity of the nations is strikingly contrasted with the patriarchal simplicity and purity of the manners of the house of Noah. Unfortunately Bodmer did not know the book of Enoch; or his angelic mythology would have been more varied, and in stricter costume, and the denunciation of impending vengeance would have been put into the mouth of the prophet Enoch,

according to jewish tradition. His assumption alive into heaven, immediately before the breaking loose of the waters, would have furnished some splendid machinery.

The eighth book closes thus: it is composed, like the rest of the poem, in German hexameters, as full of troches, for spondees are scarse in that tongue, as is the following translation.

> Now on the shoreless sea, intermixt with the corses of sinners,
> Floated the bodies of saints, by the side of the beasts of the forest.
> All that the food-bearing earth had enabled to live on its surface
> Death from one zone to another pursued with all-conquering fury.
> O how the face of the country was chang'd, how deform'd the creation!
> Where but recently Spring in his garment of flowers was straying,
> Listening the nightingale's song from the dew-sprent bower of roses,
> Hidden he wears the dank prisoner's dress, which the flood overcast him.
> Sulphurous vapors ascend from the deep; and vulcanic eruptions
> Scatter the ores of the mine with poisonous hisses to heaven.
> Meanwhile the comet withdrew; and boasted the earth had depriv'd him,
> During his stroll by her side, of only his atmosphere's edges.

The passage in which an angel blows a sort of cow-horn, which convenes all the beasts to come and embark in the ark, is somewhat ignoble and ludicrous.

A more original poem is an unfinished epopæa on the voyage of Columbus, of which a short analysis may amuse. The Madoc of the Poet-laureate is in nothing indebted to this analogous effort.

The first canto exhibits the two vessels under Colombo's command, sailing in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean. Sepulveda, Las-casas, and other officers, converse with the commander on the prospect of finding land. While Colombo is disserting on the symptoms of their approaching the bounds of the ocean, a bird of paradise alights on the mast, and is hailed as a decisive omen of success. All appear full of hope;—they hold a festival; and Lopez sings, after the re-

past, a devout prophetic ode. Zephon and Ithuriel, cherubs, to whom the two ships have been committed by the God of Providence, perch on the respective decks, and hold high converse.

The second canto opens with a violent tropical storm, which separates the two ships, and infuses despondence into the crews. Colombo learns, from Martin Beheim's ghost in vision, that Xagua, a demon worshipped by the savages of Hayti and Guanahani, has excited this tempest; by its means has washed overboard Sacredo, the captain of the accompanying vessel; and has himself assumed the form of Sacredo, to inspire mutiny and return. Colombo again meets with the lost ship, and goes on board: he permits the timid to return to Spain with Sacredo, and calls into his own ship all the adventurous: a majority stand by him. The corpse of the real Sacredo comes floating by, on which Colombo charges the dæmon with illusion. Ithuriel touches with his spear the fiend, and Xagua resumes his native shape, and vanishes in thunder.

Canto III.—Xagua exhibits prodigies in the iland tending to excite alarm: he flies over to Yucatan, and convenes the gods of Mexico to assist in expelling the Christian antagonist. Chiska and other demons agree to unite their efforts. Meanwhile Colombo's ship is visited by a tired snipe, which alights in the rigging. He orders it to be fed with wheat, and lets it go. It flies toward the south-west. He directs his pilot to steer accordingly, and at length they descry land. A creek is perceived, where they cast anchor, and row ashore. The savages of Guanahani receive them in a friendly manner.

Canto IV.—Xagua endeavours to inspire hostile suspicions of the whites, and sends his priest, Bibby,

to indispose the cacique Hatuni against them. But Bibby, like another Balaam, is compelled to bless whom he set out to curse, the angel Zephon having appeared to him in the way. The savages interchange presents with the whites. Curiosity collects them from afar. Bleda, a Spaniard, attaches himself to Lamisa, a Caribee woman; she teaches him to distinguish the wholesome from the pernicious fruits, and to smoke the piciel, or tobacco-leaf: he dwells in her hut, and writes a note to Sepulveda, which her brother, Xaria, carries. The surprise of the savage, at finding his message explained in it, is prettily depicted.

Canto V.—Bleda induces Lamisa to come with him to the ships, and to receive baptism. He relates to Colombo what he has learnt of the manners of the savages by dwelling with his mistress. Xagua stirs up the Caribees to avenge the rape of Lamisa. They assemble in canoes armed with arrows. Colombo desires Lamisa to threaten them with lightning and thunder unless they withdraw: they persist in the attack, and fire-arms are used: the effect humbles their animosity. Colombo, having obtained their submission, permits them to retire, on condition of being supplied with stores. He then sails further, taking with him Lamisa and her brother.

This poem might easily be abridged by a dextrous translator into an agreeable work of art; it is already quite long enough for an epopæa, although the author probably projected fifteen cantoes more.

A decennium later than Bodmer, in 1708, on the 18th of October, was born Albrecht von Haller, a son to the Chancellor of Baden, who had retired on a pen-

sion to Bern. Young Haller was piously and diligently educated. At four years of age he repeated a share of the family prayers, to which the servants were daily convened; and, at nine years of age, he had passed through the Latin and Greek grammars, and was beginning Hebrew for his private amusement. He also undertook an abridgment of Moreri's and Bayle's Dictionaries; or, at least, made for himself a literary onomasticon, containing about two thousand names and dates thence selected.

The preceptor of Haller had been chosen for his sufferings in the cause of religion; and was, as may be inferred, from the premature progress of his pupil, a severe task-master. Haller became a little angry that no efforts would purchase liberty; and wrote, at ten years of age, a satire against his teacher. He continued, however, under the same private tutor, until he was thirteen years old, when his father died.

The pension from the government of Baden not being a grant on joint lives, the widow was left in narrow circumstances. The tutor was dismissed, and Albrecht was sent to a boarding-school. One of his comrades, whose father was a physician at Bienne, invited him home for the holidays. Choosing to read, and surrounded with books of anatomy, it was there that he imbibed the rudiments of his favourite pursuit. He had already the habit of making verses; and, on an alarm of fire, ran for the manuscript poetry as the most precious thing he had to save. They were satires, which his maturer judgment, or his Christian meekness, determined him the following year to destroy.

In 1723, Haller was sent to Tübingen for the purpose of studying medicine. Camerarius and Duver-

noir were the professors to whom he was chiefly attentive. One night he got drunk with some fellow-students; and having, as he thought, thus disgraced himself, he made a covenant with his lips to avoid wine; and abstained from it all the rest of his life. He went, in 1725, to Leyden, continued under Boerhaave his medical studies, and graduated there. The subject of his thesis was the pretended discovery of a salivary duct by Coschwitz.

Two poems, composed at Leyden, have been thought worthy of preservation by Haller; the *Morning Thoughts*, dated 1725, which imply a devout turn of mind; and the *Sigh for Home*, dated 1726, which has all the cold correctness and finished insipidity of a practised mechanical versifier, who can write, but who cannot think, like a poet.

After his graduation, in 1727, Haller came to England with letters of introduction to Sir Hans Sloane, who presented him to Cheselden, Pringle, and other anatomists of eminence. He visited Oxford, embarked at Southampton for Dieppe, and went through Rouen to Paris, where an information was laid against him for dissecting a stolen body. The ode on the graduation of his fellow-student Giller, dated in 1728, appears to have been written at Paris, and is about worthy of Boileau; it is good sense, neatly but tamely expressed, without imagery.

Thence Haller went to stay at Basle; undertook mathematics with the assistance of Bernouilli; and, in concert with his friend Stahalin, botanized along his walks, and planned the *Methodical Enumeration of Indigenous Helvetic Plants*. In 1730 he returned to Bern, determined to settle in his native place, and there to await practice.

His leisure, being now more than sufficient for professional pursuits, admitted the indulgence of his inclinations. He visited, from motives of taste and science, Jura and the ice-alps, admiring and botanizing. He cultivated the friendship and correspondence of Gesner, the idyl-writer. He talked, he read, he wrote, of poetry; he corrected for publication the less feeble of his early efforts, and composed many new moral discourses in rime. His earliest respectable poem is dated in 1729, and entitled *The Alps*. In the antithesis and condensation of his sentiments he imitates Pope; and forgets the finest scenery of nature to introduce didactic truisms—like that reformer, who painted the decalogue on an altar-piece of Salvator Rosa.

The Alps is composed in stanzas consisting of alexandrines; and the most celebrated line is this:

Und mäh'n das zarte Gras mit scharfen Zungen weg.

Where cows with rasping tongue the tender grasses mow.

The description is strictly faithful to nature; for it is with the rough under-surface of the tongue that cows draw the green blades into their mouths, and then cut them off with the teeth; but the observation would hardly have been recorded, unless by a physiologist.

A more heart-felt and beautiful poem is the song to Doris, composed in 1730; of which the following is a close translation.

DORIS.

I.

The light of day is almost gone,
The purple in the west that shone
Is fading to a grayer hue:
The moon uplifts her silver horns,
The cool night strows her slumber-corns,
And slakes the thirsty earth with dew.

II.

Come, Doris, to these beeches come,
Let us the quiet dimness roam,
Where nothing stirs but you and I:
Save when the west wind's gentle breath
Is heard the wavering boughs beneath,
Which strive to beckon silently.

III.

How the green night of leafy trees
Invites to dreams of careless ease,
And cradles the contented soul;
Recalls th' ambitious range of thought
To fasten on some homely cot,
And make a life of love its whole.

IV.

Speak, Doris, feels thy conscious heart
The throbbing of no gentle smart,
Dearer than plans of palac'd pride?
Gaze not thine eyes with softer glance,
Glides not thy blood in swifter dance,
Bounds not thy bosom—by my side?

V.

Thought questions thought with restless task;
I know thy soul begins to ask,
What means this ail, what troubles me?
O cast thy vain reserve away,
Let me its real name betray,
Far more than that I feel for thee.

VI.

Thou startlest, and thy virtue frowns,
And the chaste blush my charge disowns,
And lends thy cheek an angrier glow;
With mingled feelings thrills thy frame,
Thy love is stifled by thy shame,
Not by thy heart, my Doris, no.

VII.

Ah lift those fringed lids again,
Accept, accept, the proffer'd chain,
Which love and fate prepare to bind;
Why wilt thou longer strive to fly?
Be overtaken—I am nigh.
To doubt is not to be unkind.

VIII.

When youth and beauty frame the shell,
Where mind and temper jointly dwell,
Coldness cannot perpetual prove;
The glowing eye shall light the heart,
Shall catch itself th' inflicted smart,
The love of all herself shall love.

IX.

Let shame along with vice be rear'd,
Why should the name of love be fear'd,
'T is pleasure's wish, 't is virtue's choice;
See thy companions, one by one,
Steal from the virgin throng, and own
That nature's call is duty's voice.

X.

O could a shadow reach thy mind,
Of the pure joys for them design'd,
Whom fondness to the altar leads,
Thou would'st demand of fate once more
Each lingering idly-squander'd hour,
Ere hope might think of passion's deeds.

XI.

When beauty crowns the constant swain,
Consents to wear the myrtle chain,
And live for him who lives for her;
But seems to chide the asking eyes,
Still promises what she denies,
And sweetly wavers—to confer.

XII.

When—but let ne'er the tongue aspire
To paint the meltings of desire;
'T is what the tongue can never paint,
Nor sweetest smile, nor swimming eyes,
Nor the press'd bosom's softest sighs;
E'en fancy's glowing dream is faint.

XIII.

Thou sigh'st, O Doris, let my ear
The only gentler whisper hear:
Be not so fair, and fair in vain.
If it be sweet to talk of love,
How sweet the real joy to prove;
Be not so fair to cause but pain.

XIV.

What but her charms can Doris want?
Let her with slow precaution grant,
Who fears a fickle lover's change;
Eternal mistress of my soul,
Thy virtues would the wish control,
If from thy beauty it could range.

XV.

Choose where thou wilt among our youth,
The vow of constancy and truth
Each will be proud to make to thee;
Thy empire comprehends them all,
On nobler youths thy choice may fall,
But not on one who loves like me.

XVI.

Let yon his hoarded wealth betray,
Let this his pedigree display,
A third in skilful language woo;
Would I had all these gifts, and more,
The richest is for thee too poor,
A heart at least heav'n gave me too.

XVII.

One courts the splendor thou would'st grace,
One the long honors of thy race,
One seeks his wanton joy in thee;
Mine is the love of ancient days,
Ere lips were tutor'd how to praise—
Affection is enough for me.

XVIII.

Nor burns my flame in verse alone,
I seek no goddess to inthrone,
Humanity becomes thee most;
Another may more deftly plead,
In warmer-gushing transports bleed;
Feeling is rarely heard to boast.

XIX.

Why look'st thou fearfully around?
Why bend those glances to the ground?
Fear'st thou a witness of my bliss?
What though no words the truth reveal,
What though thy lips forbear to seal,
That sigh, this hand, have answer'd—yes.

It was really inspired by love; for, in the following year, Haller married, on the 19th February, the lady who was its theme. Her maiden name was Mariana Wyss von Mathod: she was niece to the Steiger, whom Haller also celebrates in his Odes. In the summer of 1731, probably, Haller made a tour through Zurich with his bride; and was of the water-party, whose visit to an iland in the lake Klopstock recollected still in 1750 so vividly, and immortalized in the finest of his Odes. Haller's *Origin of Evil*, which he considered as his master-piece, was written in 1734: after which period he seems to have grown tired of making verses; for the poem on *Eternity*, begun in 1736, was never finished; and the subsequent productions are all occasional odes, epistles, or elegies.

Haller's leisure, too, diminished at this period; for the republic of Bern established, in 1734, an amphitheatre of anatomy, in which he was employed to give lectures. To his care also was committed the city-library and the cabinet of medals.

The celebrity of Haller's anatomical lectures soon equalled their excellence: and the Elector of Hanover (George the Second of England) proposed to him a station at the University of Göttingen. The anatomical and botanical departments were consolidated in his favor; and the salary was augmented so liberally as to motive his migration. In the course of the journey, Haller, his wife, and three children, were overturned: he broke his right arm; and Mrs. Haller, who had weak health, received a still more serious injury,—incurred a miscarriage, and died soon after her arrival at Göttingen, in October 1736. One of Haller's most natural and most affecting poems is the elegy composed on her death during the following

November. As it has been more beautifully translated into Italian than I can hope to accomplish in English, I shall borrow the Abbé Bertola's elegant imitation.

IN MORTE DI MARIANNA SUA MOGLIE.

Oh Marianna! Marianna!
Cantero la tua morte? oime! qual canto,
Mentre i singhozzi troncheran gli accenti,
E un' idea fuggira dinanzi all' altra!
Raddoppia i miei tormenti
La rimembranza delle gioie antiche.
Apro d'un cor le piaghe,
Che stillan sangue ancora. Ahi! la tua morte
Si rinnova per me. Ma l'amor mio
Troppo era grande, e troppo
N'eri tu degna: la tua cara immago
Troppo profondamente era scolpita
Entro l'anima mia, perch'io mi taccia.
E del mio amore a favellar se prendo,
Egli teneramente
L'alta felicitade
Va mostrando alla mente
Delle si dolci e strette auree catene,
Siccome un pegno che da te mi viene.

Non meditati versi, e non industre
Poetico lamento oggi t'intuono;
Son sospiri del cor questi che t'offro,
Del core, o Dio, che al suo dolor non basta.
Si dall' amor, dalla mestizia oppressa
L'anima mia ti piangera, che grave
Delle piu atroci idee sen va smarrita
Pei ciechi labirinti del dolore.

Ti veggio ancor, ti veggio
Qual chiudesti per sempre al giorno i lumi.

Fra disperate smanie io m'apressai,
Marianna, a te: tu le tue forze estreme
Chiamasti unite a un movimento, ch'io
Chiederti osai. Oh alma dei più puri
Pensieri adorna! dell' affanno mio
Gemevi sol: l'ultime tue parole
Non fur che amor, che tenerezza; e gli atti
E gli atti estremi, oh! come faccean fède
Di quel docil volere,
Che al supremo voler s'accheta e cede!

Dove fuggir? dove trovar su queste
Rive un asilo che non m'offra al guardo
Oggetti di terror? Questo soggiorno,
In cui ti persi, e questo
Marmo che ti ricopre, e questi figlj.....
Ahi! figli! ahi! quali il sangue
Fremiti intolerabili mi desta,
Mentre di tua beltade
Queste tenere immagini contemplo,
Che balbettando ancora
Dimandan la lor madre!
Dove fuggir, dove trovar asilo
Puo fra gli sconsolati il piu infelice?
Oh verso te perchè fuggir non lice?

Il piu sincero pianto
Non ti dovrà il mio core
Altri che me qui non avevi amico.
Io fui, io fui, che ti strappai dal seno
Della famiglia tua; l'abbandonasti
Per seguir me: t'amava
La patria tua; eri al tuo sangue cara;
E del tuo sangue, e della patria riva,
Ahi! per trarti alla tomba, io ti fei priva.

Fra quei mesti congedi, e fra gli amplessi
Della dolce germana; e appoco appoco

Mentre la patria tua dagli occhi nostri
Si scostava.... si ascose, a me dicesti
Con soave bontà mista a contento:
Parto, e tranquillo ho il core;
Di che pianger dovrei?
Tu compagno mi sei.

Ma poss' io senza lagrime quel giorno
Quel giorno ricordar che a te mi unio?
Oggi ancora il piacer colle mie pene
A confondersi viene,
E coll' affanno mio, che non ha eguale,
Il transporto amoroso. Oh quanto, oh quanto
Era tenero amante il tuo bel core,
Il tuo bel cor, che per unirsi al mio,
Tutto pose in obblio,
E la mia sorte conoscendo appieno,
Sol me guardò nei sensi
Che m' usciano dal seno.

Ne guari andò, che gioventude, e mondo,
Per esser meglio mia, spregiasti: lunge
Da volgare sentiero di virtude.
Bella non eri tu, che per me solo.
Unito era il tuo core
Interamente al mio: pensosa poco
Della tua sorte, il menomo mio duolo
Trar ti facea sospiri;
E di ridente gioja
Un sol t'empiva delle mie pupille
Vivace movimento,
Che fosse segno del mio cor contento.

Voler dai vani oggetti alto e diviso,
E tutto fisso in Providenza e fermo:
Dolce gentil tranquillità verace
Cui nè giubbilo mai, nè ambascia amara
Trassero fuori del confine usato.

Saggezza senza esempio
Nelle cure amorose
Verso la dolce prole;
Un cor di vera tenerezza pieno,
E inconsapevol della colpa, un core
Fatto per dar conforto ai mali miei;
Ecco dei miei piaceri
L'adorata sorgente,
E la cagion del mio dolor presente.

Marianna, anch'io t' amai!
Più che il mio labbro
Non tel dicea, piu ch' altri
Non presterammi fede,
E piu ch' io stesso non credei,
T' ho amata.
Oh quante volte fra i suavi amplessi
Il palpitante core mi dicea:
Oime! se la perdessi!
Ed io presago intanto
Secretamente mi struggeva in pianto.

Si, durera, Marianna, il mio dolore;
E durera quand'anco i pianti miei
Asciutto il tempo avra: conosce, oh Dio!
Altre lagrime il cor, di quelle in fuore,
Che ricovrono il volto.
Dei florid' anni miei
La prima fiamma e sola,
La dolce rimembranza
Della tua tenerezza,
La meraviglia delle tue virtudi,
Di tua bella pietà, del tuo candore
Sono un debito eterno a questo core.

Dove piu folto e il bosco,
Sotto l'oscura ombra dei faggi, dove
Non avrò testimon dei miei lamenti,
Io cercherò l'amabile tua immago.

Nulla da questa idea potra distrarmi.
Colà vedrò il tuo nobil portamento,
E la mestizia tua nei miei congedi;
Ti leggero, chiamata
Dai replicati amplessi,
La pura tenerezza agli occhi intorno,
La tua gioia vedrò nel mio ritorno.

Da quella cupa oscurità, segnace
Sarò delle tue tracce nel profondo
Rimotissimo Empiro:
Di là da tutti gli astri,
Che sotto i piedi tuoi giran lucenti,
Ti cercherò, dove di rai celesti
Brilla la tua innocenza, e dove cinta
L'anima tua di miove piume, il volo
Distende oltre il confin che quì la chiuse.
Dove t'avvezzi allo splendore augusto
Della Divinità, tutta trovando
La tua felicità nei suoi consigli;
Dove ai concerti angelici tua voce
Tua dolce voce unisci in faccia a Dio,
E una viva preghiera in favor mio.

Colà del mio dolore
Vedi i vantaggi, e dei destini il libro
Ti schiude Dio: tu in quello
Leggi di nostra divisione amara
Gli alti disegni, e il fine
Predestinato della mia carriera.

Oh anima perfetta, anima bella,
Che amai con tanto ardore,
Ma che abbastanza io non amai,
Quanto più amabil sei
Or che t'adorna la celeste luce!
A te sull' ali della calda speme
Mi levo; ah! non negarti
Ai voti miei; m'apri le braccia; io fuggo,

Onde a te unirmi eternamente in pace;
Raccogli tu l'anima mia seguace.

For grief thus to become the object of poetical occupation, it must already have softened, and begun to vibrate within the limits of pleasure: Haller's was not immortal; in about two years he married another wife, Elizabeth Bucher, who died in 1741, and whom he also lamented, but with inferior rimes. He married a third time; but, as no ode occurs on the topic, there is some difficulty to ascertain the date: perhaps it was in 1745; for Haller visited Bern in that year, and was elected a member of the sovereign council. His politics were aristocratic.

Baron Münchausen, the representative of the king of England in the Electorate of Hanover, was much attached to Haller, got him ennobled, and, by his advice, patronized with the revenues of the state the foundation at Göttingen of a school for surgery; of an hospital for lying-in-women; and of an academy for design, in which objects of natural history were to have a preference over the fine arts.

In the project of sending a scientific traveller into America, Haller took a warm interest, and recommended Christopher Mylius (a naturalist both in the German and English sense of the word,) for the mission; but this accomplished and adventurous young man died in London, where he was about to embark for Georgia. During the year 1748, George the Second visited Göttingen. An oratorio was performed in the church, the words of which Haller supplied; and, in the street, an arc of triumph was erected, of which he too suggested the inscriptions.

On the death of Dillenius, in 1747, Haller was in-

vited to Oxford. He was, indeed, neither a member of the Anglican church, nor of that university; but illiberality was not the character of the age of George the Second; nor had the clergy yet formed the project of turning the chairs of science into sinecures, in order to confiscate them for the benefit of their own order. Haller declined this honourable offer. He continued for seventeen years at Göttingen, actively employed in promoting the sciences connected with physiology. In 1753, he voluntarily desisted from his labors, and retired to his natal and beloved Bern, to spend the evening of his life. In 1755, Mosheim died, and the vacated chancellorship of the university of Göttingen was offered to Haller, by the express desire of George the Second. Divided between feelings of gratitude to his patron, and of attachment to his country, he communicated the offer to the sovereign council of Bern. The republic was desirous of detaining so illustrious a citizen; and offered to settle a pension on him for life. This determined him to remove no more.

The principal literary societies of Europe were eager to enrol Haller among their members: he enumerates in the title-page to his poems, probably in the order of his successive admissions, those of Göttingen, Bern, Paris, London, Berlin, Utrecht, Edinburgh, Bologna, Stockholm, Rome, Bavaria, Carinthia, and Upsal, as having annexed him to their list of members.

Haller wrote two political novels, Alfred and Usong. Of the latter he gave a second and amended edition in 1777; in which year also he published the eleventh edition of his Poems. These were his last literary labors. He ceased to live on the 12th of December, 1777. The seat of his disease was in the bladder: he

continued to the last an attentive and rational observer of his own symptoms; transmitted to Göttingen a scientific analysis of his case, for which opium was the remedy he preferred; and died, feeling his own pulse. Eleven children survived him. His library was purchased by the emperor Joseph.

Among the pupils of Bodmer was Salomon Gesner, the idyl-writer, who was born at Zurich in 1730. He was descended from Conrade Gesner, known in the sixteenth century for voluminous works in natural history, and for a comparative view of languages entitled *Mithridates*, and printed in 1555. John Mathias Gesner, the interpreter of Lucian, the editor of Horace and Quintilian, and especially of Stephens's Thesaurus, was of the same family. So were also John James Gesner, who wrote on numismatics, and John Gesner, who wrote on botany.

Salomon Gesner was the son of a bookseller; and, far from announcing the literary talent which had ennobled so many of his relations, was considered at school as a dull boy. The father applied to Bodmer, to remedy by private instructions the sluggish progress of his son; but Bodmer, after a twelvemonth's lessoning, gave up his pupil in despair, and said that he must remain content with writing and arithmetic. Some taste, however, the lad showed for modelling in putty and in wax, and for drawing landscapes, which he endeavoured to etch. Robinson Crusoe was a favourite figure in his delineations, which repeatedly represented the desert iland and the cave. The pastorals of Brookes, which, like those of Wordsworth, include much of trivial and vulgar topic, had charms for Ges-

ner; and first awakened in him that warmth of intellectual attention, which echoes back an impression, and makes efforts at reproduction. He was busily moulding poems after the manner of Brookes, when his father, who cared little for unprofitable toil, apprenticed him to a bookseller at Berlin. Here he became acquainted with Gleim, with Kleist, with Lessing, and especially with Ramler. To the latter young Gesner confidentially communicated his early metrical attempts; but the German Horace could never teach to his disciple that easy, natural, smooth, and polished versification, which slid from his own pen; and, despairing of any success in rime, advised rather a measured prose. Gesner took the advice, and wrote while at Berlin his *Night*, which is the earliest of his preserved productions. Characteristic as this effusion may be of his peculiar manner, it was hardly worth preserving, as it displays his habitual faults more conspicuously than his excellencies,—his repetitions, his trifling, his superfluous epithets, his roguish simplicity, his schoolboy use of trite classical common-places.

When the agreed term of years was expired, Gesner returned to his father's house at Zurich, and was taken into partnership in the book-trade. He then published his *Night*, which was coldly received; but, not at all disheartened, he undertook *Daphnis*, a pastoral novel, imitated from Longus, of which he became the publisher in 1755. His father thought there was a something too free in this poem for the honor of the shop, and insisted on cancelling the title-page, in which young Salomon had inscribed the motto:

Me juvat in gremio doctæ legisse puellæ.

Daphnis had all the success it deserved. Nearly half

the poem is superfluous and episodical; it displays, however, a chaster style than the previous publication, and contains local beauties of description and sentiment which still delight.

In 1756 appeared the first edition of Gesner's Idyls. They are Arcadian anecdotes in dialogue; and are usually closed with admirable art, so as to make a trifling incident into an entire event, and to give catastrophe, wholeness, and rotundity, to each piece. Fauns, satyrs, and the mythological beings of Greece, are assumed to be real personages, and mingle with the other dramatic characters; but the poet sometimes forgets his part, and speaks in person through the mask he assumes. His shepherds are those of the golden age, when a boyish frankness and good-nature overspread a contented world; his shepherdesses have the filial piety and easy affection, which preceded the precautions of mistrust and ambition: but there is every where a sheepishness of modesty and a monotony of innocence, which does not vary the moral landscape. This volume won for Gesner European rank. Notwithstanding its repetitions, it is written with an amiable sensibility, with a graceful *naiveté*, with an elegance of allusion, with a minuteness of description, with a picturesque colouring, and with a consistency of costume, which, without taxing the acquirements, or offending the delicacy, of lady-readers, had wherewith to satisfy a highly-polished public. The French minister Turgot, who was learning German, translated the first book of the Idyls, and gave his manuscript to be completed by Mr. Huber. This translation had a singular success at Paris, partly because the minister's share in it was known; and it gave a flash of popularity to the original work, which

the mere suffrage of Germany had not sufficed to bestow. Italian and English translations soon followed. Short specimens will suffice.

AMYNTAS.

Early one morning came poor Amyntas out of the thick wood with an axe in his right hand; he had been cutting stakes for his hedge, and was carrying them home on his shoulder.

Then he saw a young oak-tree beside a rushing brook, and the wild stream had washed the earth from its roots, and laid them bare, and the tree stood drooping and threatening to sink down. It were a pity, said he, that yon tree should be carried away by the waters; no, your boughs shall not fall into the flood.

Now he took the strongest of his stakes (I can fetch other stakes, thought he,) and began to weave a dam round the roots of the oak, and filled it with fresh earth. When he had finished, he replaced the axe on his shoulder, and, standing under the shade of the tree he had secured, surveyed his work contented and smiling.

He was going back to the wood to cut other staves, when the Dryad called to him with sweet voice from within the oak: Shall I let thee depart unrewarded, good shepherd, tell me what thou desirest: I know thou art poor and hast only five sheep on the common pasture. If thou allowest me to pray to thee, kind nymph, said the shepherd, know that my neighbour Palemon has ever since harvest been ill of a fever, let him be made well.

Thus prayed the worthy Amyntas, and Palemon recovered. But the good shepherd also felt the blessing of the wood-nymph on his flock, and in his fields. They produced abundantly, and he became rich.

THE BROKEN JUG.

A cloven-footed Faun lay beneath an oak-tree, stretched in deep sleep. The young shepherds saw him. We will bind him to the tree, said the lads, and then he shall sing us a song for his release. With ivy they tied him to the oak, and pelted him with acorns until he awoke.

Where am I? said the Faun, gaping, and stretching his arms, and his goat's legs. Where is my flute, and where is my jug? There lie its fragments still. Alas for my beautiful jug! When I fell down here, being tipsy, I broke it against the roots of the tree. But who has bound me, added he, looking round; when he heard the tittering of the shepherds. Release me, you young rogues, at your peril.

We will not release you, replied they, unless you sing us a new lay. What shall I sing? replied the Faun, I will sing about my broken jug. Then the shepherds sat down on the grass around him, and he began.

It is broken, it is broken, the beautiful jug: there lie its fragments around. Beautiful was my jug, the ornament of my grotto. If a wood-god passed by, I used to call to him: Come and drink out of my beautiful jug; Jove has not a fairer at the glad feasts of the celestials. It is broken, alas! it is broken, my beautiful jug: there lie its fragments around.

When my brethren collected about me, we sat around the jug. We pledged one another; and he, whose

turn it was to drink, sang the story embossed on its side, which was nearest to his lips. Now, my brothers, we shall drink no more out of the jug, nor sing the story nearest to our lips.

On the jug was embossed how Pan lay disappointed on the brink of the stream, when the fair water-nymph he had caught was transformed into reeds in his arms. He cut for himself pipes of the reeds of unequal length, fastened them together with wax, and blew a sad tune on the shore. Echo heard the new music, and repeated his wailing to the hills.

It is broken, it is broken, the beautiful jug: there lie its fragments around.

On the jug was embossed how Jove in the shape of a white bull, bore the nymph Europa on his back across the waves. He was licking with caressive tongue the bare knee of the fair one. She spread her hands in terror above her head, and the Zephyrs sported with her dishevelled locks, while the Loves rode in triumph beside her on obedient dolphins.

It is broken, it is broken, the beautiful jug: there lie its fragments around.

On the jug, too, was embossed how Bacchus, the lovely god, sat in a bower of vines with a nymph lying by his side. Her left arm clasped his waist; with her right she was reaching out for the cup to which her smiling lips aspired; and she seemed to expect kisses with her beverage. Before him lay tigers playfully wallowing, and snapping at grapes handed to them by the Loves.

It is broken, it is broken, the beautiful jug: there lie its fragments around. Echo lament it to the woods, lament it to the Fauns in their grottoes. It is broken, the beautiful jug, there lie its fragments around.

Thus sang the Faun, and the shepherds unbound him, and admired the fragments on the grass.

The Idyls were dedicated, under the name of Daphne, to Miss Heidegger, the daughter of a counsellor at Zurich, whom Gesner was about to marry: she was a notable woman, attentive not merely to household affairs, but also to the commercial interests of her husband. She posted his ledgers, kept his cash-book, and efficaciously intercepted those dangers to his pecuniary interests, which a habit of literary and artistical pastime had some tendency to produce.

In 1758 appeared the *Death of Abel;* which acquired, in the religious world, a still greater popularity than the Idyls. It is well known here, by the translation of Mrs. Collyer; in France, by that of Huber; in Italy, by that of Perini; in Spain, by that of Lejeune; in Sweden, by that of Eckholm; in Denmark, by that of Miss Biehl; in Hungary, by that of Kusinski; and in Russia, by that of Zacharow.

In 1762 appeared another epopæa, entitled the *First Navigator*, which was little admired. A scene from the *Deluge* accompanied it. Two plays, *Evander and Alcimna*, a pastoral drama; and *Erasmus*, a comedy, in one act, were published at a later period, with still diminishing success. Some translations from Diderot are known to have been executed by Gesner. His "Letters on Landscape-painting" are the latest of his works, and announce that preference for occupations of the pencil, which insensibly gave to his leisure-hours a new destination. Still, however, he delighted in bucolic scenery; and it has been well said of his productions, that his Idyls were pictures, and his pictures Idyls.

He died in 1788 of paralysis, at the age of fifty-eight. A marble monument, carved by Trippel, has been erected to his honor.

As the least known of Gesner's productions, may further be annexed

A SCENE FROM THE DELUGE.

Already the highest marble turrets were hidden beneath the flood; and black big waves were billowing against the insulated summits of the mountains, and iland after iland was vanishing before the climbing sea. On one of these lonely specks, too precipitous for ascent, a griesly crowd were trying to land, and uttered despairing cries, as the pursuing wave dashed them from its slippery side. Some had crawled to a less steep shore; but the hill above them, undermined by rising waves, slid with its whole burden of howling men into the deep. Yonder, collected torrents hurry down into the ocean a son, who was hoping to land an aged father, and had swum with him from a distant islet, now submerged. Here the mother, unable any longer to bear up her children, abandons herself with them to the watery grave.

Now only the highest summit peeped out of the waters. Semin, a noble youth, to whom the fairest of maids had sworn eternal truth, had landed his beloved Zemira on this pinnacle. Alone, for all the rest had been swept off by the flood, they stood in the howling storm-wind. The waves broke upon them, the thunder bellowed above them, and below roars a swelling ocean. Gloomy was the darkness around, unless when lightnings illuminated the dismal scene; every cloud threatened destruction from its dark brow, and every

wave rolled carcasses along, and seemed yawning for a further prey. Zemira pressed her lover to her trembling heart; tears mingled with the rain-drops which trickled down her pale cheeks; she spake with faultering voice: "There is no hope of safety more, my beloved Semin: we are on all sides surrounded with louring death. O desolation! O woe! You may see it climb nearer and nearer, the death which awaits us. Which of these billows is to submerge us? Hold me in thy cold and shivering arms, my beloved! Soon shall I, soon shalt thou, be no more, swept into the whirlpool of universal destruction. Now, my God, what a wave approaches! it glitters in the lightning—it passes over us." She spake, and sank powerless on Semin.

His trembling arm embraced his fainting mistress: his quivering lip could not pronounce, and he was mute. He no longer saw the spreading desolation around him; he beheld only his beloved in swoon, leaning on his bosom: and he felt more than the shudder of death. Now he kissed her cheeks, bleached by the cold rain, pressed her closer to his bosom, and said, "Zemira, beloved Zemira, awake! O come yet once again into these scenes of horror, that once again that eye may beam on me; that once again those pallid lips may tell me, I shall love thee until death,—until these waves have swallowed us together."

He spake, and she awoke: she beheld him with a look of ineffable tenderness and sorrow, and then gazed around on the progressive destruction. "O God of judgment," she exclaimed, "is there no safety, no pity for us!" How the waves rush, the thunders roar, and the voice of winds tells of this unatonable vengeance. O God, our years have passed in inno-

cence. Thou, my Semin, wast the most virtuous of youths. Woe to me! thou hast adorned my being with a thousand joys; but they are fled, they are gone for ever. And thou, who gavest me my life, thou too hast been torn from my side; and my tortured sight had to behold thee lifting up thy head above the waters, and thy arms, for the last time, as if to bless me. All are swallowed up. Yet Semin, Semin, this lonely and forsaken world could be a paradise to me, with thee still by my side. O God, our years have passed in innocence: is there no pity for the blameless—no salvation? What says my tormented heart? God pardon me! We are dying. What is human innocence before thee!

The youth held his beloved, who shivered in the storm-wind, and spake: "Yes, my beloved, all life is washed off from the earth; no mortal now howls amid the roaring of this desolation. My beloved Zemira! the coming instant is our last. Yes, they are fled, all the hopes of our life; that holy moment when we vowed to each other inviolable constancy, we have in vain exulted in: we are dying. Death ascends, he embraces our thighs. But let us not, like outcasts, pine over a common lot. What is the longest life and the joyfullest, but a dew-drop which hangs to day on the rock, and to-morrow falls into the ocean. Lift up thy courage. Beyond this life there is bliss and eternity. Let us not tremble to cross the narrow sea. Embrace me, and so let us await our fate. Soon, my Zemira, soon our souls will float above this devastation, and hover aloof with feelings of inexpressible felicity. So boldly hopes my soul, O God! yes, to him let us both uplift our joined hands in prayer. Shall mortal man presume to judge his ways? He who

breathed life into us, can send death to the just or to the unjust. But, happy they who have trodden the path of virtue. Not life, O Lord, do we ask for! take us to thy judgment-seat: but O strengthen in us that hope, that holy hope of unspeakable bliss, which no death shall any more bring to an end. Then bellow, ye thunders! then crush desolation! then bury us, waters! Praised be the just One! and let this be the last thought which our souls think in these their mortal habitations."

Courage and joy arose in the soul of Zemira, and embellished her countenance. She lifted her hands amid the tempest, and said, "Yes, I feel these great and mighty hopes. Praise the Lord, O my mouth! weep tears of joy, my eyes, until ye are sealed by death! A heaven of happiness awaits you. Ye are but gone before, my beloved, who were lately torn from me: we, too, are coming: we soon shall meet again. Before his throne I behold the just, assembled; he has conducted them through the judgment-seat into the courts of mercy. Bellow, ye thunders! howl desolation! ye are but voices to proclaim his justice. Break on us, waves! see, my beloved, death is coming nearer, on this rising, stifling blackness of the waves. O! Semin, embrace me; leave me not, the wave lifts me, I float."

"I embrace thee, Zemira," said the youth, "I embrace thee, death, with welcome! Here we are. For ever praised be the just One."

So they spake; while the flood swept them away in each other's arms.

This pathetic episode was probably written a short time after the appearance of Bodmer's *Noah*, to which some passages may be thought to allude. Two or three rimed poems of Gesner exist; but they serve only to ratify the verdict of Ramler. The most valuable edition of his Idyls, is that published at his own shop, in two quarto volumes, with frontispieces and vignettes to every Idyl, drawn and etched by himself.

§ 14.

Saxon school of Poets — Gottsched and his wife — Gellert — Gärtner — Lichtwer — Uz — Giscke — Kreuz — Weisse — Cronegk.

Before the foundation of Göttingen, in 1736, the university of Leipzig asserted a preeminence of celebrity among the German schools of learning. The number of professors convened there to inculcate the different pursuits of literature, the works of erudition which they delivered, edited, or composed, the periodic criticisms which they conspired to evulgate, the ready patronage of an opulent body of resident booksellers and publishers, and the reputation of a theatre, in which the most influential part of the audience consisted of accomplished students, all contributed to render Leipzig a centre of taste, an emporium of publication, and a metropolis of literary opinion.

Gottsched enjoyed a sort of episcopal dignity in this diocese of instruction, partly from his professorial rank, and partly from his station as editor of a widely circulated journal. He had founded, and he swayed, this Saxon oracle, which gallicized, and became distinguished for a leaning toward French taste, for promoting the translation of French models, and for the anxious domestication of French forms of composition. The theatre mainly contributed to give a fashion to this turn of local sentiment.

John Christopher Gottsched, born in 1700, at Judenkirk, was the son of a country-clergyman, who dwelt near Königsberg, and who, after superintending the necessary domestic preliminary instruction, sent his son to the college of that place, where he obtained a master of arts' degree, and applied to theology. In the year 1724 he fled from his home, in order to avoid a military conscription, which was rigidly enforced by the Prussian government, and to which his tall and stately figure rendered him peculiarly obnoxious. He sought refuge at Leipzig, continued his studies there, became an active member of a literary society, and an industrious contributor to a critical journal, of which, after about three years, he undertook the editorship. For some time he gave lessons as a private tutor, and finally ascended to a professor's chair: his first course of lectures treated of æsthetics, or the theory of literary art. He married Louisa Adelgunda Victoria Kulmus, the daughter of a physician at Dantzig, a young lady of unusual learning and accomplishment, and of blameless manners. Mistress of the French language, and able to write verses in the German, she assisted her husband in many of his literary labors, and always expressed for him an unbounded veneration, although her letters rather betray the esteem of friendship than the cordiality of love. Under his guidance she studied Latin, English, and is said to have attempted Greek. She wrote a comedy, a tragedy, a pastoral drama, and translated many works with considerable grace, but died in 1762. It is thought she assisted her husband in putting the *Cato* of Addison into German alexandrines: it had been selected as one of those English plays, which attend to the unities required on the French stage; and it was

acted with success at Leipzig. Gottsched provided for that theatre many other dramatic versions in rimed alexandrines, chiefly from the plays in vogue at Paris, which were also well received; but although his dramas, whether borrowed or original, have been collected, and although his occasional poems, which were numerous, have also been collected; yet they do not retain any popularity. He had even outlived his reputation when he died in 1766. His prose-works are more extensive, and were useful in his time, but do not belong to the subject of this work: they are amply specified in the *Biographie Universelle.*

Christian Furchtegott Gellert was born the 4th of July, 1715, at Haynichen, in Saxony, where his father, who had twelve other children, was pastor. He was sent to school at Meissen, and in 1734 to college at Leipzig, where he studied theology. In 1738 he returned home regularly ordained, and attempted to officiate in his father's church; but an excess of natural timidity so overcame his powers of utterance, that he was obliged to re-descend the pulpit, and could not afterwards be prevailed on to renew the effort. In 1739 he undertook the office of preceptor to Messrs. Luttichau, and assisted occasionally in some periodic work. In 1746 he began to edit one himself, entitled "Materials to form the Heart and Understanding." Herein appeared corrected copies of his first essays and poems, and a series of maturer compositions: "The Swedish Countess," a novel; "The Sisters," a play; and "The Prude," another dramatic sketch; were so first evulgated.

In 1746 he collected his "Fables," which had an

astonishing success; and form, perhaps, the first native poetic work of the modern Germans which became decidedly and nationally popular. The manner is more diffuse and less picturesque than that of Lafontaine, but is free from the impertinent wit of Gay. A specimen may amuse.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE CUCKOO.

Her vernal song a nightingale began,
Hoping to please the pride of creatures, man.
Boys, who were playing in a meadow near,
Pursued their bustling sport with heedless ear.
Meanwhile a cuckoo, from a neighbouring tree,
Exclaims "Cuckoo:" the boys repeat with glee.
They laugh, they point at him, they join his song,
And ten times over his short tune prolong.
The cuckoo turns to Philomela's rest,
"You must allow they like my singing best."

Soon came Damætas, with his lovely bride.
The cuckoo calls. They pass with sulky pride.
Not long the nightingale felt envy's pang,
So sweet, so shrill, so variously, she sang,
That Phillis took a seat upon the bank,
And look'd aloof, with glistening eye, her thank.
"Now, prater, (said the nightingale,) perceive
How pure the recompense my lays receive;
The still approval of one silent tear
Is more than vulgar shouts that rend the ear."

In general, the fables of Gellert much resemble those of Hagedorn: they both turn willingly to Abstemius for topics, and have both versified his eighteenth fable, *De vidua et asino viridi.* But Gellert

has more feeling, more a manner of his own, and acted more on the sympathies of his countrymen.

It is related that, soon after the publication of the Fables, a boor came to Leipzig with a load of billet-wood for firing, enquired for Gellert's lodgings, and, having ascertained that he had found the author of the Fables, delivered to him the wood, of which he begged his acceptance, saying, it was all he had to bestow, but it would be a lasting satisfaction to him to have spent a week in riving wood for Gellert. At the taking of Leipzig, in 1758, a lieutenant of Prussian hussars called on Gellert, and gave protection against soldiers being quartered at the house, by leaving his own pistols there, and occupying the apartment only nominally.

Gellert had gradually, in some degree, overcome his early bashfulness, and accepted in 1758 the chair of Professor of Moral Philosophy in the university of Leipzig. His lectures had great popularity; and the elector of Saxony once sent to Gellert, to deliver three of the more impressive at his residence. A pension was conferred in return; on which the author, whose health was at best feeble, retired from active duty. A hypochondriac disorder, of which he had early symptoms, clouded his latter years in almost perpetual gloom: some amusement, however, he derived from versifying hymns and pious odes.

Riding on horseback having been recommended to him by his physician; the elector, who heard of it, sent him as a present a horse from his own stables.

On the 5th of December, 1769, he died, lamenting that the final hour of change should be postponed so long. A sculptured monument was erected to his honor in the church attached to the cemetery of

Grimma, a suburb of Leipzig. The complete collection of his works, in five octavo volumes, appeared but a few months before his decease.

Among the friends and fellow-labourers of Gellert some notice is due to several.

Charles Christian Gärtner was born at Freiberg in 1712. At Meissen he became the school-fellow of Gellert and Ramler, and met them both again at the university of Leipzig, where he applied to theology. At the age of thirty-three he quitted that place for the situation of private tutor to the counts Schönberg at Brunswick. After completing their education he was named professor of moral philosophy and rhetoric at the Carolinum, an important academy in that city; where, in 1775, he was promoted to a canonicate, honoured with the title of aulic counsellor, and died in 1791. A pastoral drama entitled *Fidelity tried*, was inserted by him in the *Bremische Beiträge*, which he edited.

Magnus Gottfried Lichtwer, born in 1719 at Wurzen, applied to jurisprudence at the Leipzig university, and became a judge, under the Prusian government, at Halberstadt, in 1783. His *Esopian Fables* retain some popularity: his didactic poem, the *Kingdom of Reason*, has ceased to interest.

John Peter Uz, born at Anspach in 1720, has escaped the notice of the *Biographie Universelle*. He was the son of a goldsmith, studied at Halle, and obtained from the Prussian government the situation of counsellor of justice in his native place, where he died in 1790. Pious effusions, hymns, and odes, fill the first volume; the art of cheerfulness, the triumph of love, and rimed epistles, fill the second volume of his

collective works, which deserve the praise of the moralist more than of the critic. His ode to spring contributed to introduce latin metres into German poetry, although it is scanned on the false principle that position not emphasis is the cause of quantity.

Nicolaus Dieterich Giscke, or, as his countrymen would spell it, Köszechi, was a Hungarian, born in 1724, who studied theology at Leipzig, and wrote German poems in the manner of Gellert. One entitled the *Fortune of Love* has picturesque merit. He became superintendant at Sondushausen and died in 1765.

Frederic Carl Casimir von Kreuz, who flourished between 1725 and 1770, wrote an Essay on Man, the Graves, the Origin of Things, and other didactic poems. A tragedy entitled Seneca, in rimed alexandrines, was not long in favor.

Christian Felix Weisse was born in the year 1726 at Annaberg, in the mining district of Saxony, where his father was a schoolmaster. At the university of Leipzig he became intimate with Lessing, and caught much of his theatric zeal. Some comic pieces first announced his dramatic talent; and a translation from the English of *The Devil to pay* was eminently successful. He also wrote a satirical farce entitled *The Fashionable Poets* which had a run, and several melodrames. After visiting Paris he took up tragedy, and translated some pieces from the French into rimed alexandrines, but afterwards gave a preference to unrimed iambics. As the toils of authorship were at that time not very productive, he accepted the situation of collector of the land-tax for the district about Leipzig, without, however, desisting from his literary industry. He translated Shakspeare's Romeo and Ju-

liet into prose, and made a tragedy on the story of Calas. His most successful work was *The Children's Friend*, a book of education analogous to Aikin's *Evenings at Home*. He died in 1804, and was buried at Leipzig with great demonstrations of public regard.

John Frederic von Cronegk was born at Anspach in 1731, studied at Leipzig, visited Italy and France, acquired some rank among the noble authors of Germany, and wrote plays which had a temporary success. The best of them is a tragedy, full of heroic sentimentality, entitled Codrus, which carried off an academic prize against respectable competition, and succeeded also on the stage. He was occupied with Olindo and Sofronia when he died in 1758 of the small pox: the fifth act was added by a friend. Singularly similar was the fortune of Joachim Wilhelm von Brawe, who died in the same year of the same disease, and produced one tragedy, the *Freethinker*.

Other names might be classed with this school, such as Cramer, Ebert, Schlegel, but they more strictly belong to the Hamburg groop, which will be contemplated next.

§ 15.

The Hamburg poets—Hagedorn—Schlegel—Ebert—Kramer—Klopstock—Reviewal of his Collective Works.

HAMBURG, the foundation of which is ascribed to Charlemagne, is now the most important of the havens of Germany, the Liverpool of the empire. In former times Holland chiefly collected the produce of the East and West Indies, and distributed it further inland, by means of the river Rhine. Of late the Elbe has become a more frequented channel of traffic, and serves to import and export a larger proportion of foreign supply and domestic merchandize. The result has been to station a vast mass of commercial opulence at Hamburg, which has rendered this city a resort of strangers, an asylum of tolerance, a fountain of beneficence, and a prytaneum of civilization.

The seat both of liberty and of independence, Hamburg is one of the freest cities of the world; and the liberal culture of its inhabitants attests the beneficial effects of freedom. Early provided with respectable schools of learning, this city has asserted literary rank from the times of Lambecius[7] and Gronovius[8] to the present. It vied with Zurich and Leipzig in the early

7 Author of *Origines Hamburgenses*, printed in 1652.

8 Two writers of this name, father and son, have concurred to edit various classic authors.

cultivation of German vernacular literature, and continues to be a patroness of instruction and an emporium of literature.

In 1708 was born at Hamburg, on the 23rd of April, Frederic Hagedorn: his father was a sort of consul, or resident, there, on behalf of the Danish court, and was hospitable to men of letters. The son was placed at the gymnasium of Hamburg during his boyhood, and removed at seventeen to the university of Jena, where he studied the law. Before the requisite terms were completed, his father died in disappointing circumstances, and some interest was necessary to make any provision for the young man. Baron Soehlenthal, however, who was going to London as ambassador from the court of Copenhagen, accepted Hagedorn as his secretary, and took him in 1729 over to England. There he acquired the language so completely, as twice to have published in it statements connected with his official business. In 1731, Hagedorn returned with the recalled minister to Hamburg, and found himself left there without employment. His taste for English literature in general, and his passion for the poetry of Pope, led him to attempt various translations, which were extensively applauded; a paraphrase of the Universal Prayer is the earliest of his remaining poems. These exertions, which led on to various original compositions, drew the attention of the British factory at Hamburg, (an institution which began in the thirteenth century, at the time of the Anseatic League,) and he became attached as secretary to this mercantile company, with a yearly salary of a hundred pounds. In this situation he continued quietly content, doing his work at the regular hours, and employing his leisure as regularly in adding to his stock

of reading and of composition. In 1738 he published a volume of fables, which were well received; and was preparing a collective edition of his works in 1754, when he died unexpectedly, with a book in his hand. Friendship for his brother, who was employed in Saxony, and with whom he corresponded assiduously, especially on the theory of the fine arts, (Christian Louis Hagedorn had published "On Painting,") was the strongest of his affections: but to a surgeon named Carpser, with whom he associated much, he was also warmly attached. His works were collected in three octavo volumes, of which the first contains, "Moral Poems and Epigrams;" the second, "Fables and Tales;" and the third, "Odes and Songs." A dissertation on the songs of the Greeks forms an elegant appendix. As the greater part of Hagedorn's poems are translations, and not peculiarly happy ones, from English originals, it is little worth while to give various specimens, or enter on individual criticisms. His rimed panegyric of Hobbes indicates a diplomatic liberality of sentiment. Of his unborrowed effusions, the "Merry Soap-boiler" is perhaps versified with most vivacity and grace, and is subjoined.

THE MERRY SOAP-BOILER.

A steady and a skilful toiler,
John got his bread as a soap-boiler,
Earn'd all he wish'd, his heart was light,
He work'd and sang from morn till night,
E'en during meals his notes were heard,
And to his beer were oft preferr'd:
At breakfast and at supper too
His throat had double work to do;

He oftener sang than said his prayers,
And dropt asleep while humming airs,
Until his every next-door neighbour
Had learnt the tunes that cheer'd his labor,
And every passer-by could tell
Where merry John was wont to dwell.
At reading he was rather slack,
Studied at most the almanack
To know when holidays were nigh,
And put his little savings by;
But sang the more on vacant days,
To waste the less his means and ways.

'T is always well to live and learn.
The owner of the soap-concern,
A fat and wealthy burgomaster,
Who drank his hock, and smoak'd his knaster,
At marketing was always apter
Than any prelate in the chapter,
And thought a pheasant in sour krout
Superior to a turkey-poult;
But woke at times before day-break
With heart-burn, gout, or liver-ache,
Oft heard our sky-lark of the garret
Sing to his slumber, but to mar it.

He sent for John one day, and said:
What 's your year's income from your trade?

Master, I never thought of counting
To what my earnings are amounting
At the year's end: if every Monday
I 've paid my meat and drink for Sunday,
And something in the box unspent
Remains for fuel, clothes, and rent,
I 've husbanded the needful scot
And feel quite easy with my lot.

The maker of the almanack
Must, like your worship, know no lack,
Else a red-letter earnless day
Would oftener be struck away.

John you 've been long a faithful fellow,
Though always merry, seldom mellow.
Take this rouleau of fifty dollars,
My purses glibly slip their collars;
But before breakfast let this singing
No longer in my ears be ringing,
When once your eyes and lips unclose
I must forgo my morning-doze.

John blushes, bows, and stammers thanks,
And steals away on bended shanks,
Hiding and hugging his new treasure,
As had it been a stolen seizure.
At home he bolts his chamber-door,
Views, counts, and weighs, his tinkling store,
Nor trusts it to the savings box
Till he has screw'd on double locks.
His dog and he play tricks no more,
They 're rival watchmen of the door;
Small wish has he to sing a word,
Lest thieves should climb his stair unheard.
At length he finds the more he saves,
The more he frets, the more he craves;
That his old freedom was a blessing
Ill sold for all he 's now possessing.

One day he to his master went
And carried back his hoard unspent.
Master, says he, I 've heard of old:
Unblest is he who watches gold.
Take back your present, and restore
The cheerfulness I knew before.

I 'll take a room not quite so near,
Out of your worship's reach of ear,
Sing at my pleasure, laugh at sorrow,
Enjoy to-day, nor dread to-morrow,
Be still the steady honest toiler,
The merry John, the old soap-boiler.

John Elias Schlegel, a native of Meissen in Saxony, was born in 1718. His father, who was of the legal profession, directed his early studies to the Latin and Greek classics, and placed him under able teachers at Pforte, where he translated into German the Georgics, Horace's Epistles, and the Cyropædeia. He next attempted to adapt the Iphigenia in Tauris of Euripides to the German stage, and the piece had been welcomed on the theatre at Leipzig, before he became resident there, as a student of law at the university. This early success decided his pursuit of dramatic composition. He tried a comedy *The Busy Idler*, which was printed in some collection of plays; and he refashioned for the stage the Electra of Sophocles and the Hecuba of Euripides. The celebrity thus acquired recommended him to the patronage of his kinsman Spener, the Saxon envoy to the court of Denmark, whom, in 1743, he accompanied, with the character of private secretary, to Copenhagen, where he produced *Herman* and *Kanute*, two patriotic tragedies in rimed alexandrines. His most successful comedy was entitled *The Triumph of Female Virtue*, and his best, *The Dumb Beauty*. Among his poems may be distinguished some Anacreontic Odes, and two cantos of an unfinished epopæa on the history of Henry the

Lion. He died in 1749; his works were collected by his brother, and reprinted in 1766.

John Arnold Ebert was born at Hamburg in 1723, studied at Leipzig, and, in 1748, was appointed aulic counsellor at Brunswick, where he eventually obtained a canonicate, and died in 1795. He taught English at the Carolinian academy there, and translated into German, Young's *Night-thoughts*, and the *Leonidas* of Glover. His original works consist of a volume of Epistles, and a volume of Lyric Poems.

John Andrew Kramer of Josephstadt in Saxony, was also born in 1723, studied at Leipzig for the church, and contributed, with Klopstock and others, to the *Bremische Beyträge*, which he edited. In 1754 he was invited by Frederic V of Denmark to Copenhagen, where he filled the office of court-preacher, and in 1765 became professor of theology. At the death of his patron, in 1771, he accepted the rank of superintendant in the Lutheran church at Lubeck; but returned to Denmark in 1784, and became chancellor of the university at Kiel, where he died in 1788. His residence in the neighbourhood of Hamburg brought him much acquainted with the men of letters there, who valued his lyric poetry, which, in 1782, was collected in three volumes octavo, and his metrical version of the Psalms, which was adopted in many churches. The Odes to David, to Luther, and to Melanchthon, have been indicated by critics as the best. His prose-works are chiefly theologic.

Frederic Gottlieb Klopstock was born in the abbey at Quedlinburg, 2nd of July, 1724, and was the son of the land-steward of the domain, who occupied a part of it as farmer, and whose family was large, the poet being the eldest of ten children. The father had all the credulity of Luther; believing in the personal appearance and bodily presence of the Devil in the world. He paid great attention to those fits of persuasion respecting impending events, which alternate in the human imagination; and every hope or fear was with him ominous, whether dreamed awake or asleep. This vividness of fancy was caught, or inherited, by the son; who was early accustomed to speak of interior realities as positive beings, and classed the creatures of idea, *les êtres de raison* as the French oddly term them, among the familiar personages of conversation.

The early years of the poet were not burdened with application. His elasticity of soul was never weighed down by premature and excessive tasks: he was more remarked for activity of body than for cultivation of mind; and, though he received lessons, at first from a domestic preceptor, and afterwards in the gymnasium at Quedlinburg, yet a fear was entertained on removing him in his sixteenth year to the Schulpforte, a celebrated academy or college in Saxony, that he would barely pass decently through the requisite examinations. From 1739 to 1745, he continued at the Schulpforte, studying the Greek and Latin languages, and composing occasionally an eclogue, or an ode. He already conversed with his academical friends respecting the project of undertaking an epic poem, and shewed them fragments about Herman, about emperor Henry I, and a sketch of the plan of the Messiah:

patriotism and religion were already his strongest passions. The custom being for scholars, on leaving the Schulpforte, to make a Latin farewell-oration, the topic which he chose was ‘ The highest Aim of Poetry.’ He was sent next to Jena: but, not liking that university, he obtained permission to join his cousin Schmidt at Leipzig, who was studying the law, and who had offered him the joint use of a sitting-room. Here the friends took English lessons together: Milton, Young, Ossian, and Mrs. Rowe's Letters from the dead to the living, being among their favourite books.

At Leipzig were written the first three cantos of the Messiah: they were composed in hexameter, a form of verse, which, if not wholly new to German language, had at least never before been successfully attempted. Schmidt admired them enthusiastically; shewed them to Kramer, who edited a magazine at Bremen; and prevailed on Klopstock to suffer them to be printed in that miscellany, which accordingly took place in the beginning of the year 1748.

Throughout Germany, the sensation, produced by this specimen, was quick, strong, and warm. The heroic grandeur of the moral and physical delineations could not but be very impressive; and the colossal sublimity of the mythologic decorations must of course astonish and overawe. The windows of heaven seemed opened, and man permitted to look in. Critics arose in every quarter; enthusiasm exhausted the ebullitions of panegyric, and carping attempts were made at censure and at parody: but the frequent admiration of taste, reinforced by the zeal of piety, soon silenced even well-founded objections; and the Messiah, though but one seventh of it had yet appeared, was already hailed and received as an everlasting possession. It

was quoted in every conversation-party, and in every pulpit, as an immortal religious classic; from the women it drew tears of delight, and from the men shouts of applause: Milton was called the Homer, and Klopstock the Virgil, of Christianity.

During the progress of his epopæa, Klopstock wrote many beautiful single odes: but, as they were published separately and in various periodical works, they did not attract so marked a notice as the Messiah, until they were first collected in 1771. Among them occur several in praise of skaiting, an exercise in which the poet delighted and excelled: in summer he rode much on horseback.

In 1748, Klopstock quitted Leipzig, and accepted the situation of preceptor at Langensalz in the house of a relation named Weiss, where he met and fell in love with Schmidt's sister Fanny. It appears *probable*, from the correspondence afterwards published, that this young lady conducted herself with a calm and irreproachable docility to parental instructions; and that all the poetic enthusiasm of her lover could extract no indiscreet promise, while his income was deemed too small and precarious for housekeeping: but it is *clear* that, as soon as Klopstock had obtained a pension from the court of Denmark, and was in a situation to marry, there was no impediment on the side of Fanny, or Fanny's relations. Klopstock, in a letter which contains very fine poetry, announces on *his* part a disposition to break off an acquaintance, which Fanny had hitherto been suffered to consider as an engagement. The writer's plea is Fanny's indifference, of which there is no decisive evidence; whereas it appears that the amorous poet had himself fallen in love elsewhere, with a Miss Margaret Moller of Hamburg.

During the summer of 1750, Klopstock, by Bodmer's invitation, came to visit Zurich and the landscapes of Switzerland. His glowing admiration has been perpetuated in a very beautiful Ode to the Lake; and many incidents of this tour, of which the critic Sulzer was a companion, are recorded in the journal which forms a part of the published correspondence between Klopstock and his friends. The veneration of Bodmer for the poet of the Messiah was of so serious a kind, that he was quite mortified to find Klopstock fond of the society of young men, and disposed to indulge in their freer and gayer frolics:—on the orgies of unchastity, Bodmer had been inured to cast a pastoral frown.

Klopstock was applying for the situation of a teacher at the Carolinum, an eminent academy in Brunswick, when the celebrated Danish minister Bernstorff, who was struck by the talents displayed in the commencement of the Messiah, invited the poet to Copenhagen, presented him to the king, and obtained for him a pension of four hundred dollars, that he might be able to subsist, while his time was devoted to the completion of his great and pious undertaking. In 1751, he went to Copenhagen, and composed there in 1752 an elegy on the Queen's death, but returned in 1754 to Hamburg, where he in that year married Miss Moller, whom he celebrates by the name Meta. She was the daughter of a merchant, an intelligent woman, and enthusiastically attached to Klopstock; she died in 1758, and a monument was erected to her memory at Ottensen near Altona. Though frequently with his wife's relations at Hamburg, the poet always considered Copenhagen as his home, until 1771; when the death of Count Bernstorff took place. The loss of his friend

and patron, and of that hospitable access to high society, which was connected in some degree with the countenance of the prime-minister, gave a preponderance to the social value of Hamburg, or rather Altona, where he resided until 1775; when he accepted an invitation to Carlsruhe, accompanied with the offer of a pension from the Margrave of Baden. There, in 1791, he contracted a second marriage with an elderly female friend, named Johanna von Winthem, who survived him.

At the beginning of the French Revolution, Klopstock wrote odes in its praise; but, after it had assumed a sanguinary character, he sent back to the Convention some honorary distinction which had been voted to him. Klopstock died in 1803, and was buried with great solemnity on the 22nd of March, eight days after his decease. The cities of Hamburg and Altona concurred to vote him a public mourning; and the residents of Denmark, France, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, joined in the funeral procession. Thirty-six carriages brought the senate and magistracy, all the bells tolling: a military procession contributed to the order and dignity of the scene; vast bands of music, aided by the voices of the theatre, performed appropriate symphonies, or accompanied passages of the poet's works. The coffin having been placed over the grave, the preacher, Meyer, lifted the lid, and deposited in it a copy of the Messiah; laurels were then heaped on it; and the death of Martha, from the fourteenth book, was recited with chaunt. The ceremony concluded with the dead mass of Mozart.

Sturz remarks of Klopstock, that, although easily familiar to equals and inferiors, he never courted a

superior; and that a man of rank had always to take many more steps for obtaining Klopstock's good graces, than the poet would advance. Humor, good humor, a playful fancy, and a bold felicity of diction, marked his conversation: he was not impatient of contradiction, but preferred in his companions independence to acquiescence. Of his epistolary style a specimen or two will suffice. One of his characteristic letters is that dated from Schaffhausen, and I shall quote it, not merely because it makes a sublime impression, like the fall of the Rhine which it describes, but because the thoughts have been again employed in some of his finest odes; and thus it reveals the literary secret, that it is only by recollecting the strong impressions of experience, and applying them to new cases and objects, that genius accomplishes its command over the feelings:

'*Schaffhausen*, 21 *July*, 1727.

'We were yesterday present at a wedding-festival, and saw the Suabian damsels dance, and caroused with the swains till we were almost too merry. We again beheld the Alps more distinctly than before, the full moon accompanied us the whole night through a fine rich sylvan country.

'We have this morning often had a glimpse of the Rhine as it flows softly through the woods. The vine-covered hills encircle the town, and you may imagine they were not viewed with indifference by those who know the joys of wine. On the bridge of the Rhine we descried with rapture this land of promise. We have crossed the bridge and are now hastening to see the falls of the Rhine. I have pledged myself to the

nymphs of that majestic river to drink wine on their banks, and shall not fail to perform the libation.

'*The Falls of the Rhine.*

'What a sublime image of the creation does this cataract present! all powers of description are here baffled, such an object can only be seen, and heard, and contemplated.

'Hail, oh! thou magnificent stream now thundering from the heights above, and thou who hast caused the stream to pour forth that awful sound, oh Creator, be thou thrice blest, thrice hallowed! Here, stretched on this verdant terrace, in sight of the stupendous torrent, in the sound of its rushing waters, I salute you all, my near and distant friends.

'Above all, I salute thee, thou land of heroes, on whose holy earth I shall soon imprint my steps! oh that I could gather to this spot all the objects of my affection, that I could unite them to enjoy with me these miracles of nature! on this spot would I spend my days and close my eyes, for it is lovely!

'I have no words by which to paint my feelings, I can only think of the friends who are absent; I can form but the wish to draw them all into one circle, and to dwell with them here for ever.'

I shall now copy the truly poetical letter, in which Klopstock intimates to Fanny his intention to break off their acquaintance:

'*Friedensberg near Copenhagen,* 11 *May,* 1751.

'Your little anacreontic dove, my dearest cousin, arrived yesterday, on a lovely spring evening, whilst

the full moon beamed in all her beauty; and found me in a country which might vie with any in Saxony for its delightful aspect. The nightingales sing here as early as with you; and if you would but send more little doves, they should all fly with me to some wooded dell, and light on every lowly bush where the nightingales are wont to chaunt their tender songs.

'I find this place not so near the north pole as you suspect, and, indeed, as I too once supposed, and I enjoy here all the quiet and delicious seclusion of country-life.

'The king, who is the best and most amiable man in Denmark, is pleased to provide for me this delightful residence. Several stately mansions have been erected on the iland; the king has chosen for his retreat a mere villa, without the smallest pretensions to grandeur; but, in point of situation, the most pleasant in the neighbourhood. In this small house he occupies but one apartment, exclusive of an audience chamber; but it stands in the middle of a wood; in which are nearly a hundred vistas, crossing each other in pleasing confusion, and all leading to the sea. It was to one of these sequestered paths that I yesterday withdrew on the arrival of your unlooked for letter; and, having perused and reperused the contents, I at length thus addressed the little dove:

"And thou art come to me at last, little amiable dove; but thou hast spent a tedious time on the way! Fain would I question thee; but I perceive thou art out of breath. So come and perch on this long pendant bough, on which the moonbeams are most bright, and where the gales of evening breathe most softly. Here rest a while to recover from thy fatigue; I will then whisper to thee a few questions.

'"Listen now then, sweet darling, and tell me, had not spring begun to bloom ere thou didst take thy flight from home, and did not thy mistress sometimes ramble to those haunts, where I have so often walked with her alone?

'"Yes, sometimes she went toward the spot, but soon came back.

'"Was she alone?

'"Usually, and always gay.

'"Was she not sometimes wont to speak to thee of her friends?

'"Sometimes she would mention them.

'"But tell me, sweetest bird, had I a place among them?

'"Your name seldom escaped her lips.

'"But hast thou not been present when she had received a letter from an absent friend?

'"Oh, often enough. I have seen her lay down the letter with a very serious look, and either take up a book or pursue some other avocation.

'"Hast thou not sometimes observed a tear of pity in her lovely eyes?

'"*Never*, she is too wise for that.

'"Hold, Dove, I will pluck the fairest feather from thy wing, if thou dare again to pervert language, by giving the sacred name of wisdom to such impenetrable hardness of heart.

'"If you use me thus for speaking the truth, I must instantly fly away.

'"Stay, my bird, I will do thee no harm.

'"Then I consent to tarry with you; but why have you ceased to ask questions? and why is your countenance so sad?

'"Nay, now I thought I had a cheerful look.

'"Can you call that cheerfulness, which is but the flimsy disguise of an old inveterate sorrow—a captivity from which you vainly struggle to escape? Yet you appeared so glad when I first approached, that I wonder what can have happened since to produce the sudden change; sure I am I have not wronged you! No, by all the powers of Olympus, I would not have done aught to injure you, for never have I perceived so strong an expression of anguish in any face as I now perceive in your countenance, and yet you appear to have a heart pure from self-reproach.

'"Come hither, my sweet bird, rest on my lyre, and I will play thee a song of a certain *Fanny*, the dear and only object of my existence. Why droops thy little fluttering pinion? and why art thou so sad? "Oh, cease to play that strain, or I fly for shelter to yon dark copse, and behold thee no more."

'"Remain with me, my pretty companion, and I will cease to sing. Yet, one word more, and I have done. Why does your mistress impute my not seeing her previous to her departure to neglect, when she ought to have known, my absence had another and far different source?

'"You require of me too much—I am but her messenger, and pretend not to divine her secret thoughts."

'In this manner I prattled with your little dove, till we were interrupted by a party of intruders, who dragged me from the delicious wood, the beautiful shore, and my beloved companion.

'Would you again write to me? Letters are usually but eight days on the road, though this has made such a tedious journey. If you seriously mean to write an ode on Miss Hagenbruch's marriage, I beg you will send it to me. You may perhaps happen to

lay your hand on another ode you once promised to return, and in which one line runs thus,

'How blest were my days while a stranger to love!'

An interesting picture of the poet is drawn by his wife, in a letter, which has been preserved in Mrs. Barbauld's selections from the correspondence of Samuel Richardson, and which is subjoined.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

'*Hamburg*, 14 *March*, 1758.

'You are very kind, Sir, to wish to know every thing of your Hamburg kindred. Then I will obey, and speak of nothing but myself in this letter.

'I was not the lady who hath been with two gentlemen from Gottenburg in England. If I had, never would I have waited the cold ceremony of introducing you to me. In your house I had been before you knew that I was in England. That I shall, if ever I am so happy as to come there. We had a pretty project to do it in the spring to come, but I fear that we cannot execute it. The great fiend of friendship, War, will also hinder this, I think. I fear your *Antigallicans* exceedingly, more than the Gallicans themselves; they, I must confess it, are at least more civil with neutral ships. I pray to God, to preserve you and Dr. Young till peace comes.

'We have a short letter of Dr. Young, in which he complains of his health. How does he yet? And you, who are a youth for him, how do you do yourself?

'You will know all what concerns me. Love, dear Sir, is all what me concerns! And love shall be all what I will tell you in this letter.

'In one happy night I read my husband's poem, the Messiah. I was extremely touched with it. The next day I asked one of his friends, who was the author of this poem? and this was the first time I heard Klopstock's name. I believe, I fell immediately in love with him. At the least, my thoughts were ever with him filled, especially because his friend told me very much of his character. But I had no hopes ever to see him, when quite unexpectedly I heard that he should pass through Hamburg. I wrote immediately to the same friend, for procuring by his means that I might see the author of the Messiah, when in Hamburg. He told him, that a certain girl at Hamburg wished to see him, and, for all recommendation, showed him some letters, in which I made bold to criticize Klopstock's verses. Klopstock came, and came to me. I must confess, that, though greatly prepossessed of his qualities, I never thought him the amiable youth whom I found him. This made its effect. After having seen him two hours, I was obliged to pass the evening in a company, which never had been so wearisome to me. I could not speak, I could not play; I thought I saw nothing but Klopstock. I saw him the next day, and the following, and we were very seriously friends. But the fourth day he departed. It was an strong hour the hour of his departure! He wrote soon after, and from that time our correspondence began to be a very diligent one. I sincerely believed my love to be friendship. I spoke with my friends of nothing but Klopstock, and showed his letters. They rallied me, and said I was in love. I railed at them again, and said that they must have a very friendshipless heart, if they had no idea of friendship to a man as well as to a woman. Thus it

continued eight months, in which time my friends found as much love in Klopstock's letters as in me. I perceived it likewise, but I would not believe it. At the last Klopstock said plainly, that he loved; and I startled as for a wrong thing. I answered, that it was no love, but friendship, as it was what I felt for him; we had not seen one another enough to love (as if love must have more time than friendship!). This was sincerely my meaning, and I had this meaning till Klopstock came again to Hamburg. This he did a year after we had seen one another the first time. We saw, we were friends, we loved; and we believed that we loved; and a short time after I could even tell Klopstock that I loved. But we were obliged to part again, and wait two years for our wedding. My mother would not let marry me a stranger. I could marry then without her consentment, as by the death of my father my fortune depended not on her; but this was an horrible idea for me; and thank heaven that I have prevailed by prayers! At this time knowing Klopstock, she loves him as her lifely son, and thanks God that she has not persisted. We married, and I am the happiest wife in the world. In some few months it will be four years that I am so happy, and still I dote upon Klopstock as if he was my bridegroom.

'If you knew my husband, you would not wonder. If you knew his poem, I could describe him very briefly, in saying he is in all respects what he is as a poet. This I can say with all wifely modesty..... But I dare not to speak of my husband; I am all raptures when I do it. And as happy as I am in love, so happy am I in friendship, in my mother, two elder sisters, and five other women. How rich I am!

'Sir, you have willed that I should speak of myself, but I fear I have done it too much. Yet you see how it interests me.

'I have the best compliments for you of my dear husband. My compliments to all yours. Will they increase my treasure of friendship?

'I am, Sir,

'Your most humble servant,

'M. Klopstock.'

Klopstock had begun, in 1798, to superintend a new and complete edition of his works. The first six volumes have alone received his last corrections: they contain the Odes and the Messiah. The remaining volumes are printed from the latest editions of the other works. The author ranks so highly among the poets of his country, and indeed so highly among the poets of Europe, that it is proper to examine his productions with some formality of detail.

The serious ode, says Sulzer, the first of modern critics, is, of all forms of metrical composition, the most poetic; it is that which will bear the most uncommon turns of phrase, the boldest tropes, and the most dazzling imagery. It presupposes in the poet a higher degree of intellectual excitement, a more exalted, impressed, or impassioned state of mind, during the composition, than any other effort. It is contrary, however, to the nature of human feeling that intense agitation should be lasting: it follows, that no effusion, in which it is implied, should be long. The most

rapturous and pathetic odes of the great masters are therefore generally short: nor is it so much from the importance of the topic, as from the genius of the artist, that they derive their interest: the latter aims, as Pindar expresses it, high as a mortal arm may hope to hurl the glittering shaft of praise. His end and purpose should however be single and definite; of his scope and intention he ought never to lose sight; brilliancy is no apology for incoherence: whatever is unconnected with the end in view, however striking, is but a splendid sin. The theory of Sulzer is, in a great degree, abstracted from the practice of Klopstock: he does not lose himself in those mazes of description, nor cluster together that bewildering variety of imagery, which usually constitutes the essence of an English ode: but his feelings are strong, his images lofty, his diction bold; and his thoughts stride as it were on stilts, so as to elude for a time the detection of their starting-place; without deviating, however, from their proper path. His manner will be best understood by a few translations.

THE LAKE OF ZURICH. (1750.)

'Fair is the majesty of all thy works
On the green earth, O mother nature, fair!
But fairer the glad face
Enraptur'd with their view.
Come from the vine-banks of the glittering lake—
Or—hast thou climb'd the smiling skies anew—
Come on the roseate tip
Of evening's breezy wing,
And teach my song with glee of youth to glow,
Sweet Joy, like thee—with glee of shouting youths,
Or feeling Fanny's laugh.

'Behind us far already Uto lay—
At whose foot Zurich in the quiet vale
Feeds her free sons: behind—
Receding vine-clad hills.
Unclouded beam'd the top of silver Alps;
And warmer beat the heart of gazing youths,
And warmer to their fair
Companions spoke its glow.
And Haller's Doris sang, the pride of song;
And Hirzel's Daphne, dear to Kleist and Gleim,
And we youths sang, and felt,
As each were—Hagedorn.

'Soon the green meadow took us to the cool
And shadowy forest, which becrowns the isle.
Then cam'st thou, Joy, thou cam'st
Down in full tide to us;
Yes, goddess Joy, thyself: we felt, we clasp'd,
Best sister of humanity, thyself;
With thy dear innocence
Accompanied, thyself.

'Sweet thy inspiring breath, O cheerful spring,
When the meads cradle thee, and thy soft airs
Into the hearts of youths
And hearts of virgins glide.
Thou makest feeling conqueror. Ah! through thee
Fuller, more tremulous heaves each blooming breast;
With lips spell-freed by thee
Young love unfaltering pleads.

'Fair gleams the wine, when to the social change
Of thought, or heart-felt pleasure, it invites;
And the Socratic cup,
With dewy roses bound,
Sheds through the bosom bliss, and wakes resolves,
Such as the drunkard knows not, proud resolves
Emboldening to despise
Whate'er the sage disowns.

'Delightful thrills against the panting heart
Fame's silver voice—and immortality
Is a great thought, well worth
The toil of noble men.
By dint of song to live through after-times—
Often to be with rapture's thanking tone
By name invok'd aloud,
From the mute grave invok'd—
To form the pliant heart of sons unborn—
To plant thee, love, thee, holy virtue, there—
Gold-heaper, is well worth
The toil of noble men.—

'But sweeter, fairer, more delightful 't is
On a friend's arm to know one's self a friend!
Nor is the hour so spent
Unworthy heaven above.

'Full of affection, in the airy shades
Of the dim forest, and with down-cast look
Fix'd on the silver wave,
I breath'd this pious wish:
"O were ye here, who love me though afar,
Whom singly scatter'd in our country's lap,
In lucky hallow'd hour
My seeking bosom found;
Here would we build us huts of friendship, here
Together dwell for ever."—The dim wood
A shadowy Tempe seem'd;
Elysium all the vale.'

This ode will scarsely be understood entirely on a first perusal; but an attentive examination will continually unfold new and higher beauties. Nothing so difficult as to describe a landscape with effect; the province of the painter is the simultaneous appearance, that of the poet is the successive. Yet this ode is

adapted to excite nearly as strong an emotion as the very scenery to which it alludes. The poet invokes as his inspiress, that Joy which results from the contemplation of nature: a lively picture of the appropriate feeling is called up by the lines—

> 'But fairer the glad face
> Enraptur'd with their view.'

She is beckoned from the vine-banks of the glittering lake, or from the roseate tip of the evening-clouds (beautiful circumstances of the surrounding scene) to excite that thrill of exultation which is felt by the youth who shouts, or the maid who laughs in delight. The figure of mount Uto, of Zurich lurking at its foot in the green vale, are just indicated: it is only by implication that we discover that the poet and his friends are in a boat—the receding of the hills, the arrival at the isle, betray it. His companions are select; the poets Haller and Hirzel, with the Doris and Daphne they had celebrated: he describes the nameless guests, as distinguished for sensibility to picturesque beauty, by the trait—they felt, as were each a Hagedorn. Hagedorn is the Gilpin of Germany, and has published rhapsodically on painting and landscape. The feeling of delight, which at the beginning was strong, is now warmed by the sympathy of such a band to an emotion of the most powerful kind. It reminds the poet of the moments most dear to his recollection; of the spring with its thoughts of love; of wine quaffed in the society of genius; of the glow of composition which promises immortality. To these throbbings he prefers

> 'On a friend's arm to know one's self a friend;'

and then he lays this acme of his feeling at the foot of the scene he has undertaken to praise: the utmost wish of his very friendship is, that he and his friends might live together on the isle in Lake Zurich. There is not a useless step in the edifice, and the relievos, sculptured on each, are by a master-hand.

The ode to Young may still be interesting in England; it breathes a firm conviction of the immortality of the human soul.

TO YOUNG. (1752.)

'Die, aged prophet: lo thy crown of palms
Has long been springing, and the tear of joy
Quivers on angel-lids
Astart to welcome thee.
Why linger? Hast thou not already built
Above the clouds thy lasting monument?
Over thy night-thoughts too
The pale free-thinkers watch,
And feel there 's prophecy amid the song,
When of the dead-awakening trump it speaks,
Of coming final doom,
And the wise will of heaven.
Die: thou hast taught me that the name of death
Is to the just a glorious sound of joy:
But be my teacher still,
Become my genius there.

THE TWO MUSES. (1752.)

'I saw—tell me, was I beholding what now happens, or was I beholding futurity?—I saw with the Muse of Britain the Muse of Germany engaged in competitory race—flying warm to the goal of coronation.

'Two goals, where the prospect terminates, bordered the career: oaks of the forest shaded the one; near to the other waved palms in the evening-shadow.

'Accustomed to contest stepped she from Albion proudly into the arena—as she stepped, when, with the Grecian Muse and with her from the Capitol, she entered the lists.

'She beheld the young trembling rival; who trembled, yet with dignity; glowing roses worthy of victory streamed flaming over her cheek, and her golden hair flew abroad.

'Already she retained with pain in her tumultuous bosom the contracted breath; already she hung bending forwards toward the goal; already the herald was lifting the trumpet, and her eyes swam with intoxicating joy.

'Proud of her courageous rival, prouder of herself, the lofty Britoness measured, but with noble glance, thee, Tuiskone: "Yes, by the bards, I grew up with thee in the grove of oaks:

'"But a tale had reached me that thou wast no more. Pardon, O Muse, if thou beest immortal, pardon that I but now learn it. Yonder at the goal alone will I learn it.

'"There it stands. But dost thou see the still further one, and its crowns also? This represt courage, this proud silence, this look, which sinks fiery upon the ground, I know:

'"Yet weigh once again, ere the herald sound a note dangerous to thee. Am I not she, who have measured myself with her from Thermopylæ, and with the stately one of the seven hills?"

'She spake: the earnest decisive moment drew nearer, with the herald. "I love thee," answered

quick, with looks of flame, Teutona, " Britoness; I love thee to enthusiasm;

' " But not warmer than immortality, and those palms: touch, if so wills thy genius, touch them before me; yet will I, when thou seizest it, seize also the crown.

' " And, O how I tremble! O ye immortals, perhaps I may reach first the high goal: then, O then, may thy breath attain my loose-streaming hair!"

' The herald shrilled. They flew with eagle-speed. The wide career smoked up clouds of dust. I looked. Beyond the oak billowed yet thicker the dust, and I lost them.'

This beautiful allegory requires no illustration; but it constitutes one of the reasons for suspecting that the younger may eventually be the victorious muse.

An ode entitled Recovery is dated in 1754; and is the only composition of that year: for the poet has arranged his odes in annals; and they form a sort of biographic chronicle of the persons and incidents, that most impressed his imagination.

MY RECOVERY. (1754.)

' Recovery, daughter of Creation, too,
Though not for immortality design'd,
The Lord of life and death
Sent thee from heaven to me.
Had I not heard thy gentle tread approach,
Not heard the whisper of thy welcome voice,
Death had, with iron foot,
My chilly forehead prest.
'T is true, I then had wander'd where the earths
Roll around suns; had stray'd along the path
Where the man'd comet soars
Beyond the armed eye;

And with the rapturous eager greet had hail'd
The inmates of those earths, and of those suns;
Had hail'd the countless host,
That throng the comet's disk;
Had ask'd the novice questions, and obtain'd
Such answers as a sage vouchsafes to youth;
Had learn'd in hours far more
Than ages here unfold!
But I had then not ended here below,
What, in the enterprising bloom of life,
Fate with no light behest
Requir'd me to begin.
Recovery, daughter of Creation too,
Though not for immortality design'd,
The Lord of life and death
Sent thee from heaven to me.'

Nothing can be more simple than the structure of this ode: it is a mere amplification or expansion of the plain propositions: *I am recovered: if I had not recovered, I should have died.* But with what precision of allegory, with what sublimity of illustration, are these propositions translated into the language of the gods!

The thirteenth ode of the second book of Horace, beginning with the words

'Ille et nefasto te posuit die—'

has an analogous origin, pursues a similar train of thought, and recurs to corresponding decorations. Yet how inferior is the Roman to the German poet; not merely because the Pagan ideas of the realm of Proserpine are less sublime than those of the Christian bard; but because, among the ideas selected, so many are superfluous and derogatory. Why should Horace,

when in fear of death, think of the Furies, or Prometheus, or Tantalus, or Orion? That he should hope to meet Sappho and Alcæus in Elysium was alone to the point.

Among the odes of Klopstock, one is dated in 1759, and entitled *Die Frühlings-feyer* (how may this be translated *the Holiday of Spring*, or *the Festival of Spring?)* which passes in Germany for the finest of the whole collection: it is quoted by Charlotte to Werter during the thunder-storm; and is as dear to pious sensibility as to critics of the sublime. I shall strip it of its metrical ornaments, and reduce it to verbal prose; a form of translation, which, if less gratifying to those who read for amusement, is more instructive to those who pursue information.

THE FESTIVAL OF SPRING. (1759.)

'Not into the ocean of all the worlds would I plunge—not hover where the first created, the glad choirs of the sons of light, adore, deeply adore, and sink in ecstasy—

'Only around the drop on the bucket—only around the earth would I hover and adore. Hallelujah! hallelujah! the drop on the bucket flowed also out of the hand of the Almighty.

'When out of the hand of the Almighty the greater earths flowed, when the streams of light rushed, and the seven stars began to be—then flowedst thou, drop, out of the hand of the Almighty.

'When a stream of light rushed, and our sun began to be—a cataract of waves of light poured, as adown the rock a storm-cloud, and girded Orion—then flowedst thou, drop, out of the hand of the Almighty.

'Who are the thousand-fold thousands, who all the myriads that inhabit and have inhabited the drop—and who am I? Hallelujah to the Creator! more than the earths which flowed, more than the seven stars which conglomerated out of beams.

'But thou, worm of spring, which, greenly-golden, art fluttering beside me, thou livest, and art perhaps, ah! not immortal?

'I went out to adore, and I weep. Forgive, forgive this tear also to the finite one, O thou who shalt be!

'Thou wilt unveil to me all doubts, thou who shalt guide me through the dark valley of death—I shall then learn whether the golden worm had a soul.

'Art thou but fashioned dust, son of May, become again fugitive dust, or whatever else the Eternal wills?

'Shed anew, mine eyes, tears of joy: thou, my harp, praise the Lord. Wreathed again with palms, wreathed is my harp. I sing the Lord. Here I stand: around me all is omnipotence, all is miracle.

'With deep awe I behold the creation; for thou, nameless one, thou madest it. Airs, which around me blow, and breathe soft coolness on my glowing forehead, you, wondrous airs, the Lord, the Infinite, sent.

'But now they become still; they scarsely breathe; the morning-sun grows sultry; clouds stream aloof; visible is he who comes—the Eternal.

'Now swoop, rush, whirl the winds: bows the wood: billows the stream. Visible as thou canst be to mortals, yes, thou art visible, thou Infinite One!

'The wood bows, the stream flees, and I fall not on my face? Lord, Lord, God merciful and gracious, thou approaching Power! have mercy on me!

'Art thou angry, O Lord, that night is thy garment? That night is blessing to the earth. Lord, thou art

not angry. It comes to scatter refreshment on the strengthened corn, on the heart-gladdening grape. Father, thou art not angry.

'All is still before thee, approaching Power! round about all is still. Even the worm covered with gold looks up. It is perhaps not soulless, it is immortal.

'Ah that I could praise thee, Lord, as I would! More and more thou revealest thyself—darker grows the night about thee—fuller of blessing.

'See ye the sign of his presence, the darting beam? Hear ye Jehovah's thunder—hear ye it—hear ye it—the shattering thunder of the Lord?

'Lord, Lord, God merciful and gracious! adored, praised, be thy holy name!

'And the storm-winds, that carry the thunder, how they roar, how with loud waves they stream athwart the forest! Now they hush. Slow wanders the black cloud.

'See ye the new sign of his presence, the darting beam? Hear ye, high in the cloud, the thunder of the Lord? It calls: Jehovah.....Jehovah.....and the struck forest smokes.

'But not our hut.——Our father bade his destroyer to pass over our hut.

'Ah! already rushes heaven and earth with the gracious rain: now is the earth (how it thirsted!) refreshed: and the heaven (how it was laden!) disburdened.

'Behold, Jehovah comes no longer in storm; in gentle pleasant murmurs comes Jehovah, and under him bends the bow of peace!'

This ode has found so many praisers, it is time it should find a critic: to the general sublimity, to the

fine description of the thunder-storm, and to the truly pathetic burst—'but not our hut'—I have every wish to do justice. Yet surely the ode might have been split into two with advantage. The introductory contemplations on the origin of the planetary system, and the immortality of the soul, however lofty, moral, and fine, have very little to do with the thunder-storm, of which the description forms the business of the poem. The emerald beetle, which is employed as a connecting medium, may be capable of resurrection, and yet appear comparatively insignificant, between the creation of Orion and the burning of a forest: it borders on an instance of sinking, of the bathos. The hour of the tempest is late in the forenoon; for we are told, the morning sun grows sultry *(die morgensonne wird schwül)*, yet it closes with a rainbow, which no noon-day sun in May ever produces; the altitude at that season being too great. The harp wreathed with palms, in the psalmist's hand, shifts the scene of the poem to Palestine: but the astronomical science displayed is not there in costume. On the whole, however, this poem approaches in manner and merit the best religious odes of the Hebrews.

Finer surely is the following wish for the introduction of music among the rites of public worship: it is entitled

THE CHOIRS. (1767.)

'Dear dream, which I must ne'er behold fulfill'd,
Thou beamy form, more fair than orient day,
Float back, and hover yet
Before my swimming sight.

'Do they wear crowns in vain, that they forbear
To realize the heavenly portraiture?
Shall marble hearse them all,
Ere the bright change be wrought?

'Hail, chosen ruler of a freer world!
For thee shall bloom the never-fading song,
Who bid'st it be. To thee
Religion's honors rise.

'Yes—could the grave allow—of thee I'd sing:
For once would Inspiration string the lyre—
The streaming tide of joy,
My pledge for loftier verse.

'Great is thy deed, my wish. He has not known
What 't is to melt in bliss, who never felt
Devotion's raptures rise
On sacred music's wing:

'Ne'er sweetly trembled, when adoring choirs
Mingle their hallow'd songs of solemn praise;
And, at each awful pause,
The unseen choirs above.

'Long float around my forehead, blissful dream!
I hear a Christian people hymn their God,
And thousands kneel at once,
Jehovah, Lord, to thee.

'The people sing their Saviour, sing the Son;
Their simple song according with the heart,
Yet lofty, such as lifts
Th' aspiring soul from earth.

'On the rais'd eye-lash, on the burning cheek,
The young tear quivers; for they view the goal,
Where shines the golden crown,
Where angels wave the palm.

'Hush! the clear song wells forth. Now flows along
Music, as if pour'd artless from the breast;
For so the master will'd
To lead its channel'd course.

'Deep, strong it seizes on the swelling heart,
Scorning what knows not to call down the tear,
Or shroud the soul in gloom,
Or steep in holy awe.

'Borne on the deep slow sounds a holy awe
Descends. Alternate voices sweep the dome,
Then blend their choral force,
The theme *Impending Doom*,

'Or the triumphal *Hail to him, who rose*,
While all the host of heaven o'er Sion's hill
Hover'd, and praising saw
Ascend the Lord of Life.

'One voice alone, one harp alone, begins;
But soon joins in the ever-fuller choir.
The people quake. They feel
A glow of heavenly fire.

'Joy! joy! they scarse support it. Rolls aloud
The organ's thunder—now more loud and more—
And to the shout of all
The temple trembles too.

'Enough; I sink. The wave of people bows
Before the altar—bows the front to earth;
They taste the hallow'd cup,
Devoutly, deeply, still.

'One day, when rest my bones beside a fane,
Where thus assembled worshippers adore,
The conscious grave shall heave,
Its flowrets sweeter bloom,

'And on the morn that from the rock He sprang,
When panting Praise pursues his radiant way,
I 'll hear—*He rose again*
Shall vibrate through the tomb.'

The words in Italics are passages from an Easter-hymn of Luther's, very popular in Germany; they might have been replaced by analogous sentences from Scott's *Angels, roll the rock away;* but even then, the allusion would have escaped very many readers. The ode itself is deservedly classed among the most correct and complete of Klopstock's. As a mere description of public worship accompanied with fine music, it is worthy to have been composed in the papal chapel: but it tends to realize all that it describes, and to impress strongly the belief in resurrection.

The Lamentation on missing a concert, at which Windeme, a female singer of eminence in Germany, had distinguished herself, runs thus:

LAMENTATION. (1771.)

'Lament with me, all ye votaries of the goddess Polyhymnia.

'Windeme sang. Bach's and Lolli's strings resounded with her song; and I was afar, and heard it not: heard not the silver tones of the strings stream, heard not, above the silver tones, Windeme's soft voice, and softer soul hover.

'An image of the sweet song arose in my fancy, which endeavoured to complete it; but it sank away: and alas in vain I call'd after the fading image "Eurydice" with regret "Eurydice."

'Lament with me, all ye votaries of the goddess Polyhymnia.'

This again displays the hand of a master. By the exquisite taste evinced in introducing in its present place a single interjection of regret, more effect is produced than by Pope's whole ode on St. Cecilia's day.

The second volume of Klopstock's odes is far inferior to the earlier: it comprises several religious poems; but more which relate to the French revolution. The topic of these is great, and well adapted for the highest flights of praise and of blame. Those which respect its commencement of course glitter with panegyric; those which respect its conclusion necessarily glare with abhorrence. The poet seems, however, to have outlived his feeling. His enthusiasm has a character of straining; his aversion, of rhetorical anxiety; he is no longer on the legs of a colossus, but in the seven-league boots of a dwarf. He caricatures his own manner, and betrays to his critic the indefensible side of his plan of composition. We will translate into verbal prose (but this is a tedious effort, for which the reader ought to be grateful) one ode, against Marat, entitled

THE NEW. (1793.)

'Nothing new happens under the sun? And the pursuers of that Freedom, such as history knows not, are celebrating a festival of victory, at which this daughter of heaven lies silent, in a chain, which their madness earned her, and are singing in tones, that abuse the people, a hottentotade for the feast of the sansculottes.

'"Uamp Marat, we adore thee, who exhibitest to the docile pupils of our instructors all the divinities of the seven-arm'd stream. To thee, before whom Mirabeau faded, who wilt dazzle them all out of our temple, Nuap Marat! Marat Hirop!

'Pandæmonium was the temple before thou, Marat, enteredst; but thou appearedst, and it became Pantheon. Marat Ghaip! Live the club-municipal-oligocratic-guillotine-republic! and Ghaip preserve us from hunger and plague!"

'Curses also they utter: their curses rebellow afar. "La Fayette, and you Roland, Rochefoucauld, Bailly, and you of Etampes."

'"Blessed be thou Jourdan, and Ronsin, and"——But my voice fails, and refuses to name more, or what, or how many crimes, history shall one day engrave in her brass, for the sentence of posterity.

'The living world is posterity: it sits in judgment, and judges alike, when the deed stands naked and visible. It is naked that they want scoundrels in power, because they want power; and, having used them, send them to the scaffold.

'They know their people: it wants despots and spectacles; it runs to that theatre where one murders another.

'Marat escaped the scaffold. But he is to overawe them, though dead; and therefore they make him a god.

'The vengeance taken on the citizens of Toulon is notorious. Already crowned as victims for death, they submit to foreign protection. It was no civic duty to yield to butchery: nor was suicide allowed: but life was allowed under a saving arm.

'What happened is notorious. When deputies were

to go to prison; when the Rhone stream'd blood, when she (horribly stands she naked with hissing-snake-locks, blue face, and burning eyes) who was called Deliverance and was Conquest, after the breach of the most solemn promise, lifted up her head to the terror of all, lifted it out of hell, and compelled the people to pronounce with grief the beloved name of Liberty.

'But who can recount the deeds of brazen impudence? Who would? Turn rather aside from the terrible one. Single trees conceal not the infinite forest, neither do some good actions conceal the host of black deeds.

'Whole long centuries have passed away, before the passing one brought forth this, alas! this New: before, after such fraternity, such confidential festivals, where Joy mingled in the dance of lovers and of maids, this horrible, blind, bloody, abortion rolled forth under the sun, turning horror to stone, and stone to pity.

'O weep not tears too bitterly; for Liberty only wears chains, she is not fled. Do ye know on what salvation she is pondering? And do ye know whether it will not be with this as with others? "Alas, they know me not!" she thinks; "but how should distant men know who the immortals are? therefore I will send them instead of me, that they may know me, a mortal: Go; Arria—Corday."—She went.'

The liberties of language in this ode are so extraordinary, that they recall certain choruses of Aristophanes; nor are the liberties of sentiment much less harsh or extravagant: yet the genius of Klopstock is strongly shown in the main conception. The idea of composing a chorus for the apotheosis of Marat; and

the determination of the goddess of Liberty to send Charlotte Corday against his life, with the impressive epithet Arria, which at once indicates her self-devotion, are grand outlines; but, as is too usual, they are filled up very imperfectly. His ode-writing is a sort of short-hand poetry, the particles and terminations of idea are skipped, and the reader is left to make sense of the stimulant words. On the whole, the odes of Klopstock (for of the chorus-dramas the merit consists in the odes) constitute his strongest claims on fame. Their form has no parallel in modern literature. Klopstock was formed by the study of the Bible; and writes about modern occurrences somewhat as a Hebrew bard would have done. In force of thought and of feeling his finer rhapsodies are unequalled; far-darting thought, heart-cleaving feeling, they indeed display; but they are executed with an affected nakedness of manner, with a stripping flaying hate of unnecessary ornament, and even of necessary connexion. They resemble the dry bones of Ezekiel, risen in the attitudes of vigorous life, and on the point of springing through the gates of Paradise; but still awaiting the graceful contour and colouring of the uncreated flesh. It is the more remarkable, that Klopstock should chiefly attend to strength of outline in his odes; as his epic poetry is faulty by excess of detail, by overlabouring the minute and local ornaments.

With the third volume begins the Messiah, an epic poem of twenty books in hexameter verse. Several attempts had already been made in Christendom to employ the gospel-history as the fable of an epopæa. Of these, Vida's Christiad (of which one English translation by Cranwell appeared in 1768, and another by Granan in 1772) is the most successful: it excels

in distribution of story; it is marred by paganism of ornament. Klopstock displays more propriety than Vida in the Judæan costume of his allusions and phraseology, and more sublimity in the colossal cast of his characters and imagery. He has gained by the study of Milton and of Young; but Young seems to have misled him into the pursuit of hyperbole and the indulgence of rhapsody: he is continually forgetting the business of his poem, that he may give way to religious apostrophes; he tires, which Vida does not, by excess of superfluous anecdote and contemplative pietism. The future poet may abridge him into excellence, as Dryden contracted the Palamon of Chaucer.

The world possesses as yet only two epic poems, which delight alike in every country, in every language, in every age: the Iliad and the Jerusalem Delivered. Virgil but feebly pleases those who can recur to Virgil's sources: he is, with many readers, the substitute; with none, the companion, to Homer. Milton, Camoens, Klopstock, are classics only in their native land. Ariosto's is a book of tales, full of pleasant passages, but without drift or wholeness of design: all is episode. The action of the Oberon wants grandeur; the characters are few and not heroic; yet it approaches nearer to the idea of an European and perpetual classic, than any other narrative poem composed since Tasso's. 'The epopæa, in its highest sense,' says the critic Sulzer, 'ought to have (1) unity of action, and (2) majesty of action; (3) it should adhere to the epic in contradistinction to the historic and to the dramatic method of delineation; (4) the leading persons and actions should be prominently pourtrayed; and (5) it should preserve a very pathetic but not wholly enthusiastic tone of narration. Every poem which

has these requisites deserves the name of epopæa.'

This name will assuredly not be denied to the Messiah of Klopstock; but it may better be discussed in what degree it meets the preconceptions of the critic, after a concise analysis, than while the reader is wholly a stranger perhaps to the nature and splendour of its contents. The opening has thus been translated into Latin by the celebrated Lessing.

'Quam sub carne Deus lustrans terrena novavit
Crimine depressis, cane, mens æterna, salutem,
Infelicis Adæ generi dum fœderis icti
Sanguine reclusit fontem cœlestis amoris.
Hoc fatum æterni. Frustra se opponere tentat
Divinæ proli Satanas: Judæaque frustra
Nititur. Est aggressus opus, totumque peregit.

'Ast, quacunque pates, soli res cognita Jovæ,
Quæ jam mersa latet tenebris, arcesne poësin?
Hanc in secessu amoto rumore loquaci
Oranti, omnicreans Flamen, mihi redde sacratam!
Hanc, plenam igne pio, mansuris viribus auge,
Et mihi siste deam, tua quæ vestigia carpat!
Hanc latebris gaudens, qua tu petis ima Jehovæ,
Armet, scrutator Flamen, sapientia vivax!
Ut mihi pandantur nebulis arcana remotis,
Messiam ut dicar digno celebrare volatu.

'Qui vos nobilitat, miseri, si nôstis honorem,
Dum terras adiit salvatum conditor orbis,
Tendite vati animos. Huc tendite, parva caterva
Nobilium! Dulci queis non est carior alter
Fratre Deo, placido vultu quos læta sonantes
Opprimet usque animis revolutus terminus ævi,
Hymnum audite meum! Vobis sacra vita sit Hymnus!

'Haud procul urbe sacrâ, quæ se caligine fœdans
Quassabat stupido delectus calce coronam,
Quondam sede Dei, sanctorum matre parentum,
Sacrilegis fusi manibus nunc sanguinis ara,
Haud procul hac, sese Messias plebe removit,
Tunc cultrice quidem, sed non pietatis honore,
Quem sine labe videt cordis penetralia scrutans,
Intrat secessus. Hic gressibus obvia turba
Substernit palmas! illic Hosanna resultat!
Frustra. Rex titulo, nec rex cognoscitur ulli,
Nec, quod vibratum verbum patris ore benigno
Certa salus aderat, tenebris sentitur operto,
Labitur ipse Deus cœlo. Pollentia verba,
Denuo "claratus clarabitur!" æthere missa,
Integra præsentis Jovæ documenta ministrant.
Ast qui te capiat, Numen, mens sordida spectans?
Hæc inter propius Jesus accedere patri,
Qui populo iratus, demissa voce per auras
Nequicquam attonito, superas remearet ad oras,
Divinam mentem nullo cogente novatum,
Terrigenas, caram gentem, sibi morte piandi.

'Auroram versus sanctam supereminet urbem
Mons, qui culminibus divinum sæpe patronum
Condiderat, veluti templi penetralibus imis,
Sub patris aspectu nocturna silentia longis
Ducentem precibus. Montem contendit in illum;
Nec comes ire negat vatum monumenta Joannes
Visurus, placidam divini imitator amici,
Ut noctem sacris orans duraret in antris.
Illinc Messias superat fastigia. Flamma
Protinus en cinctum! veniens de monte Moria
Quæ placabat adhuc, usti sub imagine, patrem,
Spargit oliva gelu circum, dum mollior aura
Ora, velut Jovam prodenti murmure, lambit.
Messiæ famulans aulæ cœlestis alumnus,
Æthereis dictus Gabriel, sub tegmine cedri
Halantis cessans voluit secum ipse salutem

Instauratam orbi cœlique tropæa, redemptor
Obvius ut patri tacito pede præterit illum.
Speratum Gabriel non nescit surgere tempus;
Obstupet, exultat, suavis vox excidit ore:

'Num, divine, patri supplex, elidere somnum
Gaudes, an fessis mulcentem admittere membris?
Ibo immortali capiti, sis, strata paratum.
En viridans proles cedri sua brachia tendit,
Ambrosiusque frutex tendit. Propullulat imo
Monte silens muscus vatum monumenta pererrans.
Hic, divine, tibi, concedas, strato parabo.
Instantes operi quis languor colligat artus!
Quo mortale genus tolerans dignaris amore!

'Dixit. Ad hunc Jesus clementia lumina torquet,
Stans gravis in summo montis pulsantis Olympum.
Hic Deus. Hic orat. Terris jam magnus ab imis
Auditur clangor, volventes infima plausus
Antra strepunt, pulsu vocis commota potentis.
Haud vocis quæ dira polis trepidantibus, igne
Nubibus abrepto tonitrusque fragore, precatur;
Sed blandæ illius, quæ nil nisi spirat amorem,
Quâ telluri olim paradisi forma redibit.
Circuitu nigrant per amœna crepuscula colles,
Non secus ac hilares hortus jam cingat Eoüs.
Quæ Jesus, aktâ tantum vi numinis ipse
Atque sator penetrant. Homini datur ista referre.

'Tandem, summe parens, lux fœderis atque salutis
Advenit: æternum sacra lux majoribus orsis,
Orso ipso primo, socia quod prole patrâsti,
Surgens, illa mihi radiis resplendet iisdem,
Queis olim vastam seriem penetrantibus ævi
Resplendens avidis oculis prærepta placebat.
Primâ labe vias obstructi pandere cœli,
Tunc tribus unus erat, quod nôsti, fervor amoris.

Regnantes per inane silens nudumque creatis,
Pulsi ardore sacro, quod nondum traxerat auras,
Sede genus celsâ contemplabamur egenum.
Heu miseras gentes! Heu quondam morte carentem
Effigiem nostri, nunc cuncto crimine fœdam!
Vidi infelices! Vidisti me lacrymantem!
Tunc tu: Rursum homines formemus imagine divâ!
Sanguinis hinc natum est fœdus penetrabile nulli,
Et typum ad æternum repetenda creatio mundi.
Scis, divine sator, testantur sidera cœli,
Huic opero immenso quoties ego sponte dicatus
Flagrârim miseris numen involvere membris;
Heu! quoties, tellus, te multo sidere mixtam
Spectavi exultans! Et tu sacra terra Canæa,
In clivo quoties fusuro sanguine sacri
Fœderis humenti, rorantia lumina fixi!
Nunc quæ pertentant animum mihi dulce trementem
Gaudia!'

The introduction, or annunciation, of an epic poem usually consists of an exposition and an invocation: the simpler it is, the less attention it solicits, the humbler an expectation it raises, the better. Had Klopstock's annunciation contained the first seven lines only, it would have possessed these requisites. His exposition of the subject is tolerably neat, and sufficiently full: but if he chose to invoke only his 'immortal soul,' he should not have talked, in other subsequent addresses to his inspiring dæmon, of the Muse of Sion. The long apology to the Holy Ghost for the undertaking, and the homiletic adjuration to his audience to *sing the eternal son by a godly life*, are superfluous and flat.

Of Klopstock's first book the most prominent scene is the oath, which Jehovah and Jesus administer to

each other on mount Moria, to perform and accept the atonement. Its effect is thus described:

> ' While spake the Eternals
> Thrill'd thro' nature an awful earthquake. Souls, that had never
> Known the dawning of thought, now started, and felt for the first time.
> Shudders and trembling of heart assail'd each seraph; his bright orb,
> Hush'd as the earth when tempests are nigh, beside him was pausing.
> But in the souls of future Christians vibrated transports,
> Sweet foretastes of immortal existence. Foolish against God
> Aught to have plann'd or done, and alone yet alive to despondence,
> Fell from their thrones in the fiery abysses the Spirits of evil;
> Rocks broke loose from the smouldering caverns, and fell on the falling:
> Howlings of woe, far-thundering crashes, resounded thro' hell's vaults.'

This passage is versified in Klopstock's own metre, who substitutes at will trochees to spondees throughout his hexameters; and it is an epitome of his powers and his failings. The idea of all worlds in the universe stopping on their axles, to the alarm of the directing seraphs, is the insuperable of sublimity. Had this grand thought been presented by itself in simple singleness, it would have compelled a pause of awe. It would have seemed to bear that relation to the universal God, which the Olympus bears to the Greek Jupiter; and the passage might have challenged comparison with the nod of Jove in the first book of the Iliad. But of all the other imaginable effects which present themselves to the mind of Klopstock, he cannot refrain from recording any one, even the childish mysticism of dating the new birth of souls unborn; although, as it excites no picture in the mind, it was every way unfit for the purposes of the poet. The frontispiece to the third volume represents this interview of the first and second persons of the Trinity.

The second canto opens with a purposeless dialogue

between Adam and Eve. Next occurs a possession; in which Samma, the insane, or demoniac, person, dashes to pieces against a rock his young son. Jesus comes by, exorcises and banishes to hell the evil spirit, who turns out to be Satan himself. This episode contains pathetic passages; such is the tender lamentation of Joel, such is the horrid death of Benoni: but it is too tragical for the occasion. Jesus, by curing the possessed man, without raising to life the unfortunate boy, leaves an imperfect impression of benevolence; and appears, from the whole dialogue, to have more at heart the conflict with Satan than the service to man.

Satan's arrival in hell, his reception there, the assembly of the fallen angels, the resolution to effect the death of God in the person of Jesus, the protest of Abbadona, and the dispatch of Satan and Adramelech on the impious errand, constitute the first truly epic scene. It is worthy of the rival of Milton, and would, no doubt, have formed the incipient scene, had not Milton already begun with a council of devils. The vulcanic landscape of Klopstock's hell is wisely confined to natural appearances: he builds no hall of fireworks, nor compresses the inherent colossality of his devils; but he aggrandizes the nature of the surrounding scenery to their dimensions. The eruption of a vulcano announces the return of Satan (whose arrival is copied from Milton's tenth book), and convenes the inmates of the abyss:

'Like huge ilands uptorn from their deep seats,
Came loud-rushing, resistless, the princes of darkness to Satan;
Countless as billows advancing to burst on a mountainous sea-shore
Follow'd the rabble of spirits in thousands of thousands successive.
Stalking, they sang of their deeds to endless infamy sentenc'd,

> Proudly striking their splitten, by thunder splitten, and hoarse harps,
> Now dishallow'd and vocal to death-tones only. So mingle
> Yells from the slaughter-field, where perish and murder the wicked,
> Scatter'd abroad by the north-winds, roaring that ride in the midnight:
> Echo hears, and aloud more wildly rebellows the bellow.'

This description is good, except the penultimate line. Why should north-winds, rather than south-winds, scatter the din of battle? The winds of midnight are of all others least likely to scatter it. But where stimulant ideas are excited, poets often forget to consider whether they naturally associate, and belong to the place assigned them. If Klopstock's theatre surpass, his speeches fall short of Milton's: they abound less with arguments and maxims; more with flights of eloquence and writhings of emotion. They describe well the enkindled mind of the speakers; but they want drift, tendency to attain an end, and rather resemble soliloquies than addresses. Satan's speech is too expanded; the ironical narrative of Christ's infancy, however, is well placed. Adramelech's speech has been enfeebled in this final edition; the original blasphemy of it Klopstock could not abide even in his devil: Abbadona's speech contains much fortunate heroic parody.

The third book introduces Jesus and the twelve disciples at the foot of a mountain, surrounded by their several guardian angels. Selia, a seraph, drops abruptly from the sun, and asks from these angels a delineation of their respective wards. This affords an opportunity of offering a description of their various characters; an idea apparently drawn from that of the Grecian chiefs, given by Helen to Priam, on the tower of the Scæan gate. But how artificially is the imitation introduced, and how tediously executed! These

are not the physical creations of a poet, visible, audible, and active, but the moral portraits of a historian who sums up the characters he is interring.

The approach of the tempter to Judas Iscariot is illustrated by a simile of exquisite finish and beauty:

> 'So at the midnight-hour draws nigh to the slumbering city
> Pestilence. Couch'd on his broad-spread wings lurks under the rampart
> Death, bale-breathing. As yet unalarm'd the inhabitants wander;
> Close to his nightly lamp the sage yet watches; and high friends,
> Over wine not unhallow'd, in shelter of odorous bowers,
> Talk of the soul and of friendship, and weigh their immortal duration.
> But too soon shall frightful death, in a day of affliction,
> Pouncing, over them spread; in a day of moaning and anguish:
> When, with wringing of hands, the bride for the bridegroom loud wails—
> When, now of all her children bereft, the desperate mother
> Furious curses the day on which she bore, and was born—when
> Weary, with hollower eye, amid the carcases, totter
> Even the buriers. Till the sent death-angel, descending
> Thoughtful on thunder-clouds, beholds all lonesome and silent,
> Gazes the wide desolation, and long broods over the graves, fixt.'

These lines, particularly those comprehended between—*as yet unalarm'd the inhabitants wander*, and *amid the carcases totter even the buriers*—form a most striking and pathetic picture of the distress resulting from a pestilence: but, as they are introduced by the *allegoric* personifications of death and plague, they ought not to be terminated by the *mythologic* personification of an angel of death: the machinery should have been consistent. Nor ought the main figure of a simile to resemble so nearly the object of comparison, as an angel of death resembles Satan.

The fourth book convenes the sanhedrim; in which Caiaphas the high-priest, and Philo a pharisee, press for apprehending Jesus, but Nicodemus and Gamaliel for tolerating him. Judas is finally introduced, and his testimony purchased by the prevailing party. This

scene is, we think, the finest in the whole work: it has dignity, purpose, struggle, warmth, and nature. The orations have loftiness, variety, and force; the men are strongly impassioned and characteristically discriminated; and the whole transaction strictly belongs to the main business of the poem.

It is succeeded by the insipid episodical Platonic love-story of Cidli and Semida; and by the passover, during which Jesus instituted a supper commemorative of his mission. This farewell meal abounds with tenderly pathetic circumstances; and the whole book is bespangled with many admirable similes: the exclusive daring of Philo is nobly compared:

> 'So when on mountains unclimb'd encamps tremendous a nigh storm,
> One of the black huge clouds, most arm'd for destroying, advances
> Bulging alone: while others but seize on the tops of the cedars,
> This from the east to the west shall enkindle centennial forests,
> Fire the haughtily-towering league-long cities of monarchs,
> Burying homes of men in ashes and ruin, with thund'rings
> Thousandfold.'

German hexameters rendered word for word seldom slide into English so well as these.

With the fifth book is introduced the visit of Omnipresence to Christ in the garden, his agony and bloody sweat. The journey of the Almighty is announced by *ten thousanders* (so Klopstock calls the thunders which are heard at his setting off); and is measured by sun-miles, the distance from sun to sun. The inhabitants of the star Adamida see the godhead passing by. This star and our earth are twin planets, made at one time, and stocked at one time with similar Adams and Eves. In Adamida the forbidden fruit has not been gathered: it is already peopled brimfull with immortal men, women, and children, whose paradisial

plenty, poetic piety, and patriarchal pleasures, are elegantly depicted. Criticism willingly winks at the inconsistencies, in favour of the attractions of this description of Eden retained. Abbadona, a penitent fallen-angel, who comes to behold the agony, although an episodical, is an interesting personage: he is always the most welcome of the supernatural beings. It was this worship of Christ by Abbadona, which Angelica Kauffman selected for the subject of the picture she painted and presented to Klopstock in token of her admiration.

The fourth volume opens with the sixth book of the Messiah, in which the arrestation of Jesus takes place. The apparition of a death-angel to Philo, when he threatens the capital punishment of Jesus, with the words—'I appoint to meet thee in the valley of Benhinnon; there shalt thou see my face again'—is a well-projected parody of the genius appearing to Brutus; but it is not fortunately executed. It wants, like almost every transplantation of Klopstock's, conciseness, simple grandeur, and paucity of impressive ornaments. Too much is said by the angel; too many things about him are described; nor is the second appearance better managed in the thirteenth canto.

The seventh book narrates the penitence and suicide of Judas, tragically and sublimely. The interference of Portia, the wife of Pilate, at the solicitation of Mary, the mother of Jesus, to obtain the release of the son, is conducted with nobleness, tenderness, and propriety. 'The mother of the Uncreated' displays 'a loftiness admired even by angels.' The scourging, the crowning with thorns, and the sortition of the garments, are hurried over with prudent rapidity.

In the eighth book the crucifixion is effected. An

eclipse—produced by the miraculous interposition of the star Adamida, which Uriel is ordered to guide between the sun and the earth—gives rise to a celebrated description:

——' Earth grew still at the sinking twilight; the twilight
Gloomier; stiller the earth. Broad ghastly shadows, with pale gleams
Streak'd more dimly and more, flow'd troublous over the mountains.
Dumb withdrew the fowls of heav'n to the depths of the forest;
Beasts of the field stole fearful to hide in the loneliest caverns;
Even the worm slunk down. In the air reign'd death-like silence.
Man, slow-breathing, look'd at the sky. The gathering darkness
Now was night. The star stood still (so Uriel guided),
Quenching the sun-light wholly. In horribly visible midnight
Veil'd were the world's wide fields. Sound was not. But Jesus
Hung on the cross, mute: mixt with his blood slow trickled the death-sweat.
Struck as with judgments of God earth lay. More struck to the inmost,
Stands not a friend by the corse of his far hence early departed
Friend: nor the man, that feels in its wholeness the loss of the noble,
Over the patriot's urn, who leaves unended a great deed;
Long unmoving he hangs on the holy ruin, and weeps not—
Shudders of anguish seize him at once. So broke on a sudden
Earth from its stillness, and quak'd. And with it Golgotha too quak'd
Up to the cross's summit. Now flow'd from the wounds of the victim
Faster the life everlasting, the streaming blood of atonement.
When the night-wrapt cross, with Golgotha, quak'd—overshadow'd
Deeper blackness the temple, and thee, O Jerusalem. Angels
Even beheld now first their pure light fade into evening.'

Of this passage, which a French writer not unaptly compares with the mystical sublimity of the Mahabharat, the finest portion is surely the episodical simile —the patriot mourning over a hero's urn. This sketch is wondrously beautiful; especially the

' Long unmoving he hangs on the holy ruin, and weeps not;
Shudders of anguish seize him at once.'

It is full of all that fine feeling for which Klopstock is preeminent: but it is misplaced. As a simile, it resembles too little the object of comparison; and, as a

decoration, it mars the contiguous matter. The feelings of the heart are more stimulant than the scenery of nature: we forget the darkness, which ought to be the object of attention, for this patriot mourning over a hero's urn. Here, the final delineation cannot be eclipsed: but if European religion should one day be appreciated at Benares by this poem, the divine sufferer himself might not appear so interesting a figure, as this patriot mourning over the hero's urn. Thus Poussin, after completing a classical landscape, often detaches attention from the prospect by some pathetic groupe in the foreground.

The ninth and tenth books consist of disjointed anecdotes of men and spirits, who come to view the crucifixion. Abbadona's approach in the disguise of an angel of light is borrowed from Satan's visit to Uriel, in Milton, and was worth borrowing. On the whole, these two books, and especially the latter, have as few prominent beauties of style as of conception. They terminate when Jesus 'bowed his head and died.'

The fifth volume commences with the eleventh book of the Messiah; in which the mystical Christ separates from the dead body of Jesus, and hovers into the holy of holies. The veil of the temple rends; an earthquake is felt; and many bodies of the saints, which slept, arise. Not only crowds of individuals, who partake this select resurrection, are separately enumerated; but the whole process of revivification is repeatedly described with fatiguing uniformity; it is detailed with most elegance in the following instance:

'While yet Rachel spake, arose at her feet from the still grave
Softly aspiring a cloud, such as roses inchalice, an odor
As of a vernal bower, that scatters the snow of its blossoms.
Rachel's glory illumin'd the swimming vapor with lustre,

Golden and bright, as on morning-clouds are the fringes of sunshine.
Curious follow her glances the heaving mist; she beholds it
Hovering, shapeless as yet: it ascends, sinks, glitters, approaches
Nearer and nearer. She thinks on the ever-changeful creation,
Aye to remain unfathom'd in small as in great;—nor imagines
Yet how nearly akin is the floating radiant cloudlet,
Nor into what thy voice, Atoner, is soon to transform it.
Sudden the word omnipotent sounds. Her angel is present.
Rachel swoons—she seems into tears of ecstacy melting,
Flowing adown some shadowy valley, or airily floating
Over a bank of flowers to pause, and awake on the fragrance
Newly created. At last she awakens indeed, and is conscious
Now that her soul has receiv'd its immortal and glorified body,
Heavenward gazes enraptur'd, and thanks the giver of life, God.'

The subsequent ejaculation, or hymn, is by no means comparable with this beautiful introduction. Joseph and Benjamin meet, and exult in an affectionate dialogue. The three martyrs of the fiery furnace, Azariah, Misael, and Hananiah, arise together. The resurrection of Isaiah, of Job, succeeds, but without giving rise to songs of praise worthy of such bards.

The scene then reverts to the place of crucifixion. The dead body of Jesus is pierced by the centurion. The thief, on receiving the death-blow, passes into a state of beatitude. Moses, and other spirits of the mighty dead, visit Calvary.

The burial of Jesus is contained is the twelfth book. Its tediousness is seldom relieved by eminent passages; yet a graceful sketch is given of the angel Chebar. The grief of the Saviour's mother is neither well shown nor well veiled. Klopstock's attempt at a concentration of pathos into a single exclamation, about *the bloody crown,* is quite unsuccessful; it has nothing of the *Ventrem feri* of Agrippina, or the *So I am* of Cordelia, or the *Ist Hermann todt?* of his own Thusnelda. The filial tenderness of Jesus in recommending, while on the cross, to his beloved disciple the

care of his parent, in the all-expressive and affectionate words *Behold thy mother*, had been narrated in the ninth book by Klopstock, with the moving simplicity of the gospel. Mary has now come to the sepulchre.

'She wrung her hands, and tottered and fell to the earth. They held her as they could, and sank with her.'

They raise her up. She turns on John the red dim eye. *Behold thy mother!* were the words she should have uttered, to recall that parting with her dying son, and to mark the impotence of consolation in woe like her woe. Grief ever dwells on the last words of its object.

This is bold criticism—to suggest amendments in a Klopstock, and where the delineation of feeling is concerned. You, poets of sensibility! who kiss in tears the pages of the Messiah, and pray to Genius for such inspirations, pronounce, if it be rash.

The thirteenth book is filled with visits of pilgrimage, made at the holy cross and at the holy sepulchre by the celestial loiterers, the angels, patriarchs, and prophets. A hymn in dialogue, sung by Isaiah and Daniel, arouses and disappoints expectation. The moment of the resurrection—whether it be ill-prepared, whether the profusion of antecedent miracles diminishes its relative impression, whether it be described with a too rapid or promiscuous circumstantiality—does not excite so much surprise and joy as in the simple records of the gospel.

The fourteenth book displays the astonishment of Mary Magdalen and different disciples on finding the sepulchre empty, and details the progressive revelation

of the resurrection. Probably the often-quoted interview with Cleophas is the best part of this book, as it was highly valued by the poet himself. Much deference is always due to the opinion of an author concerning his own compositions: he may over-rate the whole: but the relative excellence of the parts he is peculiarly likely to indicate with precise justice.

Apparitions of the revivified abound in the fifteenth division: it forms a dull collection of incoherent legendary anecdotes. The spiritual eclogue between Eve and the mother of Christ is peculiarly infantine. In the story of the seven sons martyred by Antiochus Epiphanes, a speech of their mother commands admiration, by the surprising turn of its forceful pathos.

The sixth volume unfolds a new society of spirits—those dead since the atonement. Anecdotes, and again anecdotes, fill the whole sixteenth book, which has neither progression, nor business, nor purpose. Souls come, as the poet himself says,

'——now thick-rushing from the clouds, now drizzling.'

Antediluvians are delivered from purgatory in the seventeenth; which also includes conversations of the friends of Jesus in the garden of Lazarus.

In the eighteenth and nineteenth cantos the flagging wings of the poet are again exerted. Adam beholds, in dream, the last judgment, a process improperly begun before. There is some boldness of fancy in the decoration, some vigour of language in the description, of these visionary scenes. The pardon of Abbadona is read with eager joy. Yet too many individual cases are tried; almost all episodical, disconnected with each other, or with the reward and punishment of the per-

sons of the epopæa. In Milton's vision of Adam, the representations are selected with more discretion, although tricked out with less pageantry. To this prophetic intervention succeed the apparitions of Christ in Galilee; and to them the ascension.

Hosannas, sung by successive festoons of angels at every soar of the interminable ascension, occupy the whole twentieth and concluding book. Even manna tires at last; and of these hallelujahs there are so many, that one would suppose the author had contracted for editing the whole psalter of the cherubs. The hymns are composed in various lyric metres: they are too carefully selected from the Jewish prophets, as they contain accounts of the plagues of Egypt, and the taking of Babylon, which have not even a mystical connexion with the present topic. They are seldom intersected by descriptive passages. We cannot but wish for a few of the picturesque, aërial, playful, angelic groupes of Ceva:

'Strepit æthere aperto
Læta phalanx, pennisque supervolat, arvaque inumbrat:
Pars florum manibus plenis effundere nimbos
Virginis alba super velamina: pars pedes ire:
Ille equitat croceas nubes, hic cruribus exit
E mediis nebulis, hic summis prominet alis:
Mille alii variis nectuntur in aëre nodis.'[9]

At length Christ is seated at the right hand of the Father.

I. The plan of the Messiah was evidently not struck out at a heat; it is all a piecemeal soldering, instead of having been melted in one cast; and was

9 *Jesus Puer*, lib. ii, l. 82.

printed as it was written, five books at a time, after intervals of years. Hence the fable wants proportion, cohesion, interest, and unity. Where there is no wholeness, there can be no care for the one great end. Nor does all the topical application of the poet overcome this constitutional imperfection of his work. The crucifixion, and the resurrection, ought to be the focuses of expectation, the centres of attraction, along the whole orbit of his cometary course: but we lose sight of them, for a galaxy of minute anecdotes, and a zodiac of mythological apparitions. What the action wants of extent as to time, the poet has endeavoured to supply by extent as to space, and beckons spectators from every cranny of the universe. He seems aloof and adrift in a crowded atmosphere of spirits and angels, where every little groupe is gibbering, and occasionally turns to look at the crucifixion going on: but instead of selecting the mightier business for record, he thinks every character in the throng worth describing, and gets bewildered in the infinitude of his task. No epopæa exists, from which so many passages and personages could be struck out without mutilation. Distracted by this multiplicity of subordinate objects, the curiosity excited concerning each is inconsiderable. That headlong participation in the pursuits of the heroes, which bawls aloud with Hector for fire, is nowhere felt by the reader of the Messiah.

Every secondary incident should have found a place only in as much as it tended to advance, or retard, or influence, the grand catastrophe. An anxiety about the chief business of the poem would thus have been inspired and maintained. As it is, the parts withdraw attention from the whole: we see not the forest for the trees. Instead of bearing down on the point for

which he is bound, and sailing with full canvas toward his main destination, Klopstock is continually veering. Beautiful or sublime as the ilands and rocks may be which he thus brings into view, they indemnify not for his forgetting the voyage. We as willingly begin with the second book as with the first: as willingly stop after the eighth canto as after the tenth. The multiplicity of pietistic rhapsodies would weary even Saint Theresa. The thousand and one episodes of the second half of the poem have interrupted many a reader, and one translator (Mr. Collier too), in his determination to travel to the end. The Calvary of Cumberland, as well as the Christiad of Vida, has more neatness and roundness of fable, more simplicity and drift of plot, more apparent unity of action.—There is, also, a Spanish Christiad, by Diego de Hojeda; but it does not merit peculiar criticism.

II. In majesty of action, it has been contended by the German critics, the Messiah excels all past, all possible epopæas. Yet, perhaps, it is neither so natural, nor so just, to estimate the greatness of a deed by the rank of the personages, or the importance of the interests involved, as by the degree of passionate and intellectual effort called forth. If the actors in this hierodrama were all gods, their task might be incommensurate with their powers; and it would then appear to want majesty. Milton's war of the angels is, for this reason, less grand than a battle of Homer's men. The siege of Leyden, and the rebellion of North America, decided important interests of the human race: still, the characters employed being in every-day nature, the interest excited by them is too feeble for the poet's end. The capture of Jerusalem was a more important event than the skirmishes before Troy; but

the personages engaged not being of so heroic a mould in Tasso as in Homer, the action of the Iliad is held to be the more majestic. In short, for the action of a poem to be great, its heroes must be great men; and these can only be created by their peers.

Let the philosopher weigh deeds by their consequences, and be as content to attain his ends with an army of dwarves, as with a troop of giants. The poet must choose the latter process, and single out, for exclusive conspicuity, the leaders and chieftains of his crowd. By the gifts of nature—strength of body and strength of mind—his heroes must prevail: if magic or mysticism be to cut the knot for them, assuredly they will disappoint. Homer's divinities, although they adorn and aggrandize, do not in reality influence the action of the Iliad; there is always a quantity of human effort at work, equal to the imputed effect on human affairs. But in Klopstock almost every effect is without an adequate cause; mysterious decrees of the hero in one capacity ordain his passive task in another; and we are tempted to inquire whether he want the sense, the power, or the will, to release his favourite souls from purgatory, without this apparently needless parade of painful crucifixion. Indeed, one fault, or misfortune, of Klopstock is his hyperorthodoxy. Those doctrines of the theologists, which wander furthest from common and natural sense, are precisely the ideas which he most delights to embody, and officiously to present in all the palpability of his poetic sculpture. The identity of different persons of the Godhead, the pre-existence of the unborn, the migrations of omnipresence, are scarsely marvellous enough for his transubstantiating fancy. His very luxury consists in

'Explaining how perfection suffered pain,
Almighty languish'd and Eternal died;
How by his victor-victim Death was slain,
And earth profan'd, yet bless'd, with deicide.'

By endeavouring to sublimate his Jesus into a Jehovah, he unhumanizes the most lovely of characters, and greatly lessens the sympathy, the personal attachment, the impassioned adherence, which a being more like ourselves might have inspired. The God-man of Klopstock is, by all his godship, in point of pity, a loser: the temptation, the agony, the crucifixion, are no burthens to omnipotence: the resurrection no miracle, no triumph, no recompense.

The attempt to elevate other characters into fit companions for the Omniscient, produces on all the disciples a similar disinteresting effect: exalted above the pitch of human nature, they insensibly become aliens to our regard. They act and speak rather as the puppets of cherubim and seraphim, than as living, feeling, irritable, sons of clay. Klopstock has been more successful in delineating the manners of Philo, Caiaphas, Pilate, and the other enemies of Jesus, than in pourtraying those of the disciples. His fancy tends, exclusively, to the heroic; and heroic manners are better suited to the Pharisee, the high priest, and the governor, than to the honest Galilæan fishermen. It is to be regretted that the poet has not introduced Paul among the enemies of Jesus: to have sown the seeds of his conversion would have excited interest.

III. Klopstock does not adhere with severity to one method of delineation; he frequently deserts the epic for the dramatic form, and, instead of introducing his speeches narratively, prefixes initials, merely, to

the alternations of the dialogue. Indeed, those short speeches which abound in the Messiah could not have been employed at all, if always ushered in with a whole hexameter, like Homer's

Him thus answer'd again the king of men, Agamemnon.

Yet this licence has not conferred vivacity, because the speeches are mostly contemplative, not active; the effusions of bystanders, not the declarations of agents. We learn every body's opinion of what is going on, but that of the concerned. The sentiments of the personages, although often superfluous and unmotived, are, however, strictly appropriate: they have moral and local aptness; they wear the guise of the person and the country. No flower of Hebrew origin escapes the preserving care of Klopstock; but he never offends, as Milton sometimes does, by a misplaced paganism of imagery and illustration. Whatever he transplants from classic ground loses wholly its raciness; yet this very precaution excludes some sources of variety; and he is too apt to loiter over his amendments, until he forgets the motive for undertaking them. In completing a picture for a simile, he will overshade the point of comparison, so that his ornaments resemble arabesques—the arabesques of Raphael, indeed—one cannot guess, at the branching point, in what the volute is to terminate. Sulzer is, perhaps, too anxious for the established formalities of manner: he warns his poet against sinking into the historic style: the attempt to narrate every thing splendidly is not less dangerous. In a long work, things must be related, which, although necessary to the story, are not adapted to interest. It is better to bury such parts in a plain shroud, than, by drawing attention, to secure disappointment: it is better to be,

in such places, concisely historic than trailingly epic. The readers of the Messiah are always kept on the stretch: with a back-ground more modest, the radiant passages would have acquired a bolder relief. An innovation against which Sulzer forgot to warn, and which Klopstock hazards with good effect, is the interruption of hexameter uniformity, by the introduction of lyric metres, where hymns of the angels occur.

In the art of wording, Klopstock is no mean proficient. His epithets are chosen judiciously: they are often new, always impressive, not idle nor too frequent, and usually adapted not merely to the substantive in general, but to the peculiar point of view in which it then attracts notice; so that they are what the Germans call *hitting* epithets, in contradistinction to such as miss their aim;—to use an analogous idiom, they all *tell*. Nor is his command and selection of phrase inferior to that of single words; but he often misapplies his opulence, and prodigally squanders an exquisite passage on the decoration of an insignificent episode.

Superfluity is, indeed, the leading character of his style. He appears to consider a liberal prolixity as the most radiant proof of genius, and to disdain any of the self-denying calculated retrenchments of taste. What Jeremy Taylor was in homiletic eloquence, Klopstock is in epic poetry. Both have expanded into a great book the life of Christ. Both delight alike in the ecstasies of piety, and the marvels of mysticism; they are continually ascending from the ground of fact into the pleroma of hypothesis, extolling the simplest sentiments to rhapsodies of inspiration, and consecrating the veriest accidents into primordial dispensations and mysteries of Providence.

Both indulge a fickle, abrupt, interstitial, style, which betrays every repose of the pen. Layers of affecting plainness and affected bombast, of scholastic jargon and oriental sensualization, succeed each other without blending. Yet to both belong tongues of angels. Their words are sweet as manna, pleasant as nard, luxuriant as the bowers of Eden. But they pluck where they should cull. From their basketfuls of every-hued iris, roses, and jasmine, might have been woven a garland for hovering seraphs to wave in triumph over their hero. They prefer to scatter the indiscriminate plenty beneath his foot-fall. Bishop Taylor is, indeed, one of the English writers who has most contributed to tinge the mind of Klopstock: Milton, Young, and, if we mistake not, Mrs. Rowe's Letters from the Dead to the Living, are also of the number; but it is not always as interesting, as it may be meritorious, to track this holy writer in his own snow.

IV. It was not easy to separate, or rather I have not abstained from confounding, observations on the characters of this epopæa, with those which, according to Sulzer's imprecise plan of analysis, ought merely to have respected the majesty of its action. What can now be added? That human beings are most interesting when they are most human; that, as the restraints and artifices of education, in private life, form praiseworthy characters, which, while they extort admiration, elude sympathy; so the hyperboles of poetic idealization usually terminate in pourtraying faultless monsters, which one is surprised not to fancy, without being surprised into fancying. Surely the disciples and their master might have been busied in a manner to render the plot of the sanhedrim against their safety

an object of greater solicitude and odium. The author of the Odyssey would have described, in picturesque detail, those familiar patriarchal employments of the Galilæan fishermen, which no native Sannazarius had painted, their unaffected manners, their easy hospitality, their generous industry, their family friendship, their sweet equality. Knowing that a hero is still great in the cottage of a swineherd, he would not have feared to involve his personages in the humble every-day business of life, to repeat their table-talk, to introduce their domestic distresses, and to make us acquainted with their personal peculiarities and foibles. He would thus have founded a strong anxiety for their safety. Magdalen, a saint so feelingly worshipped by the southern sects of the Christian world, is scarsely heeded in the Messiah: only on the superhuman beings is attention suffered to repose. Those characters which, like Philo's, are prominently drawn, soon cease to mingle in the action: those which, like the disciples, continue in the action, are not prominently drawn.

V. But if, from such general animadversion on the plan and manners, we turn to a particular examination of the perpetual beauties of style and composition, to whom may not Klopstock confidently be compared? There is usually a wide-winged colossal sublimity in his imagery, which outsoars all precedent, which is worthy of Young, now that he is expanded into a seraph. There is often a tenderness yet a poignancy in the pathos, which reminds us of Euripides, and recalls Tacitus. There is, at times, a completeness of expression, a polish and a force of diction, as if obtained by the joint use of Tasso's file and Milton's hammer. But short efforts suit Klopstock best. He darts too high to fly long. His lyric, therefore, surpass his epic

undertakings. In the perfection of minute parts he especially excels. Produce his comparisons, and Aikin will tremble for the similes of Milton—his descriptions, and Delille will question the inimitability of Virgil—his lyric passages, and Lowth might weigh them against the reliques of Isaiah. The bishop, however, would find him wanting; for those odes of Klopstock, which really approach the best Hebrew remains, do not form parts of the Messiah. And, after all, what are fine passages, and beauties of detail, numerous and intense as they may be? Miniatures at best—miniatures by Van der Werff, which to the grace and beauty of the Italian unite the truth and finish of the Flemish school—but they must not be hung against the walls of the Sixtine chapel. We want to view the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo —away with such rabbit's-hair pencilling! but the pictures of Milton are the frescoes of that wall.

From the twenty thousand lines, of which the Messiah consists, a prudent author would have expunged about one half, for feebleness, repetition, or irrelevance: so that the mass of excellent composition, which is chiefly to be sought between the second and eighth cantoes, does not exceed that of the Paradise Lost, supposing it curtailed in like manner of what the critics censure for extravagance, ignobleness, or pedantry; such as Satan's journey, the angelic war, Michael's narrative, and other thinly scattered passages, which may collectively amount to one sixth of the whole. Poetry, like ore, is estimated not by the coarseness, but by the proportion of its alloy; and is never valued for its bulk but for its richness. If Milton, therefore, contain about one sixth, and Klopstock one half, of dross, the latter is the inferior specimen.

Some German critics have called Milton the Homer, and Klopstock the Virgil, of modern religion. The comparison will not bear a very close inspection. Homer is unquestionably the greatest genius that ever undertook epic poetry: but he is not the polished artist. His observation is ubiquitary; his invention is unprecedented and inexhaustible; his style is omnipotent; but it is unambitious, garrulous, and at times slovenly, rising and sinking with his subject. He resembles those shapely human bodies, that grow up in the ruder stages of society, which have every exertion at command, combining the strength of Hercules and the swiftness of Hermes, but which, when unmoved by passion, spread in listless indolence. Virgil, with inferior talent, exerts a greater degree of art; his whole capital of idea is borrowed; he is entirely the poet of precedent, an industrious gleaning translater. His style is level, neat, and elaborate, never precipitous, never low. He resembles his contemporary Pylades the dancer, who only showed himself in attitudes worthy of Apollo; who, by trained dexterity, could imitate with applause the gait of force or speed, but without possessing the native vigor to excel in either.

The intellectual powers of Milton surpass those of Virgil. There is more energy, more soul in his diction, in his personages; what he writes stimulates more during perusal; but he is a poet of the same sort. He, too, composes by means of his reading: he, too, collects and selects his descriptions and comparisons, his maxims and characters, from the works of his predecessors. His style is more condensed, thoughtful, harsh, and unequal, than Virgil's; but it is also the attentive style of a toiling artist, who is pursuing a different idea of perfection.

Klopstock belongs to quite another class of composers. Poets draw from nature, from art, and from idea. They may owe their materials chiefly to observation, chiefly to reading, or chiefly to reflexion. They may delight in describing the phænomena of their experience, in compiling the treasures of their study, or in exhibiting those substitutions of the fancy, which the senses sometimes, and sometimes books, have suggested. Homer is surely of the first, Milton and Virgil of the second, but Klopstock of the third, of these classes. He is the poet of *reflexion*, in the stricter sense of the word: he copies idea; he draws from the picture in his own imagination, even when he derives the hint of it from any preceding writer. His plagiarism is never occupied, like Milton's, in mending the passage which he means to borrow, but the scene which he means again to describe. In whatever he transfers, therefore, the point of view, the colouring, the locality, the distribution, changes; circumstances vary, and personages thicken on his canvas. This practice of second-hand painting is unwise: such sketches are apt, as artists say, to want *the solid*. And, in fact, the scenery of Klopstock is always illuminated by a moony twilight, a misty glory, an intangible rainbowy lustre, which diminishes the impression of reality. To dream sights is the felicity of poets; it is remarkably that of Klopstock; he oftener looks within, and seldomer without, for objects, than any other son of fancy. The vivid hues of his decorations, on returning to the narrative, melt into thin air; spectres cluster about his fact, and dissolve it into phantasm. His mountains seem as it were clouds, his groves empyreal palm, his cities suburbs of some new Jerusalem: his gorgeous palaces, his solemn temples, all exhalations, the fabric of a vision.

Religious zealotry and German nationality have occasionally bestowed on the author of the Messiah excessive applause; yet, when every allowance is made for what is temporary and local in opinion, enough of merit no doubt remains to place his work among the lasting monuments of mighty minds. Posterity will station him, we think, nearer to Macpherson in rank and quality, than to any other of the distinguished epic poets. Both err by a too frequent recurrence of analogous imagery, and by an unvarying, long-drawn, plaintiveness of tone; both delight by a perpetual majesty of style, and by the heroic loftiness and purity of the manners of their personages. Is it not glory in the highest to be the Ossian of Sion?

The seventh division of Klopstock's Collective Works contains twenty-four supplementary Odes composed during the progressive publication of the preceding six volumes, among which may be remarked one dated in 1798, and entitled Joy and Sorrow. It originally contained a stanza complimentary to Nelson, whose naval victory at Aboukir was therein celebrated. This stanza is now stationed in a note. "I withdraw it," says Klopstock, "because he did not adhere to the capitulation granted in the name of his country to the Neapolitan republicans, by the subordinate officer, commodore Foote." This conscientious distribution of praise and blame does honor to the independence of the poet.

Thirty Spiritual Songs follow; some in rime, some in blank verse, which attained their appropriate popularity, by being adopted into the public worship of several Lutheran churches. The tenth, addressed to the Father and the Son, without any allusion to the *hagion pneuma*, seems to imply Arianism of opinion.

The twenty-ninth, entitled Sinai and Golgotha, is a paraphrase of the Decalogue, in which the second commandment is explained to prohibit graphic representations of deity: it is the more surprizing that Klopstock should have tolerated such anthropomorphisms in the frontispieces prefixed to the several volumes of the Messiah. All these Spiritual Songs, however, are rather drafts on Eternity than on Immortality; let us trust they will not be protested at both houses.

Sixty-seven critical Epigrams conclude this section: they display neither condensation nor wit, but may have had some local interest. The twentieth will suffice as a sample.

> Better who prates in writing than in talk;
> Yon I lay down, from this I cannot walk.

The eighth, ninth, and tenth, volumes contain the dramatic works of Klopstock, which consist of three chorus-dramas, and three sacred dramas.

Herman, or, as the Roman historians call him, Arminius, was a chieftain of the Cheruscans, a tribe in northern Germany. After serving in Illyria, and there learning the Roman arts of warfare, he came back to his native country, and fought successfully for its independence. He defeated, beside a defile near Detmold in Westfalia, the Roman legions under the command of Varus, with a slaughter so mortifying, that the proconsul is said to have killed himself, and Augustus to have received the catastrophe with indecorous expressions of grief. It is this defeat of Varus, which forms the theme of the first of these chorus-dramas, entitled *The Battle of Herman.*

The Cheruscans are advantageously posted on a

woody eminence. They are placing in ambush the good marksmen to hurl javelins at the Roman officers. They are decoying the legions into narrow passes, where they cannot deploy in effective order. They have cleared an elevated spot, where the Druids are to offer sacrifices, and the bards are to sing their war-songs: and to this area the different persons of the play are naturally attracted to bring intelligence, and to receive orders. The progress of the engagement is thus communicated to the audience, and it terminates with the victory of the German confederates, and the triumphal gratulation of Herman.

The dialogue is concise and picturesque; the characters various, consistent, and energetic; a lofty colossal frame of being belongs to them all, as in the paintings of Caravaggio. To Herman, the disinterested zealot of patriotism and independence, a preference of importance is wisely given; yet, perhaps, his wife Thusnelda acts more strongly on the sympathy, by the enthusiastic veneration and affection she displays for her hero-consort. But the most striking passages occur in the choral songs of the bards, which, however, push the ambition of originality beyond the limits of ordinary taste. Let us attempt a close translation of some of the more peculiar fragments. In the second scene this chorus occurs.

ALL THE BARDS SING.

Wodan, thro' the groves of night
Guide thy white steeds of victory.

Uplift with root and branch, and shake on high
Thy thousand-year-old-oak-shield's dodder'd disk,
That the invading foe
May hear, and feel dismay.

That to the warrior of the Tiber-stream
Sounds as of angry thunder mutter fear,
Bawl to the echoing rock
Athwart the groves of night.

Beckon thy eagles, which are more than shapes
Fixt to a lofty lance, which scream for blood,
And change the slaughter'd corse
To heaps of whitening bone.

The wheels of Wodan's whirling car of war
Rattle, like cataracts in the mountain-wood.
Hear ye his horses tramp?
Stream in the storm their manes.

Thy host of eagles floats before in air,
Their eyes of flame upon the legions fixt,
They flap the wing, they scream,
Corses they ask of thee.

Wodan, uninjur'd, unprovok'd, by us,
They fell upon us by thy altar's side:
On thy free sons at home
They lifted first the axe.

Far sound thy shield! Thy withering war-whoop roar!
Like thunder-storms that drench the mountain-rock.
Thy eagles cry for blood;
Fill with white bones the vale.

In the ensuing scene the following chorus is introduced.

TWO CHOIRS.

Ye in Tuisko's groves belong to Wodan;
He chose you for a sacrifice to death:
Not snake-like hiss the flames,
But steams of blood arise.

Dead ye again to Jupiter belong.
Ten thousand of his thunders may he send
And drive you to the judges of the abyss,
Minos and Rhadamanth.

THREE CHOIRS.

On, Fury-goddesses, Alecto leads,
Brandish your torches, weapon-like, on high,
And drive them to the judges of the abyss,
The thunder's comrades there.

Cocytus from his iron urn pours flame:
Sound hoarse and hollow, burning stream of hell,
While judges of the abyss
Pronounce their earnest doom.

ALL.

From here, from here, the voice of blood ascends;
Mothers' and infants' blood cries after you;
Let no one from the cry of blood escape,
No one, no one, escape.

TWO CHOIRS.

But in the city of the Capitol
The tyrants' brothers live, a sea of men,
Tyrants of east and west,
They lave the seven hills.

ONE CHOIR.

Lots of the living, doom-enquiring lots,
On Mana's altar have the Druids cast,
Curse was fate's answer there:
Now, bards, pronounce the curse.

TWO CHOIRS.

Decay to baseness, sons of Romulus;
Your feasts of pride be swinish, beastly, meals,
Your puny arms refuse
To lift the heavy lance!

TWO OTHER CHOIRS.

Make your gods liker to your dwindling selves:
In wanton wallowings waste your withering strength:
The vine bestow but wrath:
The myrtle pestilence!

THREE CHOIRS.

Creep round the footstool of Augustus' throne,
Make him a god, and give him bands of priests,
And on his altar burn
The incense of the east!

No more may Scipios in your land be born,
No more a Gracchus, or a Cæsar, born,
And may you meet to brand
The patriot Brutus' name!

ALL.

We hear, we hear Walhalla's gathering bards;
Crown'd with the oak on brazen stools they sit,
And strike their angry harps
To join in curse of Rome.

This contrast of the Gothic and Roman mythologies has a good effect; and furnishes surely a finer chorus, than the concluding triumphal song, which Thusnelda conducts at the head of a band of virgins.

Herman and the Princes, though a more complex is a less interesting play than *the Battle*. The German princes are become jealous of Herman; they envy his high reputation for courage, and his wide-spread popularity as the deliverer of the father-land. They are desirous of governing the councils of the confederates by a sort of republican aristocracy, and of entrusting to new men an occasional command of the united forces. Cæcina, the Roman general, is encamp-

ed in their neighbourhood at the head of four legions; and has fortified his entrenchments. Herman examines the ground, and advises to intercept the supplies of provisions, and to trust in the effects of famine for producing a surrender at discretion. The young men wish to assail the camp at once. Herman objects that the bush-fighting, to which the Germans are accustomed, is not well adapted for the attack of fortifications, that the Roman discipline gives great advantages in the defence of a well-chosen position, and that the reduction by famine is of certain success if persevered in for a few days. The fanatics are eager to display their courage; they choose Ingomar for their leader; and proceed to storm the Roman camp. The result is, as Herman foretold, that the Germans are beaten with great slaughter, and that Cæcina accomplishes a reunion with Germanicus, from whom his communications had been cut off. The most attractive character in the piece is that of Theude, the young son of Herman, who, in one of the scenes, is girt with his first weapons, and whose fine spirit recalls the boy Hengo in Fletcher's Bonduca.

The chorusses, which embellish this play, are almost too dramatic. The bards in some songs personate the inmates of Walhalla, in others the inmates of Elysium; and although the two mythologies are thus made to conspire in the decoration of the choral odes, yet the improbability of so refined and so learned a use of the rival superstitions prevents the sentiment or imagery displayed from appearing natural to the reciter, or impressive to the hearer. In short, these odes are but exaggerated repetitions of those employed in the preceding drama, and seem the laboured efforts of constraint and hyperbole.

The *Death of Herman* is the most tragical of the three dramas. Thusnelda has been captived by the Romans, and exhibited in a triumph at the Capitol; but her return is expected in consequence of some interchange of prisoners. The jealousy of the German princes against Herman has increased; under pretext of collecting followers to lead into Italy, and to attempt the taking of Rome, he is aiming, they suspect, at a tyrannic authority at home; and they conspire to seize his dwelling, and to put him to death. Thusnelda returns. Scarsely is she restored to her husband, when he falls the victim of his foes. Thusnelda learns his fate, and her heart breaks. "Is Herman dead?" she asks; and she too, on receiving the answer, becomes herself a corse. This is a daring, but it is a sufficiently prepared, catastrophe, and is deeply pathetic.

The choral odes, which welcome the return of Thusnelda, have the merit of depicting with probability the manners of the German savages; but no extraordinary degree of poetic beauty tempts to a translation.

On the whole, this trilogy, however meritorious for force of dialogue, and for boldness of lyric decoration, is, perhaps, liable to the charge of some imperfection of antiquarian costume. Bards Braint and bards Druid existed among the Cimbri, and were the privileged orders who governed the men belonging to that wave of population; but that there were Druids and Bards among the Gothic nations reposes on no adequate presumptive ground. The chorusses should have consisted of Skalds, and, though Odin had not yet given its last form to the religion of the north, yet the mythology might have approached nearer to the doctrines of the Edda.

The sacred dramas relate to Adam, to David, and to Solomon: the first is written in prose, the other two in no very measured blank verse.

The *Death of Adam*, a fine tragedy, though not written with a view to representation, has attained and maintained possession of the German stage. It opens with preparations for the marriage of Heman and Selima, two of the younger children of our first parents. Eve is employed in collecting flowering shrubs for the decoration of the bridal bower, her married daughters are assembling to witness the benediction of the nuptials, and to ask for their children also the pious prayers of Adam. But to him a death-angel has appeared, he feels that his end approaches, and to Seth he confides the knowledge of his doom. He visits the grave, or tomb, of Abel, where he is accustomed to pray, and beside which he desires finally to repose. He takes an affecting farewell of the surrounding scenery of nature, on which his dimmening eyes are preparing to close for ever: the death-angel has informed him, that at sunset he will have ceased to live. A strange man, unknown to the happy brethren, draws near. It is Cain. Moved by a mysterious impulse he has quitted the wilderness, and is come to curse his dying father. The deep agitations produced by this pathetic interview excite a shudder of horror. When Cain has withdrawn, Adam sends Seth after him to say, that, as he had not lifted his hand against his parent, he is forgiven. The communications to Eve of the impending doom of her fellow-created ancient companion, and her consequent distress, are feelingly depicted. At length the family are drawn together round his final couch; he takes leave of them all, and bestows his last benediction, prophesying wel-

comely to Eve that she will not long survive him. The sun sets. The death-angel appears for the third time: Adam dies: and an earthquake buries him under rocks.

Except the *Athalie* of Racine, this is probably the best sacred drama extant; at least it is not rivalled by the author's subsequent efforts: it is not surpassed by the *Samson Agonistes* of Milton.

David is a less impressive piece: this monarch has ordered an enumeration of his subject tribes, and is occupied in receiving the population-returns. It crosses his mind that this census will be imputed to him as an act of pride; and that divine chastisements will follow. And, in fact, Gad, a prophet of Jehovah, comes to reprove the king, and to offer him the choice between three punishments, seven years of dearth, three months of warfare, or three days of pestilence. After much deliberation with his friends he determines to accept the plague, preferring, as he says, to fall into the hands of God, rather than into the hands of man. Accordingly a destructive pestilence overspreads Judæa. Messenger after messenger arrives from every principal city, each bringing details more and more harrowing of the universal mortality and grief. David humbles himself before God, prays that his life may be taken in preference to those of his people, and orders sacrifices of atonement. His prayers are accepted. The angel of the Lord appears at the end of the first day, and stays the pestilence. David orders an altar to be built on the spot where the divine messenger stood, and a jubilee of gratitude and praise succeeds to the previous tribulation. Satan and Moloch are persons of the play, and hold an interview in the air, whence it appears that Satan had in dream

suggested to David that numbering of the people, which was so offensive to Jehovah; they are, however, rebuked and dismissed by the death-angel, and retire discomfited.

Of *Solomon*, his final apostacy is the theme. He has taken pagan concubines, or wives, and has built a variety of idol-temples, that each might worship according to the fashion of her country. He is ordering a sacrifice of male children to Molech: three boys crowned with chaplets are presented to the king, who causes them to be burnt alive in honor of the idol. The mothers of these innocents come to curse Solomon. He is moved, and somewhat penitent. The priests of Jehovah beset him, terrify him, and at length accomplish his reconversion. He is allowed to die in peace; but the oracles of God announce the separation of his kingdom.

There is a something so griesly in the fable of this piece, that the perusal is insufferably painful. Why suppose the rites of Molech to have been cruel rites? In second Kings (c. xxiii, v. 10) it is ordered that no man might make his son or his daughter to pass through the fire to Molech. But this ceremony probably consisted at most of singeing the hair of the head. Is it to be supposed that parents would require such a prohibition, if the rite consisted in burning the children alive? Besides, the words *pass through* imply that there was no extinction of life. The only tolerable parts of this tragedy are those, in which Solomon describes the sceptical state of mind into which he had fallen; he is nearly become a mortalist, and doubts about a future state; he suspects that God is too great to trouble himself for such insignificant insects as men; and he wishes for the mediation of Molech, or some

subordinate godling, whom he may hope to interest and to propitiate. One is almost tempted to suspect, that the poet, in his latter days, had incurred some such fluctuations of opinion, so naturally is this hesitation described. Can the poet of immortality have survived the vividness of his faith?

The remaining volumes of Klopstock's works consist of dissertations in prose, which chiefly respect German language and orthography, but which do not concern the object of this Survey.

§ 16.

Digression concerning the reformation of Voltaire—its effects on German literature and poetry—especially on the Berlin writers—Gleim—Kleist—Ramler.

FREDERIC the great, or, as the Germans call him, Frederic the only, was the third son of Frederic-William, then prince-royal of Prussia, and was born the 24th of January, 1712. Educated under a French governess, and a French preceptor, he early acquired a predilection for the French language and literature. In 1733 he married the princess Elizabeth of Brunswick, and acceded to the Prussian throne in 1740. He was already become the correspondent and the disciple of Voltaire, and now invited him to his court.

Voltaire had resided in England during the year 1727, had taken great pleasure in studying the works of Bolingbroke, Chubb, Collins, Morgan, Tindal, Toland, Wolston, and other deistical writers, and had been active in diffusing their antichristian arguments. Although many of these sophisms reposed on an erroneous erudition, many of them had permanent weight: selected with an intrepid sagacity, more intent however on effect than justice, expressed with luminous simplicity, winged with unrivalled wit, and repeated with indefatigable industry, they made the tour of Europe, and shook extensively the received preju-

dices of belief. Voltaire was especially meritorious for abolishing the awe, with which learned priests even had been accustomed to approach the sacred books; and he thus became the father of a new and rational school of scripture-criticism. What he evulgated of indefensible has gradually subsided into oblivion; but the profound learning of Gibbon, of Eichhorn, of Paulus, and others, has been compelled to ratify a vast mass of his inferences. The doctrine of the inspiration of scripture fell irrecoverably by his hand; indeed, without a miraculous protection of the text, there would be no use in its original dictation: and experience proves that no such supernatural interposition takes place, as the principal manuscripts and editions vary from each other egregiously.

The countenance shown to the opinions of Voltaire by the king of Prussia recommended them not merely to the noble and military classes of the country, but to many other sovereign states in Germany. It was soon perceived that the liberal clergy no longer found it difficult to rise in the protestant church. Semler taught theology at Halle, and wrote concerning the canon with fearless freedom. George the second of England had promoted Middleton at home, and appointed Michaelis, a layman, to lecture on the scriptures at Göttingen; in which office he was succeeded by the yet more liberal and learned Eichhorn. Herder, who venerated in the bible the oldest records of the human race, became superintendant at Weimar. And professor Paulus, after distinguishing himself at Jena, was significantly exalted to the chair of Luther at Würzburg. Thus was set a going that new and better Reformation, which has ever since been progressive, and which, beneath the protection of the

present king of Prussia, has been recently consummated by the voluntary coalition of the Lutheran and Calvinist churches, under a purified system of public instruction, which has seated reason in the temples of Christianity, and brought truth to anchor on the sacred books.

On the lay literature of Germany the effects of philosophy were more rapidly visible. The Berlin writers, especially, began to turn aside from the ascetic morality and hacknied pietism of the christian, or angelic, school, and to assert a wider range of idea, and a manlier tone of sentiment. Of the poets who flourished there Gleim has the senior claim to be mentioned.

John Ludwig William Gleim was born in 1719, at Ermsleben. He studied law at Halle, and there became intimate with Uz, a poet in favor with the pious world; but applied his own talents to the translation of Anacreon, and to the composition of Anacreontic songs and odes. He was appointed secretary to Prince Wilhelm, the margrave of Brandenburg-Schwedt, accompanied him to the field in 1744, and was by his side when a cannon-ball struck him dead in sight of Frederic the Great. He next passed into the service of prince Leopold of Dessau, whom he quitted in disgust; and became finally a secretary to the grand chapter of Halberstadt, which situation he held more than fifty years, deriving from it, with little toil, a modest but easy income. He now devoted much of his leisure to the Muses; edited his "War-songs of a Prussian Grenadier," which have been compared with the fragments of Tyrtæus; wrote the "Halladat," a didactic poem in the Arabian manner; and collected his epistles, his epigrams, and Horatian odes, some of the latest of which are addressed to Bonaparte, from

whose monarchy he hoped better things than from the anarchy of the republicans. Gleim had a loving heart, a house always open to literary guests, and a passion for corresponding with all his acquaintance, especially with young men of letters in whom he anticipated rising genius. His scrutoire has been edited; and it abounds with complaints that his friends are less fond of writing useless epistles than himself, and were one by one letting drop an intercourse, which amused his leisure, but interrupted their industry. Klopstock and Kleist were among his favourite correspondents. To the latter he was remarkably attached; and employed Rode to paint a portrait of him, which was afterwards presented to the garrison-church at Berlin. Gleim died in 1803, at the advanced age of eighty-four. His poems have much tinged the style of later writers; in Bürger's *Lenore*, for instance, resounds the manner of Gleim's *Traum*. Half a dozen specimens may amuse.

1.

Anacreon, my teacher,
Sings but of love and wine.
He crowns his brow with roses,
And sings of love and wine;
Anoints his beard with perfume,
And sings of love and wine.
He dallies in the garden,
And sings of love and wine;
Seems in his cups a monarch,
And sings of love and wine.
He sports with wanton Cupids,
He laughs with jolly fellows,
He chases care and sorrow,
He scorns the mob of courtiers,

Disdains to blazon heroes,
And sings of love and wine.
And shall his faithful pupil,
Of hate and water sing?

2.

The rustling of the zephyr
Has sooth'd me into dozing;
The gurgling of the wine-must,
Has lull'd me in the vine-yard;
Beneath the hanging jasmine,
A swarm of bees a buzzing,
Have hush'd asleep my senses;
The murmurs of a streamlet,
To quiet rest have woo'd me:
But am I now to slumber,
I must hear whispering kisses.

3.

Death, can you feel amorous passion?
Wherefore seize upon my Fanny?
Rather run away with mothers,
They may look a little like you.
Flower-soft cheeks with roses painted,
Which my wishes thought so lovely,
Should not for dry bones have blossom'd.
Death, what can you want of Fanny?
With your lipless teeth and sockets,
How should you contrive to kiss her?

4.

My wine 's a cure for anguish,
My sword for snarly puppies,
My dance for frosty evenings,
My deafness for long sermons,

My scorn for hollow friendship,
My song for irksome minutes,
My doctrine—for the devil.
But Cupid, cunning Cupid,
The flatterer, the tyrant,
Nor sword, nor scorn, nor doctrine,
Nor wine, nor song, nor dancing,
Can banish from about me;
Thou eyeless bony monster,
Death, only thou canst chase him.

EPIGRAM.

The parson waited with his psalter,
John led his Hannah toward the altar:
"My love," said she, "I trust you 'll leave off drinking."
John, who when sober, and when mellow,
Has always been an honest fellow,
Replied—"My love, I will not leave off drinking."

WAR-SONG.

We met, a hundred of us met,
At curfew, in the field;
We talk'd of Heaven and Jesus Christ,
And all devoutly kneel'd:
When lo! we saw, all of us saw
The star-light sky unclose,
And heard the far-high thunders roll
Like seas where storm-wind blows.
We listen'd, in amazement lost,
As still as stones for dread,
And heard the war proclaim'd above,
And sins of nations read.
The sound was like a solemn psalm
That holy Christians sing;
And by-and-by, the noise was ceas'd
Of all the angelic ring:

Yet still, beyond the cloven sky,
We saw the sheet of fire;
There came a voice, as from a throne,
To all the heavenly quire,
Which spake: "Tho' many men must fall,
"I will that these prevail;
"To me the poor man's cause is dear."
Then slowly sank a scale.
The hand that pois'd was lost in clouds,
One shell did weighty seem:
But sceptres, scutcheons, mitres, gold,
Flew up, and kick'd the beam.

Christian Ewald von Kleist, was born of noble parents at Zeblin, in Pomerania, on the 3rd of March, 1715, was educated in the Jesuit's college at Crow, and finished his studies at the university of Königsberg. Destined for the military career, his relations placed him in the service of Denmark, where he continued from 1736 to 1740; but, on the accession of Frederic the second to the Prussian throne, he obtained permission to transfer his services to the more warlike nation, and was received with distinction into the regiment of Prince Henry. Kleist had, in 1738, fallen in love with a Polish lady, whom he celebrates by the name of Doris, but from whom untoward circumstances separated him. To this deep attachment may, in some degree, be ascribed an attempt at strictness of manners, and a tendency to melancholy, not usual among military men. Major Tellheim, in Lessing's *Minna von Barnhelm*, is thought to have been an ethic portrait of Kleist.

At Berlin this officer had become acquainted with Lessing, Ramler, Sulzer, and especially with Gleim, who much contributed to provoke and to evolve the poetic talents of Kleist. Gesner also is one of those to whom he has addressed occasional poems. His most extensive composition, is a description of the vernal season in German hexameters, entitled *Spring:* it was translated into Italian by Tagliazucchi, into French by Sarrazin, and into Latin by Dietrich. Epigrams, table-songs, a narration called "Cissides and Paches," some fables, and a feeble tragedy on the death of Seneca, compose conspicuous portions of his works. His most heart-felt effusion is an elegy in six-line stanzas, superscribed *Sighs for Rest;* it was composed at Dresden, soon after the military occupation of the place by the Prussians; it paints but too faithfully from reality the afflictions of warfare, and the demoralization of the camp, and is here subjoined.

SIGHS FOR REST.

I.

O silver brook, my leisure's early soother,
When wilt thou murmur lullabies again?
When shall I trace thy sliding smooth and smoother,
While kingfishers along thy reeds complain?
Afar from thee, with care and toil opprest,
Thy image still can calm my troubled breast.

II.

O, ye fair groves, and odorous violet vallies,
Girt with a garland blue of hills around;
Thou quiet lake, where, when Aurora sallies,
Her golden tresses seem to sweep the ground:
Soft mossy turf, on which I wont to stray,
For me no longer bloom thy flow'rets gay.

III.

Thou who, behind the linden's fragrant boughs,
Would'st lurk to hear me blow the mellow flute,
Speak, Echo, shall I never know repose?
Must every muse I wooed henceforth be mute?
How oft, while pleas'd in the thick shade I lay,
Doris I nam'd, and Doris thou would'st say.

IV.

Far now are fled the pleasures once so dear,
Thy welcome words no longer meet my calls,
No sympathetic tone assails the ear,
Death from a thousand mouths of iron bawls:
There brook and meadow harmless joys bestow,
Here grows but danger, and here flows but woe.

V.

As when the chilly winds of March arise,
And whirl the howling dust in eddies swift,
The sun-beams wither in the dimmer skies,
O'er the young ears the sand and pebbles drift:
So the war rages, and the furious forces
The air with smoke bespread, the field with corses.

VI.

The vineyard bleeds, and trampled is the corn,
Orchards but heat the kettles of the camp,
Her youthful friend the bride beholds forlorn,
Crush'd like a flower beneath the horse's tramp:
Vain is her shower of tears that bathes the dead,
As dews on roses pluck'd, and soon to fade.

VII.

There flies a child; his aid the father lends,
But writhing falls, by random bullets batter'd;
With his last breath the boy to God commends,
Nor knows that both by the same blow were shatter'd:
So Boreas, when he stirs his mighty wings,
The blooming hop, and its supportance, flings.

VIII.

As when a lake, which gushing rains invade,
Breaks down its dams, and fields are overflowed;
So floods of fire across the region spread,
And standing corn by crackling flames is mowed:
Bellowing the cattle fly; the forests burn;
And their own ashes the old stems in-urn.

IX.

What art and skill have built with cost and toil,
Corinthian sculptures all in vain attire;
The pride of cities falls, a fiery spoil,
And many a marble fane and gilded spire,
Whose haughty head the clouds of Heaven surround,
Tumbles in ruin. Quakes the solid ground.

X.

The people pale rush out to quench the fire,
And tread a pavement form'd of corses strown;
Who from his burning house escapes entire,
Falls in the streets by splitting bombs o'erthrown:
For water, blood of men the palace fills,
Which hisses on the floor as it distils.

XI.

Though sets the sun, the ruddy skies are bright,
All night is day, where conflagrations glare;
Heaven borrows from below a purpler light,
And rooves of copper cataract from the air:
Balls hiss, flames roar, artillery thunders loud,
And moon and stars their pallid lustre shroud.

XII.

As when their way a host of comets bend
Back into chaos from the æther's top;
So with their tails of fire the bombs ascend,
And thronging, bursting, thundering, tearing, drop;
The earth with piecemeal carcases is sown;
Limbs, bowels, brains, in wild disorder strown.

XIII.

The treacherous ground is often undermin'd,
And cloudward hurls a long incumbent weight;
Forts built on rocks their frail foundation find,
And call the echoes to proclaim their fate:
Vale, field, and hill, receive the mingled scath,
As Hecla scatters in her day of wrath.

XIV.

So rages Mars; and, when his ire relents,
We on each other turn our idle swords;
Peace is not lodged within the friendly tents,
There captious Honor spurns at hasty words:
Pride has a scourge to rouse the jaded soul,
And Avarice snarls beside the social bowl,

XV.

All in their friends some envious rivals find:
One with a bribe supplants a juster claim;
One flatters rank, and clambers from behind,
Or blots with stabbing tongue a well-earn'd name:
For merit prudent people have no sight;
Why beckon worth to stand in their own light?

XVI.

A neighbour's virtue, courage, science, parts,
Are faults to leave in silence on the shelf;
The calculating man no praise imparts:
Who lifts another does not rise himself.
In secret kiss; abroad blaspheme and pillage;
'T is well: if not, back with him to his village.

XVII.

If Fortune glance on thee her gilded ray,
How soon obsequious friends around thee cling;
But, if some cloud that sunshine snatch away,
Like swallows, at the frost, they take their wing:
A shifting swarm, which not the hero needs,
Yet welcomes, and with willing bounty feeds.

XVIII.

He too, who fain would live in purity,
Feels nature treacherous, hears example urge:
As one who, falling overboard at sea,
Beats with his arms and feet the buoyant surge,
And climbs at length against some rocky brink,
Only beneath exhausted strength to sink.

XIX.

My cheek bedew'd with holy tears in vain,
To love and Heaven I vow'd a spotless truth;
Too soon the noble tear exhal'd again,
Example conquer'd, and the glow of youth.
To live as live one's comrades seems allow'd:
He who would be a man, must quit the crowd.

XX.

Plough, fool, the sea, to where resides the Moor,
Leave between you and fate a single plank;
Tear from the mountain's entrails hidden ore,
Or dive through waves to rob the pearly bank:
Collect, with all these treasures, wants and cares,—
Then try to bribe old Death, who never spares.

XXI.

Build huge apartments; on the storied walls
Let painting tell your feats in gay designs;
Let China bring her vases to your halls,
And polish'd crystal shower your far-fetch'd wines:
Shape for your tomb a sculptur'd marble throne:
You may see pomp,—I, linen, earth, and stone.

XXII.

Burn, slay, destroy, like madmen hew and hack,
Show ruins as your monuments of fame;
That when revenge shall ask your being back,
The list of dead may celebrate your name.
Will hireling praises the deaf ear renew,
Or eyes, that death has clos'd, your hatchments view?

XXIII.

Like the fond lover, whose too dazzling flame
Forbids him to discern: ye are mock'd by Fate.
If Fortune give me neither wealth nor fame,
At least I do not grudge them to the great.
A heart at ease, a home where friends resort,
I would not change for tinsel, or for court.

XXIV.

Thou best of carpets, spread thee at my feet,
Meadow, brook, reeds, beside you let me dwell.
Gold is but sand, not worth these murmurs sweet;
These branchy shades all palace-rooves excel.
When of your hills my wand'ring visions dream,
The world 's as little to me as they seem.

XXV.

As one who, sever'd from the maid he loves,
Rolls an unseeing eye on all beside;
He hates the city-life in which he moves,
Seeks for some woody glen wherein to hide,
And vent his moan; there wrings his hands in vain,
And deeply sighs, yet cherishes his pain.

XXVI.

So I your absence wail; brook, meadow, reeds,
Green twilight of the well-known linden grove,
Ye girdling azure hills, and flowery meads,
O'er you, perhaps, I never more shall rove.
O, had my Doris thither call'd my sighs,
And there one day for ever clos'd my eyes!

This poem is curious, not merely as a specimen of Kleist's manner, but as a picture from nature of his physical and moral situation, drawn shortly before his death, and transmitted to his friend Gleim. The sixteenth stanza has been thought to contain a covert

allusion to a style of manners, which neither the great king of Prussia, nor prince Henry, affected to disavow; which, on the contrary, they treated as militarily expedient. The foibles of rulers, however, demand a moral tolerance, which principle does not always vouchsafe; and the virtuous indignation of Kleist had, perhaps, not confined itself to this confidential explosion, but given offense in high quarters. At least, a feeling of disappointed and hopeless ambition pervades the whole elegy: if Kleist went through the duties of his military profession with religious precision, and obstinate self-devotion, it is easy to perceive that he did not now enjoy the career into which he had voluntarily been thrown. In the course of the seven years' war he was placed, in 1758, at the head of the military hospitals in Leipzig, and was distinguished for the humane and generous care which he bestowed alike on friend and foe: these were welcomer exertions to him than those by which he had earned the rank of major.

At the battle of Kunnersdorf, fought on the 12th of August, 1759, Kleist, under the command of General Fink, stormed with his regiment three batteries; but he received twelve wounds: his right arm was disabled, and he could only carry the sword in his left, when a cannon-ball shattered his leg, and stretched him among the fallen. Cossacks came and stripped him, leaving him for dead on the field. Happily, after the battle was over, a Russian officer of the victorious party came nigh to Kleist, who was then able to make himself known. He was removed with becoming attention to Frankfort on the Oder, where medical assistance was procured; but the injuries he had received were past cure. After eleven days of suffering, he

there expired; and was buried solemnly at the expense, and with the attendance, of the lodge of Freemasons. Honors were shewn to his memory by the government. The portrait of Kleist was placed in the garrison-church of Berlin, between those of Schwerin and Winterfeld. A pyramidal monument was erected at Frankfort over his grave. Uz wrote an elegy, Mendelsohn an oration, in his praise; and Abbt composed his celebrated dissertation on "Death for One's Country."

Charles William Ramler was born in 1725 at Colberg in Pomerania, of parents in necessitous circumstances, who obtained for him a gratuitous education at the orphan-school of Stettin, whence in 1740 he was removed to Halle, and by means of exhibitions obtained for his merit, was placed at the university there. His application however now began to relax, and he attended more to poetry, than to the severer studies, which his interests required. Horace was his favourite author, and he made many translations from the odes, which were communicated to his fellow-students Uz and Gleim, and admired by them. The latter procured him, in 1746, a situation as preceptor at Berlin, where he became intimate with Kleist, Sulzer, and Lessing. In concert with the latter he edited selections from the works of Opitz, of Logau, of Wernike, and of the German fabulists, and he translated for the booksellers the works of Batteux. His own poems, consisting chiefly of Odes in the manner of Horace, acquired great popularity; and contributed to his attaining the situation of professor of logic and fine literature in the Berlin academy for cadets. The salary of this office, and his various literary exertions,

sufficed to maintain him comfortably until 1787, when he obtained a pension, a seat in the academy, and a share in the direction of the national theatre, for which he translated some dramatic pieces, and composed some oratorios. In 1790 he resigned his lectureship; and in 1796 was compelled by ill-health to withdraw from his theatric cares, but the emolument thence deriving was liberally continued to him until his death, which took place in 1798, under symptoms of pulmonary consumption.

Ramler's odes were first collected apart in 1772; they had been composed on several occasions, during the preceding fifteen years. Their character is peculiarly Horatian. The Chiabrera of the Italians, and the Baptiste Rousseau of the French, have travelled in the same walk, with backwarder success. The satires and epistles of Horace have been rivalled by Boileau and by Pope; his odes by Ramler alone. A severe critic would, however, object that the lyric works of Ramler have too much the character of imitations. Apollo, Venus, the Muses, and the Graces, seem at home in the court of Augustus, and among the temples of ancient Rome; but they haunt only with a conventional propriety the opera-house[1] of Berlin. Bacchus may forbid Achelous from spoiling a cup of Falernian; but there is a pedantic ingenuity in evoking them to brew some negus.[2] Nænie, although in fact an imitation of the well-known

Passer, deliciæ meæ puellæ,

of Catullus, is free from this fault; the ideas are perfectly modernized, and the tender delicacy, if not the trimness, of the model has been well attained.

[1] Ode III. [2] Ode IX.

Ramler was fortunate in the season of his bloom: the great Frederic reigned: and the panegyrics[3] of *his* admirers, in the estimation of an equitable posterity, will not sink, like those of the eulogists of Louis XIV, into abject flatteries. Ramler flourished too, while literary excellence was new and rare in Germany, and of course highly prized; while Lessing passed for an Aristotle, Mendelsohn for a Plato, and Gleim for an Anacreon. All these were friends of Ramler: suffice it to his praise, that to him the epithet of the German Horace was applied with less hyperbole.

A few of his more prominent poems shall be now produced: but the reader must recollect, that poetical *artists*, studious polishers of lines, and weighers of words, and such was Ramler, suffer more by translation than poetical *geniuses*, who excel rather in force of thought than in dexterity of expression: it is but too probable that these specimens are not destined to realize the author's prophecy,

——— Ungeschwächt
Soll ihre Töne der Brittische Barde trinken.

ODE V. TO WINTER.

Storms ride the air, and veil the sky in clouds,
And chase the thundering streams athwart the land;
Bare stand the woods; the social linden's leaves
Far o'er the vallies whirl.

The vine—a wither'd stalk: but why bewail
The godlike vine? Friends, come and quaff its blood.
Let Autumn with his emptied horn retire;
Bid fir-crown'd Winter hail!

[3] Ode XXX is the most fortunate of these.

He decks the flood with adamantine shield,
Which laughs to scorn the shafts of day. Amaz'd
The tenants of the wood new blossoms view:
Strange lilies strow the ground.

No more in tottering gondolas the brides
Tremble: on gliding cars they boldly scud;
Hid in her fur-clad neck the favourite's hand
Asks an unneeded warmth.

No more, like fishes, plunge the bathing boys;
On steel-wing'd shoes they skim the harden'd wave:
The spouse of Venus in the glittering blade
The lightning's swiftness hid.

O Winter! call thy coldest east-wind: drive
The lingering warriors from Bohemia back,
With them my Kleist; for him Lycoris stays,
And his friend's tawny wine.

ODE XIX. TO KINGS.

Again is all the world to perish? Pours
A second deluge on the sentenc'd earth,
Thunders of hoarser wrath,
And heavier iron hail?
Must every temple's cloud-disparting spire,
And every storied trophy's marble side,
Crumble to nameless dust,
And trickle with the shower?
Late from the caves of ruin shall each art,
Like some dissepulchred half-waken ghost,
Slow stretch a wither'd hand,
Or cower in endless night?
And all the wisdom of the foreworld, dumb,
Dumb to unlistening robbers, not suffice
To tell our children's sons
How was the plough-share curv'd?

Ye desolaters, than Vesuvius worse,
Than subterranean town-ingorging chasms,
Comrades of Pestilence,
Ghaunt Hunger's ministers,
Ye who on every sea, on every shore,
In thundering water-chariots carry death,
Hiring the ruffian hand
From Tajo's to Oby's bank,
Arming the German 'gainst his brother's breast,
Who at the friend of peace, our father, scoff:
Slayers of living youth,
Posterity's dire foes,
If to your murderous rage some angel, sent
From heaven's high mercy-seat, should whisper pause,
And to their ancient lords
The wasted regions give,
Would ye not feel remorse (alas! Remorse
From you, by sophists honey-tongu'd entic'd,
Her pictur'd horrors hides,
Her scorpions charms to sleep),
That on the fields where green'd the wheat—ye slew
Millions it should have nourish'd?—To the waves
Back!—and with pilgrim step,
Humanity your guide,
Like Mango Capak, to the wildest shores
Sailing, the rudiments of culture bear,
Taming the fruitless earth
To yield her yearly food,
Teaching the homeless rovers of the wood
To throng obedient round the smoke-tipt cot,
Founding the holy rites
Of wedlock undefil'd,
And to the kneeling savage point yon sun,
Best emblem of the Lord of life and light,
That he should hail its ray,
Religion's earliest pledge.

ODE XXV.[4] TO CONCORD.

Not always to the heaven's harmonious spheres,
O Concord! listen—wander earth again;
Beneath thy plastic step
The peopled cities climb.
The chain, the scourge, the axe, beside thee bears
Deaf Nemesis—to avenge the wedlock's stain,
The pillage of the cot,
The spilth of brother's blood.
From the warm ashes of their plunder'd homes,
On thee with clasped hands, with pleading tongue,
The lonely grandsire calls,
The widow'd mother calls,
And she—the flower of virgins now no more,
Doom'd, aye! to shed the unavailing tear,
And nurse with down-cast eye
Some ruffian's orphan brat.
Bind with thy cords of silk the armed hands
Of hateful kings—reach out thy golden cup,
Whose sweet nepenthe heals
The feverish throb of wrath;
And hither lead Hope, crown'd with budding blooms,
And callous-handed Labor, singing loud,
And Plenty scatt'ring gifts
To dancing choirs of glee.
The war-steed's hoof-mark hide with greening ears,
Twine round the elm once more the trampled vine;
And from the grass-grown street
The rugged ruin shove.
So shall new nurseries of sons unborn
More towns arise,—and, Concord, rear to thee,
Taught by the milder arts,
The marble fanes of thank.

[4] This last Ode has been much altered, and of course injured, in the translation, in order to displace the somewhat unintelligible allusions to the Prussian campaigns of 1760 and 1761.

INO, A MONODRAMA.

[*The Scene represents a precipitous promontory, nearly surrounded by sea; storm-clouds darken the sky; and Ino enters with the child Melicertes in her arms.*]

Whither, ah whither, can I fly? I faint.
Beyond this utmost verge of rock is death.
My furious husband still pursues. Nor tree,
Nor moor, nor cavern, lends a hiding-place;
No arm of mercy opens to protect me,
Nor ought I to implore it.—O Saturnia,
Now, now, I know thee ruthless. Can thy vengeance
Be sated but with life, because I 've dared
To nourish one of more than mortal offspring?
By Jove's own lighting Semele was struck
To glut thy anger; must the sister too
Atone an equal guilt with equal fate?
And will thy pity never, never, spare
Her who presumes to rear a child of gods?
Thou can'st fulfil, O queen, thy cruel doom.

Of ye, who dwell Olympus, is there none
To hear the mother's prayer, the infant's cry;
O shield at least my much-lov'd Melicertes.

Thus far o'er flinty paths on bleeding feet,
Tottering, I 've brought my child; thus far I' ve fled
With the dear burden safely, but in vain:
No further way is left us. Like a roe,
Which cruel dogs from cliff to cliff pursue,
Has Cadmus' daughter climb'd thro' briar and thorn,
Who lately in her royal palace trod
The marble stairs. Upon its threshold now
Reek one son's brains, by Athamas, his father,
Beat out. The husband in his wrath so punish'd

A guilty wife;—and lo! he follows me,
With those same hands still bloody, to require
This other victim—now my only child.

Earth, open, swallow me. He speeds, he sees me;
I hear his step—his bitter curses yell.
His eye scowls wrath—he 's here—his lifted hand
Grasps at my fluttering hair. Thou sea, receive,
Receive for ever in thy dark abyss
The unguilty Melicertes. End for ever
The hopeless woe of Ino's tortur'd soul.

[*She drops the child into the sea, and flings herself after it.*]

INO *emerges.*

Where am I? heaven, I still can breathe thy air;
On the cool wave I float with strength renew'd.
Where is my son? I lost him as I fell,
The yielding surge clos'd over him before me.

Protecting deity, whoe'er thou art,
That bring'st me hither, give him also back:
What to the mother will thy boon avail,
If thou preserve her life without her son?

Ye gods! I see, I see him once again—
The choir of sea-nymphs, smiling, lift him, kiss him;
They bring him to his happy mother's arms;
A child no more, he rides, like me, the wave.
Thanks for this second better life, ye gods.
Welcome, my son—ye nymphs of Mercy, thanks.

Why do ye crown with coral wreaths my brow,
Why bind these pearls among my streaming hair?
Daughters of Doris, ye deserve my love.
See the blue gods crown him with sea-weed too,
And drag us gently to their floating dances,
While from their glistening shells the Tritons sound
New melodies; with sweet aerial voice
Sleek Panope and all her sisters sing.

CHORUS OF NEREIDS.

Welcome, Leucothea, now a goddess too!

CHORUS OF TRITONS.

Welcome, Palæmon, now a god like us!

INO.

Do ye mean me, ye Nereids, do ye take
Me for your sister? Yes, I feel ye do:
My son the gods have welcom'd to their band.
O kind preservers, while this bosom heaves,
Our thanks shall live perpetual.
[*Neptune appears in a car drawn by morses; clouds uncurtain the sun, and the sea becomes luminous with the reflection.*]
What ascends?
Is this the monarch of the watery world,
The golden trident glittering in his hand,
Who, seated in a pearly chariot, drawn
By snorting morses, glides along the wave.

Second among the gods, to thee I bow;
Almighty ruler of this element,
Neptune, our father; for to thee we owe
Our second being, our immortal life,
Our preservation here: kind saver, hail!
That thus thyself has deign'd to greet our entrance
Into thy everlasting realm, my song
Loudly shall teach the cliffs, the shores, the skies,
At morn, at eve, to echo forth thy praise.

Ye ever-rolling seas,
The cradle of the breeze,
Where'er your spangled billows shine;
O waft the praise abroad
Of him the gracious god,
Who joins Leucothea to his choir divine.

Deep in the ocean caves,
Beneath the darkest waves,
Be sunk the memory of her mortal woes;
Ambrosial feasts of joy
Shall every pang accoy,
And lull her troubled soul to sweet repose.

CHORUS OF NEREIDS.

Welcome, Leucothea, now a goddess too!

CHORUS OF TRITONS.

Welcome, Palæmon, now a god like us!

The Pygmalion of J. J. Rousseau had already succeeded on the theatre at Paris: this monodrama was also declaimed with intervals of music, which had been selected, or composed, by Graun. The overture and the earlier passages had a stormy tragic expression, and the concluding portion a triumphal and exulting character. The final spectacle, when Neptune rises from the waves, and the Tritons and Nereids execute before his car a graceful ballet, accompanied by the concluding air and chorus, was received with bursts of applause. Ramler had himself superintended the getting up of the piece, and perhaps no play of the kind is better adapted for impressive scenic effect.

§ 17.

Berlin Poets continued—Lessing—his life—Reviewal of his Poetic Works—Epigrams—Fables—Plays—Nathan the Wise.

The grandfather of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, called Theophilus, was settled as an advocate at Kamenz in Pomerania, where he became mayor, and was descended from a protestant minister, whose name Clement Lessing is attached to an early covenant of the year 1580. Theophilus had been well educated, and was distinguished for holding at the university of Leipzig, in 1670, a disputation, *De Religionum Tolerantiâ.* This thesis became an heir-loom in the family, and influenced sensibly the turn of mind of his grandson.

The father, John Godfred, was a more voluminous writer. He published *Vindiciæ Reformationis Lutheri; Disquisitio Historica de Confessione Fidei, quam Protestantes, Hispaniâ ejecti* 1559, *Londini ediderunt; Animadversa Historica in Crypto-Sociniano-rum Collegia Biblica;* and many vernacular theological treatises, tinctured, as is usual in sects, with political liberality, and doctrinal partiality. He married in 1725 a Miss Feller, the daughter of a protestant minister at Kamenz, to whose cure he succeeded. By her he had there twelve children, of whom five survived him: of these Gotthold Ephraim was the eldest, and was born the 22nd of January, 1729.

His education was industriously religious; his first book was the bible; in his fifth year he was already remarked for a complete knowledge of the catechism; for repeating with unusual propriety many of Luther's hymns; and for having made much progress in Latin, which Mylius, a youth of some scholarship, was employed to teach him.

The father was a worshipper of talent, and struggled for the honor of being hospitable to whatever artists and men of letters visited Kamenz. This no doubt much predisposed the son to the pursuit of literary distinction. Among his guests was a portrait-painter, who became very intimate in the family. He sketched a likeness of the child playing with a bird-cage. "No," said the boy, "not with a bird-cage, with a great heap of books I should like to be painted." The inscription on Julian's library was already adapted for Lessing's motto. Alii quidem equos amant, alii aves, alii feras; mihi vero a puerulo mirandum acquirendi et possidendi libros insedit desiderium. Of this painter, Lessing took lessons in drawing, both at that time and afterwards: hence dated his taste for the fine arts, on which in maturer life he speculated so successfully.

At nine years of age he was sent to boarding-school at Königsbruck, where his teacher Mylius was become usher, or pro-rector: the master's name was Keinze. The progress made was so rapid, that at twelve years of age he was passed off for thirteen, and admitted, after a severe examination, to a free-school at Meissen, which was legally open only to lads of that age and of commensurate attainments. One hundred and twenty boys were accommodated in this seminary.

Greek and Latin were properly made the almost exclusive objects of pursuit. Without a foundation of

Greek, the terms of science and of art, and the most essential proprieties of composition, cannot be understood. Without a wall of Latin, the modern languages, especially the southern, find nothing in the memory to which their nomenclature can be attached, and are with difficulty acquired. French, geography, and history, have indeed also their value; but they are comparatively easy studies: the common motives of social intercourse are sufficient to prompt their acquisition: so that he, who leaves school with only Latin and Greek, will at twenty-five have acquired these besides; but he, who at school learns only these, will at twenty-five be regretting his neglect of Latin and of Greek. At Meissen, Lessing passed five years, and always looked back with satisfaction on a period to which he owed the solidity of his classic erudition. Perhaps a spirit of detail (from which Lessing was not exempt) and a false sense of proportion as to the importance of things, is apt to accompany the incumbered memory of the profound scholar. He often attends more to accents than words, to words than sentences: instead of seeking in the historian for facts and maxims, in the poet for bursts of fancy or of feeling, he watches for a doubtful reading, or an anomalous quantity. This is making language not the instrument, but the end of instruction: as the negro worships his kettle for its own sake and not for its utility.

Lessing had much of this natural prejudice of scholarship, and had imbibed the disinterested love of Greek and Latin. While at school he construed Theophrastus by himself, although it formed no part of the public lessons. He translated, too, at this period, several odes of Anacreon, which appear among his poems; and already displayed a fondness for Terence, ominous

of his future taste in and for dramatic composition.

The earliest of his original poems in German celebrates the battle of Kesselsdorf; it was composed in 1746, at his father's request, who wished to compliment a Lieutenant-Colonel Carlowitz.

The name of the mathematical tutor at Meissen was Klemm; Lessing came under his care, and learned quickly: but mathematics was never his favourite pursuit. He began indeed at this period a translation of Euclid, but he evidently cared for the geometry only as he might want it to display his Greek. In 1746 he quitted school; his last prize composition was a Latin treatise *De Mathematicâ Barbarorum.*

Lessing was next transferred to the university of Leipzig, for the purpose of studying theology. Hitherto he had mingled with students, and had been content to excel in the competitions of intellect; his application had been corroborated by restraint, and his conduct coerced by observation. He now found himself surrounded with new and freer companions, many of whom belonged to the fine world. They led him to the theatre, in which he delighted, and laughed at his rusticities, which he undertook to reform. He attended a riding, a dancing, and a fencing, master; he continued French, and undertook English and Italian; he induced his father, not without grudging, to pay for these sacrifices to the Graces; and he succeeded in giving to his habitual attitudes and address the forms and phrases which characterize the fashionable. He seemed quite to have forsaken Pallas for Aphrodité. Lessing loved to prime, and was adapted for it; but at college he became a ring-leader rather of the libertines than of the disciplinarians. He affected or felt entire contempt for the professors there; and may

have read so much while at school, that he really could derive little or no additional information from their lectures. He would occasionally condescend to hear Ernesti and Kästner, the Greek and mathematical professors; but he headed a sort of sect among the students, which professed idleness, not from impatience of instruction, but from superiority to it. Being wholly ignorant of medicine, he formed a high idea of the medical professor, and wrote home for leave to become a physician; meanwhile he entered as a pupil, but soon grew tired: it was not in the lecture-room, as his young acquaintance reported, that he went through a course on pregnancy.

A common result of application too early superinduced is impotence of perseverance. Children seek in change of topic the relief which they are not allowed to find in change of employment; if they may not shift the real scenery without, they shift the ideal scenery within; the habit remains, and hence the prematurely accomplished are usually mutable in their pursuits. The ages of solicitous education are not proportionally fertile in excellence.

A debating society for the discussion of topics in speculative philosophy had been instituted by Professor Kästner, alike famous for his epigrams and his mathematics; and the more promising and accomplished students were invited to become members. Lessing belonged to this club during two years, and was distinguished by the venturous originality of his opinions, and by the acuteness and multiplicity of his resources for defense. With Zacharia, the elegiac poet, he became acquainted in this society; with the two Schlegels, one of whom was afterwards Danish historiographer; and still more intimately with a

younger brother of his first preceptor, Christopher Mylius, who did, perhaps, no great honor to the sect of freethinkers, but who espoused their boldest doctrines with a vehemence of eloquence, which gave welcome aid in the debate, and which attached Lessing not only to his formal but to his private society. Mylius was often out of cash, and very shabby; but Lessing would still accompany him in the streets and public walks of the Rosenthal, with an air of satisfaction, and seemed proudest of the friendship of philosophy when in rags.

Mylius published a weekly paper called the Freethinker; it neither succeeded nor lived. The fashion for infidelity, for it was at this period a fashion in Leipzig, appears to have resulted from the encouragement given at the court of Berlin to Voltaire and other French anti-christians, whose writings then began to make an impression in Germany.

Weisse, the dramatist, and children's friend, then a student at Leipzig, but not of the debating club, was also one of Lessing's habitual companions: they partook a kindred passion for the theatre, and in concert translated into German alexandrines the Hannibal of Marivaux. Lessing was as fond of the green room as of the pit. He frequented the actors and actresses, and was in high favor with Madame Neuberin, a fine performer and a fine woman, the then directress of the theatre at Leipzig. He was supposed to influence her taste in the choice of plays, and the costume of decoration, to be a welcome critic at her toilet, and a permitted guest in the *boudoir*. Some of the old actors, Brückner, for instance, recollected to have rehearsed in Lessing's presence, and to have been tutored by him in difficult passages. He read expressively

and judiciously, Brückner says, but not with dignity enough for public recitation.

Lessing's distinguished learning and forward talent glittered on the notice of many men who had passed through the probationary college-years. Naumann, an epic poet, now forgotten, whose Nimrod at that time enjoyed celebrity, sought his society. Lessing was joked by his genteel companions for visiting such a quiz. "There is no company," he replied, "so insupportable as that of the mere gentleman; it is all sheer insipidity, without the chance of an absurdity to laugh at, or of a trait of nature to remember. I like the sincerity of Naumann's vanity; he reads to me his verses, I abuse them; he defends them like an editor, and we both learn—he to write, and I to criticise." This is a natural instinct in the artist. He wants to observe the extraordinary. Odd people are usually sincere; both qualities arise from indifference to slight degrees of praise and blame; and sincerity abridges the trouble of studying human nature. The curiosity of Lessing had no patience with men of routine in any thing; his maxim was, Think wrong and welcome, but think for yourself.

He awhile visited Gellert, the fable-writer, who was subject to hypochondriac attacks; and once found him busy over some book of the religious terrorists, which tended to infuse the alarm of soul-perdition. Lessing was no friend to a class of writings, which in this country also frequently dispose men to low spirits, to dram-drinking, and to suicide; he advised Gellert to burn his Calvin, and read some merry obscenities. Gellert was shocked: "Do not disturb my faith, the only consolation of my misery." Lessing wished the physician better luck, turned on his heel with pitying cvility, and called no more.

When the three sessions were elapsed, and they terminated in 1749, during which Lessing's father expected that his son should be prepared to take orders, or a medical degree, an explanation, and a very natural coolness, ensued. Religion he did not believe; medicine he did not like. "It was with difficulty that our economy and privation hoarded enough to supply you thus long: nor should we have been able to accomplish it, without the help of an exhibition, which the city allows to theological students only." "I shall not take orders and be a hypocrite." "You must then provide for yourself, henceforth." Lessing undertook it.

He now emptied his portfolio of all its entire scraps, chiefly consisting of versified translations made at school, into a periodical publication, which Mylius had undertaken at Leipzig. He altered from the French some theatrical pieces, which were acted with sufficient success in a great degree to supply his wants; he followed Madame Neuberin and her players to Hamburg, and launched a weekly publication of his own, the model of his subsequent Dramaturgy, which contained critical animadversions on the stage, and also such of his translations from the French drama as were not accepted by the actors. His first original play was entitled *the Young Author*, and was offered with trembling hands to Madame Neuberin's company. She read it with a more partial glance than that of taste and friendship, congratulated her acquaintance with prophetic confidence on the dawn of native German theatric genius, played with all her habitual glow, and snatched from the audience at Hamburg a triumphal reception for the piece. Lessing was happy, crowned by the hand of beauty with a wreath of praise. A few alterations were to be made against the next

representation, and the author's name was to be announced in the bills for the night of his benefit.

Just in this interval a letter arrives from Kamenz, that his mother was dying, that she wished to see him, and that she hoped yet to be the mean of reconciling him to the family. Lessing was well aware of the horror with which she regarded his connexion with the players, and of the pain with which she would see it advertised: he ordered the suppression of his name in the bills, and set off in frost and snow by the post-waggon (this is not only a close but a descriptive translation of the German appellation) for Kamenz. The mother's illness had abated, or had been overstated as a pretext for recall. Lessing had suffered from the severe cold of a journey undertaken with such alacrity of piety, and was himself an object of solicitude and pity every way adapted to arouse in his favor the domestic charities. His penitence was presumed, his reception was cordial; interest had been made with the corporation, to prolong his stipend for another year, and the father easily induced his son to go back for one session more to college, previous to any final determination on the choice of a profession.

Lessing returned indeed to Leipzig, but not to the sweet fine days of his former joys. Madame Neuberin was become inaccessible, either because she had contracted a more profitable attachment with a gentleman of Obschatz; or, because her natural good sense and feeling led her to assist Lessing's friends in endeavouring to reclaim him to the habits of practical life. A younger actress, named Lorenzin, was the Eucharis who superseded this Calypso. Lessing took an excursion with her to Vienna, under a feigned name. It was whispered that he incurred the mortification of

not making any impression as a performer. The exact course of his anonymous tour is unknown; but when his finances and resources were exhausted, he stopped at Berlin, offered his literary talents to the booksellers, and wrote home to state his necessity, which of course was extreme. The following portion of a letter to his father written at this period paints the state of his projects.

"You require me absolutely to come home. You seem to think I wanted at Vienna the place of playwriter to the court. You pretend to know that I am Mylius's journey-man, and earn only rye-bread by scurrility. You tax me with assigning false pretences for coming hither. You ought to know me better than to surmise all this.

"What most surprises me is your recurring to the old reproach about my comedies. I have never promised to read or compose no more: and you are too rational to exact it. You say that at Wittenberg I spent my money in buying plays, and that all my correspondents are merely players. At Vienna, I write to Baron Seiller: he is the director of all the Austrian theatres; but he is a man whose acquaintance is an honor, and may be an advantage. At Copenhagen, at Dantzig, I correspond; and am about to write to M. Crebillon, at Paris, whose Catiline I have been translating: is it a crime to be known beyond the walls of Kamenz?

"You say that I begin many things and complete nothing. Is this a wonder? *Musæ secessum scribentis et otia quærunt:* but *nondum Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.* And yet if I were to recapitulate the different finished things, which in one form or other I have

turned to some account, they would not appear so very few: but I will not give you the catalogue, for you would dislike the rest still more than the plays. I wish I had never written any thing but plays, I should now be in better circumstances: those I disposed of at Vienna and at Hanover, answered to me well.

"As to the place in the philological seminary at Göttingen, it would suit me: do not lose sight of it, I beseech you. If you obtain it, I will immediately return home. But if you have no specific prospect for me, it is better I should stay here; where I may get known, noticed, and advanced. It is not a matter of indifference *where* a man waits.

"Allow me to quote from Plautus the speech of a father who also was not quite satisfied with his son.

'Non optime hæc sunt, neque ego ut æquum censeo;
Verum meliora sunt quam quæ deterrima.
Sed hoc unum consolatur me atque animum meum,
Quia qui nihil aliud nisi quod sibi soli placet
Consulit, adversum filium nugas agit;
Miser ex animo fit, secius nihilo facit,
Suæ senectuti is acriorem hyemem parat, &c.'

"These thoughts are so rational that you cannot but sympathise with them. Why must my dear mother make herself so very uneasy: it ought to be all one to her where I thrive, provided I thrive. How she could fancy that I meant to change my religion at Vienna, I cannot guess: but the very opinion shews to what a pitch your prejudices against me have arisen. But God, I trust, will yet give me opportunities of shewing that I neither want the essentials of religion, nor of filial affection."

Another of his letters throws light on the color of his pursuits and sentiments.

"I beg you will send hither the manuscripts in my drawer: and not keep back those sheets inscribed Love and Wine. They are chiefly free imitations of Anacreon, and not such as an equitable moralist can blame.

"*Vita verecunda est, Musa jocosa mihi,* was Martial's excuse in a similar case; but those know me little who rank my turn of sentiment along with his; the epithet which your theological severity bestows, is not deserved. What would become of Hagedorn's reputation, if it were?

"In fact, the only cause of their existence, is the desire of trying my hand at all sorts of poetry. Unless one makes many experiments, one cannot ascertain exactly one's natural sphere of action; and one risks by moving in the wrong line to pass for middling, when excellence might have been attained in the right. Seneca advises *Omnem operam impende, ut te aliquâ dote notabilem facias.*

"If the title of the German Molière could justly be given to me, I should have secured an eternal name. To speak out, I heartily covet to deserve it; but I am fully conscious of its compass, and of my impotence. Am I wrong for selecting a line of pursuit, in which few of my countrymen have hitherto excelled? Am I wrong for determining not to leave off producing, until some master-piece of mine shall exist? Your demonstration, that a good play-wright makes but a sorry christian, weighs little with me. A comedy-writer is one who turns vices into ridicule. And has vice claims on our respect, or may not a christian hoot

at it and scorn it? What if I were to write a comedy such as you theologians would praise—you think it impossible—not if I were to turn into ridicule the despisers of their profession. Own that this would blunt a little of your sharpness."

Another of his letters concludes thus:

"Shall I never hear the last of my keeping up an acquaintance with my old playfellow, Mylius? Sed facile ex tuis querelis querelas matris agnosco, quæ, licet aliis pia et integra, in hunc nimio flagrat odio. Nostra amicitia nihil unquam aliud fuit, adhuc est, et in omne tempus erit, quam communicatio studiorum. Hanc culpari potest? Rarus immo nullus mihi cum ipso sermo intercedit de parentibus meis, de officiis quæ ipsis vel præstanda, vel deneganda sint, de cultu Dei, de pietate, de fortuna vel hac vel illa via amplificanda, ut habeas, quem in illo seductorem et ad minus justa instigatorem meum timeas. Cave ne de muliebri odio nimium participes. Sed virum te sapientem scio, justum æquumque: et satis mihi constat, te illud quod scripsisti, amori in uxorem, amore tuo dignissimam, dedisse. Veniam mî dabis hæc paucula Latino sermone literis mandasse; sunt enim quæ matrem ad suspicionem nimis offendere possint. Deum tamen obtestor, me illam maximi facere, amare et omni pietate colere."

In October, 1750, Lessing and Mylius undertook a quarterly publication, which was to appear at Stutgard, entitled "Contributions to the History and Improvement of the Theatre." The plan was to include reviewals of all the dramatic literature of Europe; to

collect notices concerning the more eminent artists and theatres, and to provide original disquisitions on the different branches of dramatic art. Mylius was not the best possible assistant for a work of this kind; nor was the German public so anxious as the Parisian about the amelioration of its spectacles. Four numbers appeared, after which the work was desisted from, probably for want of sale. He also published for the same printer, a collection of his early poems, which were more flatteringly received. A proposal was made to him to edit a Latin version of Herbelot's *Bibliotheque Orientale*, which required perpetual amendment; but he wisely declined the undertaking, conscious of a fickleness, which would have deserted the task (as he modestly suggested), or too proud to waste on praiseless translation a labor so extensive.

At this period he applied to the Spanish language, expecting from it a mine of plots of plays, which had been little sounded: he notices in his Dramaturgy the Virginia of Montiano, and the prefixed Discourse on Spanish Tragedy; but he appears not to have detected ought worthy of transplantation. Mylius joined and rivalled him in the acquirement; but one day, as they were striving to talk Spanish together, a Spaniard, who overheard some words of his native tongue, accosted them, and soon convinced them that they could not understand the idiomatic dialect of the country.

At Berlin, Lessing became acquainted with one Richier, of Louvain, with whom he freely discussed the merits of the French tragedians, and whom he surprized not a little by putting Corneille below Racine, and both below Shakspeare. Richier was occasionally employed by Voltaire as an amanuensis. He spoke of the heterodox, but cultivated taste, of the

literary German. Voltaire desired to see him, and received him repeatedly at his table. He wished to induce Lessing to translate for him a *Memoire* concerning his law-suit with the Jew Hirsch. Lessing disliked the cause, and declined the job: he even wrote an epigram on the subject, which came to the ear of Voltaire, and put an end to their intercourse. Lessing observed that Voltaire treated authors as his inferiors, and the great as his equals, which was an inversion of literary honor.

Voltaire's *Siècle de Louis XIV* was at this period printed at Berlin, and Richier was ordered to collate twenty-four large paper copies for presents to the royal family: great precautions were taken that the work should not get abroad before these copies were delivered. Lessing called on Richier while he was busy in the selection. A copy, of which some leaf was torn, had been thrown aside, as unfit for presentation. Lessing's curiosity begged to borrow; Richier's good nature granted the loan. A friend of Lessing found him reading, ran off with the first sheet or two, and carried them in triumph to Madame Bentinck, a literary lady of rank. Unluckily she had solicited Voltaire for a peep, and was eager to punish his ingalantry by a quotation. Voltaire runs indignant to Richier, hears the story, perhaps unfairly, and dictates to Richier a reproachful note for Lessing, who was out of town, when he received it. The answer has its interest as a specimen of Lessing's French.

"Vous me croyez donc capable, Monsieur, d'un tour des plus traitres; et je vous parais assez meprisable, pour me traiter comme un voleur, qui est hors d'atteinte? On ne lui parle raison que parceque la force n'est pas de mise.

" Voilà l'exemplaire dont il s'agit. Je n'ai jamais eu le dessein de le garder. Je vous l'aurais même renvoyé sans votre lettre qui est la plus singulière du monde. Vous m'y donnez des vues que je n'ai pas. Vous vous imaginez que je m'étais mis à traduire un livre, dont M. Henning a annoncé il y a long temps la traduction comme étant dejà sous presse. Sachez, mon ami, qu'en fait d'occupations litteraires je n'aime pas à me rencontrer avec qui que ce soit. Au reste j'ai la folle envie de bien traduire, et pour bien traduire M. de Voltaire je sais qu'il se faudrait donner au diable. C'est ce que je ne veux pas faire.—C'est un bon mot que je viens de dire: trouvez le admirable, je vous prie, il n'est pas de moi.

" Mais au fait. Vous vous attendez à des excuses; et les voilà. J'ai pris sans votre permission avec moi, ce que vous ne m'aviez preté qu'en cachette. J'ai abusé de votre confiance, j'en conviens; mais est ce ma faute si contre ma curiosité ma bonne foi n'a pas été la plus forte? En partant de Berlin j'avais encore à lire quatre feuilles. Mettez vous à ma place, avant que de prononcer contre moi. M. de Voltaire pourquoi ne serait il pas un Limiers, ou un autre compilateur, les ouvrages des quels on peut finir partout, par ce qu'ils nous ennuyent partout.

" Vous dites dans votre lettre, M. de Voltaire ne manquera pas de reconnaitre ce service qu'il attend de votre probité. Par ma foi voilà autant pour le brodeur. Ce service est si mince, et je m'en glorifierai si peu, que M. de Voltaire sera assez reconnaissant s'il veut bien avoir la bonté de l'oublier. Il vous a fait beaucoup de reproches que vous ne meritez pas. J'en suis au desespoir. Dites lui donc que nous sommes amis, et que ce n'est qu'un excès d'amitié, qui vous a fait

faire cette faute, si c'en est une de votre part. Ce sera bien assez pour obtenir le pardon d'un philosophe. Je suis," &c.

Voltaire, however, could not pardon: he dismissed Richier, who passed into the service of Prince Henry of Prussia, with the title of librarian, and afterwards of aulic counsellor. Still Richier retained his zealotry for Voltaire, and was very angry with those criticisms of the Merope, which were inserted in the Dramaturgy, and which may have been embittered by this accident.

The anecdote of the forestalled copy had been talked of at the court of Berlin, and had been described by Voltaire as an attempt to defraud him of the profits of a permitted translation; Lessing's name had suffered with the king, and the hope of obtaining a librarianship, or a professorship, in the Prussian dominions was mortifyingly damped. Lessing, soon after this incident, removed to Wittenberg, where his younger brother was studying theology; probably in order to take an easy degree, and thus to qualify himself (preparation he did not need) for the situation which his father was soliciting for him at Göttingen. He accordingly took a master of arts' degree, but disliked to have it noticed on his letters, or in society, as is customary among the Germans. Some subscription to the articles of religion had apparently been required, and of this condescension he felt ashamed.

His brother was modest to excess, and being called upon to bury a corpse, which was a task alternately imposed on the theological students, was so much intimidated that he could not officiate. The coffin was on its march, the clerk was in waiting with the cassock, and the younger students, whose turns were approach-

ing, had put on black to attend the ceremony, and take their lesson with due solemnity. There was no time for irresolution. Lessing terminated his brother's embarrassment with an—I'll go. He endosses the black robe, takes in hand the book, sets agoing "the croke of todes from lonely moores," and completes the whole service with a more than theatric solemnity, and without the slightest explosion of the ridiculous. Fine fun for the students over their punch: Lessing fell in with this too, at least with equal plasticity, and wrote what he called—an Epigram on my brother's officiating at a funeral: it runs thus:—

A face so sad,
A voice so bad;
Sooner than he
Should bury me;
I 'd rather, I own,
Let dying alone.

At Wittenberg he translated from the Spanish of Huarte, a medical work on the Estimate of Heads, originally printed in 1566, which seems to have laid the foundation of some recent speculations on craniology. He also began a Latin version of the Messiah of Klopstock, of which the five first books were then newly published, desirous of stimulating his younger brother to complete a task so adapted to his profession. He undertook corrections and additions to Jöcher's Dictionary of Learned Men; and after he had made some progress, wrote to Jöcher, that he would either transfer to him for a given sum the new materials, or publish them apart in the form of hostile criticisms. The threat availed more than the desire of help, and Jöcher agreed to purchase the manuscript; but the

proceeding cannot entirely be acquitted of the charge of literary bullying; it is symptomatic of a degree of poverty, which usually ceases to be nice.

In 1753, Lessing returned to Berlin, and undertook, in the room of Mylius, to lend regular assistance to a political and literary journal printed for Voss. He also published a third and fourth part of his lesser writings, including poems, letters of literary criticism, and disquisitions, called apologies, which defended the dead and attacked the living, with a freedom more favourable to his reputation than to his peace. Several of his comedies were also collected in neat editions, and made an impression so favourable, that his father's hostility to the theatre was sensibly softened: henceforth he inveighed only against the ancient licentious comedy.

A translation of Marigny's History of the Arabs, was executed by Lessing: he condensed the four French volumes into three: he composed a critical preface, signed with fictitious initials, and made preparations for a continuation, which was to chronicle the Arabian dynasties of Spain: but this he never completed.

He translated into German, three letters of the king of Prussia. He edited the works, or at least the better works, of his friend Mylius, who died in London, on the point of embarking for America, whither Haller, and others, had subscribed to tranfer him, under pretext of obtaining information concerning objects of natural history; but, as Lessing thought, in order to deprive infidelity of a zealous apostle. In 1754, he printed the two first parts of his Theatrical Library.

At this period, he boiled over with literary projects; offered to edit, with additions, Becker's Enchanted World; to undertake a weekly paper entitled, The

Blind Man; to publish his Portfolio; to collect or compose Short Tales and Romances; to provide Monthly Miscellanies of Miscellaneous Authors, and Miscellaneous Contents; and, in concert with Mendelsohn, to extract The Best from Bad Books. For this last enterprise, many preparations were made, and the writings of Jordanus Brunus, of Hieronymus Cardanus, and of Thomas Campanella were read and gutted for the purpose. There is no literary activity more useful than that which renders useless the voluminous writers of a former age, by selecting their information, condensing their arguments, and picking out their characteristic passages. *Legimus aliqua ne legantur* was the motto he had chosen from Ambrosius.

Lessing's circumstances were bettered by these efforts, and he invited the brother, with whom he had housed at Wittenberg, to be his guest at Berlin. The father interrupted the visit, least this son should be detached from the theological profession; but he permitted a younger brother to go, a lad too young for a metropolis, and for the liberal tutorship of philosophy. Pleasure was in Lessing's creed a duty; to be bestowed on one's self, as on every sentient being, with no other restrictions, than those which nature, fortune, and opinion, impose on prudent gratification. But habits of industry are seldom superinduced, without obstinate coercion, where the means of amusing leisure abound.

Lessing's excellence in chess brought him acquainted with Moses[5] Mendelsohn, a Jew of literary eminence; Mendlesohn introduced him to Nicolai, a printer and

[5] Author of the Phædon, so well Englished by Mr. Cullen; and of some feebler works, Letters on Sentiment, Morning Hours, &c.

bookseller of literary ambition, whose Dissertation on the Templars, and whose Sebaldus[6] Nothanker have a permanent value. This intelligent trio became very intimate. They sensibly influenced each other's opinions: when together they conversed, when apart they corresponded; and, in concert, they moulded into shape many a fragment of ingenious and of liberal instruction. The estimate of Pope as a metaphysician was one of their earliest joint productions. Mendelsohn was of the school of Leibnitz, and, like his master, wanted clearness: but the tolerant suavity of his temper, was an idea which remained to be inserted in the mind of Lessing. Nicolai had attended to the materialists; perhaps, to Spinoza; he exercised the probity of commercial habits, and the kindness of good-nature and of affluence.

Ramler, the lyric poet, was a frequent guest of Nicolai, and of course, was acquainted with Lessing, who valued high the systematic nicety of his taste and the delicate dexterity of his pen, and often solicited and adopted his minute corrections. Sulzer, a critic of more comprehensive glance, and the author of an admirable Dictionary of the Theory of Fine Art, in like manner became known to the set: Süssmilch too, the statist, and other writers of distinction. Many good things are recorded of their conversations.

Speaking of Voltaire, Nicolai observed: "Few writers have produced so much that is new, and so much that is good." "His good is not new; his new is not good:" retorted Lessing, with more presence than precision of mind.

In the society of honest friendship Lessing was

[6] A novel well translated by Mr. Dutton.

taught to know himself: born with all the susceptibility of genius, he was apt to believe every thing possible to his force: he would kindle over a new project into warmth, and he would bring together in imagination whatever stock of books or thoughts were requisite for its completion; but fancy has the fourfold wings of a dragon-fly, and industry but the short-paced feet of an emmet: his projects hitherto had ceased to please before half the toil of execution was incurred. He was now induced systematically to discard every undertaking of compass and patient persevering effort. The more modest plans of his speculative invention were re-examined, reduced to cautious limits, and brought afresh upon the desk. The most feasible were dramatic. He had sketched an arrangement of scenes for a tragedy in common life, to be called Miss Sara Samson. He went off with it to Potsdam, without books, and walked and worked until he had finished the piece: he then took the post-waggon to Frankfort on the Oder, and got it played with the applause he hoped. It succeeded also at Leipzig, at Berlin, and at Vienna. It was translated into Italian, into Danish, and into French; but though acted at Saint Germain, it did not support itself at Paris. The taste, or the gratitude, of Diderot, applauded aloud, and consoled the translator of the Père de Famille for the indifference of the other Parisians.

Lessing loved change of place, as of employment. He went in 1755 to Leipzig, with theatrical specimens in his pocket, began to re-fashion the *Erede Fortunata* of Goldoni, renewed his acquaintance with the amiable Weisse, and was introduced by him to a Mr. Winkler, a man of fortune, who wanted a companion (he was not young enough to want a preceptor) during his

projected tour of Europe. Lessing agreed to be of the party: he was to be franked of all expenses: he was to have for four years an allowance of 200 dollars a year.

Before this great journey, Lessing went to visit the paternal house, and the most entire harmony and cordiality was re-established between him and every individual of the family. On the 10th of May, 1756, he set out with Mr. Winkler from Leipzig; on the 29th of July following they arrived at Amsterdam, their progress having been leisurely but not very devious: it was intended next to embark for England. But at Amsterdam an account arrived that the Prussian troops had entered Leipzig, and that the commandant, General Von Hausen, had, without ceremony, occupied Mr. Winkler's house for his head quarters. Many domestic solicitudes of course arose, and Mr. Winkler chose to return. There was property to watch over, and Mr. Winkler chose to remain. He next endeavoured, unbecomingly, to be rid of Lessing without any indemnity. The dismissal was abrupt: the pretext, that Lessing associated with Kleist,[7] and other Prussian officers, and took part against the inhabitants. Lessing demanded his due, and appealed to his contract: he pleaded (for he was obliged to plead in a court of justice) that he had put himself to many expenses for travelling equipments, that he had dissolved contracts with editors and booksellers, which interrupted his resources of maintenance; that he had spent in necessary unprofitableness the months passed with Mr. Winkler, without the equivalent he expected in the knowledge of foreign nations, and that he could

[7] Author of Spring, and other poems: see p. 311.

not afford this gratuitous loss of time. In 1765 the law-suit terminated in Lessing's favor, to whom the 800 dollars for his four years' salary were adjudged. It would have been more dignified to disdain legal redress, and to leave the rich man his debtor. But Mr. Winkler ought surely to have been glad of a pretext for putting the whole 800 dollars at once at Lessing's disposal, in circumstances which would have intercepted all the arrogance of munificence, and have given to a real service the inoffensive form of a debt discharged. Lessing owed to this journey, short as it was, the inspection of many private as well as public cabinets of art, and had begun to collect materials for a history of engraving.

In 1754 Lessing translated, at Mendelsohn's instigation, Hutcheson's Moral Philosophy into German; and, at his bookseller's request, Richardson's Selection from Æsop's Fables. This last went through four editions, and gave occasion to the composition of that elegant little volume of original fables, which Mr. Richardson of Eworth translated into English, and printed at York. Another piece of bespoken work which he began, but which a friend completed, was a version of Law's Exhortations.

In 1757 Nicolai, Mendelsohn, and Lessing, undertook conjointly the *Library of Fine Literature*. It was a review which professedly omitted the polemic scribblage of theology and politics. Out of the profits of the work an annual prize was to be given for the best play: Nicolai hoped that Lessing would thus derive from the concern the mass of what it might produce beyond the wages of composition. Much of correspondence, as well as of formal criticism, was inserted, and the contributors exerted on one another's

articles a severity of censure, which they sparingly inflicted on strangers. This review was eminently successful, and was still carried on by another generation of authors. A greater division of labor is certainly desirable in reviews; some should attach themselves to science and philosophy, and be adapted to the bold eye of learning; some should confine themselves to works of elegant amusement and instruction, and be suited to the refined and delicate taste of the feminine and polished reader; some should mingle in practical life, and discuss the statistics, the theology, the legal, military, historical, and political, information, which circulates in church and state parties, and influences the conduct of the busy world.

The two first dramatic prizes were won by Kronegk, for his Codrus, a tragedy; and by Braue, for his Freethinker, a comedy: the taste of Lessing awarded them, if not with equity, with disinterest. Lessing had offered to the competition a tragedy in three acts, and in prose, on the story of Virginia; he afterwards employed those portions of it which were disconnected with Roman history, and which appeared worthy of preservation, in his tragedy of Emilia Galotti.

The society of Kleist, and of the Prussian officers, must have contributed to detain him in Leipzig; for on Kleist's being ordered to join the army of Prince Henry in the spring of 1759, Lessing went back to Berlin, where he rejoined his ancient associates, among whom Voss, the bucolic poet, was now become familiar. Mendelsohn had reviewed in the *Library* some verses of the king of Prussia, and compared them with Lucretius; this was flattering their execution, and defining their tendency. But there was in the turn of the article a something, which was thought to hold up

to the people on the odious side the mortalism of the royal creed. The officiousness of subordinate zealots threatened to quash the publication; and it was announced to have passed into other hands. It is probable, however, that but little real change, except in the opinion that royal and noble authors must be treated with deference, was made in the practical administration of the concern.

Philotas, a tragedy in one act, was finished in 1759, and published: it is well adapted for school-performance, by the omission of all female characters, and by the lofty purity of its sentiment. It is supposed to have been written at Kleist's instigation, for the performance of some officers of the Prussian garrison at Leipzig; for whose accommodation Lessing also wrote a comedy without female characters, entitled The Jews: this piece wants effect.

Lessing assisted Ramler in editing Logau, a gnomologic and epigrammatic poet of the fifteenth century. In 1760 also he drew up the life of Sophocles, and was brought forward as a member of the Academy of Berlin. Süssmilch proposed him; Sulzer objected, that he did not belong to any specific description of the learned, and put up another candidate, an acquaintance and countryman of his own, a Swiss. Lessing was elected, and never avenged, even in an epigram, the opposition.

Shortly after his reception, he was appointed secretary to General Tauenzien, whom he accompanied to Breslau. He probably owed this promotion to the favourable impression he made among the Prussian officers at Leipzig, and possibly to the direct interference of Kleist. Tauenzien was a director of the Prussian mint; the necessities of the seven years' war

repeatedly tempted the king to order an adulteration of the coin: it does not appear that Lessing had to undertake the literary defense of these exactions.

It was the fashion of the Prussian army to play high; Lessing gamed like the rest; and was especially fond of Faro: he professed to value the intellectual stimulation of great hopes and fears: it would be contemptible, he said, to delight in these childish gays and painted papers, unless we attached to them an influence on our well-being and comfortable maintenance for a week, or a month. Gambling is a bad habit in the industrious world, where it teaches profusion, and interferes with the natural recompense of forecast; but it is allied to the military virtues, and teaches self-command, indifference about to-morrow, independence of the accidents of fortune, honor, spirit, and hopefulness. To the general, who reprimanded Lessing for his high play, he answered, that on the whole he neither won nor lost. Had I played low, he added, I should have been less attentive, and therefore probably a loser; it is cheapest to play high.

The war had occasioned the dispersion and sale by auction of many private and public collections of books; Lessing bought and sent to Berlin a considerable quantity. This library was the only permanent advantage he derived from his stay at Breslau, and his place of secretary. His income, or appointment, which was liberal, he used very generously, assisted every member of his family who would accept, lent readily to his intimates, gave freely to the distressed, and often borrowed for the service of others.

Whilst at Breslau, he read Spinoza with impression, and has found fault with the superficial analysis and commentary of Bayle: he also made some antiquarian

memorandums concerning Andreas Scultetus; sent with eagerness to Ramler the scarse original edition of Logau; visited Arletius, and the learned of the neighbourhood; sketched his Faustus; and read some early romances; but in general literary enterprize was postponed to dissipation; he made holiday, enjoyed himself with military gentlemen in their way, and incurred a serious, if not a dangerous, disease. While at the worst, a friend, who sat by his bedside, observing on his countenance a significant thoughtful expression, asked if he had aught to communicate. "No," said Lessing, "but I was endeavouring to observe what change the mind undergoes at the approach of death; it seems to me that the art of remembering decays more than the power of thinking."

In 1762 Lessing had to accompany his general to the blockade of Schweidnitz; and in 1763, after the peace, he was introduced to the king at Potsdam. Nothing remarkable is recorded of the interview; yet it seems to have chilled his hopes of promotion; for he said of the king, *Dat paululum, ut multum faciant.* He resumed, in 1765, his residence at Berlin, and reverted, somewhat slowly, to literary occupation.

Minna Von Barnhelm,[8] the best of his comedies, was the first conspicuous effort of his pen after this long relaxation. It was printed in 1767, and acted in 1768; but it was composed and shown about in manuscript prior to his Laocoon, a dissertation on the limits of poetry and painting, which was published in 1766. At the close of that year he accompanied Major Brenkenhof to Pyrmont, and thence went to Hamburg, at the invitation of a society of theatrical

[8] This play has been elegantly translated into English, under the title Love and Honor, by the late Robert Harvey Esq. of Catton, near Norwich.

dilettanti, who had purchased the playhouse there by subscription, and wished, through Lessing's advice, to realize a classical theatre. Whether he took a proprietor's share, or whether his journey to Pyrmont had exhausted his resources, it is certain that he removed only a select portion of his great library to Hamburg, and ordered the remainder to be sold by auction in the spring of 1767, at Berlin, where he staid the time necessary to break up his housekeeping, and publish his Minna. On his return to Hamburg the scenes had been shifted. Among these virtuoso managers it was not sufficiently understood who was to be the practical director. There were intellectual factions for the choice of tragedies and farces, and ambitious competitions for the patronage of actors and musicians. Lessing undertook his own department with spirit, and published a weekly paper, entitled the Hamburg Dramaturgy, of which each number was to contain a critique of some one night's representation of the preceding week. He projected to examine the merit of the poet in the plan and execution of his drama, of the actors in their performance of it, and of the managers in the appropriate decoration of the personages and apartments exhibited; but the two latter portions were dropped, from the soreness and irritation which they occasioned. These papers were continued until April, 1768; they have been collected in two volumes, and include a mass of permanently valuable dramatic criticism.

Lessing, who was very speculative, suffered himself to be persuaded to take a share in a printing office with Bode; but this partnership was dissolved by common consent in February, 1769. The use of an author in a printing-firm is to appreciate the manu-

script offered for impression; and for this department no man could be better qualified than so practised a reviewer, so all-read an erudite, so penetrating a thinker, as Lessing. But other cares seem to have been expected, for which he had neither talent, nor industry, nor inclination.

An author of the name of Klotz had reviewed Laocoon in a mortifying manner; Lessing published an anti-critique, in which he bears rather hard on poor Klotz, who had also written a book on the study of antiquities. The controversy excited at the time much interest in Germany; but these author-baitings are little heeded afterwards, or elsewhere. By barking at Lessing, Klotz drew a vulgar notice, but was soon cudgelled into helplessness.

At Hamburg Lessing became a Freemason, probably because the lodge passed for a pleasant club. "Well," said the gentleman who introduced him, "you have found nothing in our society against the church or the state, have you?" "Would to God I had," answered Lessing, "I should then at least have found something." Perhaps this initiation was preparatory to a journey, which Lessing wished to undertake in Italy; travellers are said to find a convenience in being Freemasons, and to obtain, by means of chiromancy, or other secret signs, immediate access to decent company in strange places. The select remains of Lessing's library were advertized to be sold in 1769: he had announced a determination to spend a twelvemonth in Rome, and to write concerning its antiquities; but after discharging his various debts there was scarsely enough left for subsistence during a single earnless year. It is in moments of this kind that one recollects, with due admiration, the procceding of the Em-

press Catharine of Russia toward Diderot. She purchased his library for an annuity, and left him the use of it for life. The heir apparent of the then duke of Braunschweig, Prince Leopold, had the honor of interfering in Lessing's behalf, and of offering, through Professor Ebert, the place of librarian at Wolfenbüttel, which Leibnitz had formerly illustrated. The offer was made in the noblest manner; the salary might be unworthy of his notice, but it was accompanied with no restraint; the books, in many lines of reading, would replace to him those which were advertized — might they but become as illustriously useful! Professor Ebert had orders to remit a specific sum to Lessing, with the request that he would employ it at the approaching auction in purchasing additions to the Wolfenbüttel library.

One of the last letters which Lessing's father lived to receive from his son is that in which he gives the following account of his installation at Wolfenbüttel.

"It was in fact the Hereditary Prince who brought me hither. He invited me in the most gracious manner, and to him I owe it, that the place of librarian, which was not vacant, was made so on my account. The reigning Prince has received me with distinction; the whole house is remarkable for affability and cordiality. I am not one to press upon them, I shall keep much aloof from court-circles, and confine myself within that of my library.

"The appointment is just such as the ingenuity of friendship would have contrived for me; so that I have not to regret the refusal formerly of some analogous situations. The income is sufficient for every purpose of respectable convenience; and the best is,

that I shall be at all hours within reach of a collection of books known to you already by repute, but far superior to their reputation. I need not grieve for my own original stock from Breslau. Let me once in my life have the pleasure of shewing you about here, as I know how great a lover and a judge of books you are.

"Duties of office I have none, but such as I choose to devise for myself. The Prince has been more desirous to make the library useful to me, than me to the library; however, I shall try to unite both, or rather the one will follow from the other."

Not long after this appointment, Lessing returned to Hamburg, and made proposals there to a widow lady named König, to whose children he had given private lessons. During this courtship, which was eventually successful, Herder returned from France, met and contracted with Lessing an intimacy, which progressively strengthened into warm friendship.

A vast collection of manuscripts, nearly 6000, were deposited in the library at Wolfenbüttel. Lessing undertook a periodical publication of uncertain appearance, entitled, *Contributions to Literary History*, which was to include notices and extracts of the more remarkable manuscripts, together with such comments as the learned might be disposed to transmit concerning the works analysed. One of the first insertions was a work of Berengarius of Tours, which, in the eleventh century, opposed to the established doctrine of transubstantiation the doctrine of consubstantiation, afterwards revived by Luther at the reformation. Lanfranc had replied to the book, and, as the Catholics averred, victoriously; here was the book itself, and the Luther-

ans now proclaimed it unanswerable. Lessing acquired a sort of orthodox popularity by his analysis, with which he makes merry in his correspondence. He did, however, prefer the orthodox to the heterodox party, like Gibbon. The balance of learning which attracted his esteem was on that side, and so was the balance of adhesion, which led him to consider it as more expedient for the magistrate. Philosophers are moreover apt to imagine that the more irrational, silly, and absurd, the established opinion, the more secure are they of forming a party in the thinking world, and of escaping an inconvenient disrepute. Times have altered; the balance of erudition now preponderates on the heterodox side; and the balance of adhesion also, at least in the educated classes. Philosophy has struck such deep root that it can scarsely fear the the rivalry even of a liberal sect; it may indulge, therefore, and it is beginning to indulge, in the luxury of patronizing those Socinianizing Christians, who follow its line of walk, but not with equal steps.

Lessing gave, in 1771, a new edition of his miscellaneous works; Ramler corrected the proofs, and had unlimited authority to suppress and to correct: he used it with the courage of friendship, and with the prudence of taste. Many minor poems disappeared for ever; many new readings were introduced with exquisite dexterity.

In 1771 the celebrated Reiske published the third volume of his excellent edition of the Greek orators, and dedicated it to Lessing in a latin epistle, of which an extract may be welcome: to be praised by the praiseworthy is among the highest rewards of talent.

" Lectorem potius, id quod ei debeo, docebo, qua

de causa hunc Æschinem tibi, LESSINGI, inscripserim. Tuorum enim tute tibi de eo meritorum satis es conscius. Nescio qui factum est, nullo quidem meo merito, quod sciam, ut tu, LESSINGI, mei semper fueris studiosus. Causam rei cum requiro, nullam invenio aliam, præter hanc, quod amore me videres teneri meliorum illarum literarum, quibus olim Græcia et Latium floruit. Quas tu literas quam studiose excolueris, quam penitus imbiberis, testantur non modo epistolæ tuæ antiquariæ, sed universe florens illud ingenium tuum, quod te Germanici cothurnique et socci, et satyræ adeo fabellæque Æsopicæ fecit principem, scriptionemque tuam vernaculam canonem classicæ scriptionis reddidit. Laudes has, profecto summas et paucis datas, omnium consensu atque confessione dudum tibi tributas, et excellentia ingenii tui partas, vetustis Græcis atque Latinis literis innutriti, silentio equidem prætermisissem, si solis nunc cum Germanis agerem. Ecquis enim unus universæ, qua latissime patet, Germaniæ angulus est, qui Lessingii nomine non resonet, cujus non ætas et sexus omnis fabulis, et scenicis utriusque generis, et aliis, dramaturgia, libellis ex eo genere, quos vulgo polemicos aut eristicos usurpant, urbanitate denique salibusque tuis delectetur? Taceo triumphos, quos ex hostibus devictis egisti; quod ea pars laudum tuarum est minima, minimeque vivax. Sed exteris, ad quos Æschines peruenturus est, hæc scribo, vel verbo admonendis, Lessingium nobis esse, quem poetis eorum vel nobilissimis opponamus. Hæc hactenus, et obiter. Neque enim aut ego tui præco sum idoneus, neque tu præconium meum desideras, quo cares hoc facilius, quo es excelsior. Ad rem potius accedo. Biennium est, si bene commemini, cum tu mihi Demosthenem Aldinum mitteres; unde

excerpta quædam scholia græca antehac inedita in secunda mei parte publicavi. Anno superiori ad finem vergente non indicabas modo per literas, Helmstadii esse membranas Æschinis, de quibus antea ne fando quidem inaudiveram, sed etiam, cum cupiditatem meam ad spem erexisses, ipsas ad me haud opinantem mittebas. Lectiones hujus codicis editioni Æschinis meæ magnum conciliabunt decus, quo sine te, Lessingi, erat caritura. Usu deprehendi codicem illum, de quo initio non optime sperare videbaris, omnium esse, quotquot Æschinis codices mihi adhucdum innotuerunt, præstantissimum. Sunt alii quoque magni faciendi. Sed quas illi laudes tenent singulas, hic cunctas tenet. Lockeranus, qui Tayloro præsto fuit, bonæ notæ codex est, at ante finem orationis primæ exspirat. Harleyanus item probabilis est, sed caret oratione prima. Helmstadiensis cum his non consentit modo plerumque bonis in lectionibus, sed multo etiam plures illinc erui bonas lectiones, aut ferendas certe, materiamque criticorum meditationi daturas, quam Taylor e suis retulit. Non caret quidem mendis, ausim tamen affirmare, perinde eum in codicibus Æschinis adhucdum regnare, atque in Demosthenicis regnat Augustanus. Æschinis tenet omnia, cum genuinis supposita etiam; perspicuis et pulchris ad adspectum planisque ad legendum ductibus literarum est exaratus, candidis in membranis, quasi modo e manu calligraphi exisset, ea constantia scripturæ, ut pæne uno die exaratus videatur. Non est vetustissimus, at e bonæ notæ codice vetustiore ductus. Georgius Chrysococcas eum exaravit, de quo in præfatione ad varietates lectionis Æschineæ pluribus ago.

"Tua hæc, Lessingi, tanta de me merita memoris animi officium mihi imponebant, quo defungi hac epis-

tola volui, qua testatum ad omnes facio, summi te a me fieri, unaque eos, quotquot in Æschinis lectione a membranis Helmstadiensibus proficient, admoneo, ut, cum gratias mihi habebunt, tum in te quoque partem earum conferre memimerint. Perge porro literas elegantiores et patriam scriptis inventisque tuis ornare, nobilibus et fructuosis, et, ut paucis dicam, te dignis. Nam ab ingenio tuo non nisi summa quæque et perfecta exspectantur."

On the 13th of March, 1772, the birthday of the Dowager Duchess of Braunschweig, was first acted Emilia Galotti. The piece had been promised months before, but the author, who was very difficult, could not make the conclusion to his mind. It would probably have remained unended for a long time, had not the manager, Döbbelin, written word that the actors had gotten by heart the first four acts, and that he should compose for the occasion a concluding scene or two of his own. This appendix Lessing could not brook, and sent in his fifth act: it betrays haste, and terminates unworthily a fine preparation.

An antique female statue, or rather the torso of a statue, had formerly stood in the library at Wolfenbüttel, which was transferred to Dresden, and there fitted up with a head from Rome, and with two new arms, on the model of an Agrippina at Paris. Lessing inserted, in his Notices of the Wolfenbüttel Curiosities, a dissertation on this statue, which drew controversial attention. He also wrote on the manner in which the ancient sculptors personified Death, by a genius quenching a torch; and on the antiquity of oil-painting.

He consulted the Hereditary Prince how far he could be allowed to publish some extracts, which

might be objected to by the licensers of the press. The Prince hinted that he should not take up the complaints of theologians. Lessing knew where to find his printer; and the Fragments of an anonymous writer discovered in the library at Wolfenbüttel were progressively inserted in the *Contributions*. This anti-christian work[9] made great uproar in Germany; it endeavours to prove that the founder of christianity had a worldly object in view; that the Jews understood by the kingdom of Heaven the temporal sway of the Messiah; that the Seventy were apostles of sedition and insurrection, intended to supersede the seventy members of the Sanhedrim; and that the expulsion of the money-changers from the Temple was the crisis of an abortive attempt at rebellion. A separate and unsatisfactory fragment was consecrated to the attack of the resurrection. Many persons have ascribed to Lessing himself these dexterously sophistical compositions. They still constitute in Germany the radical book of the anti-supernaturalists.

Lessing attempted a new classification of the books under his care, which displeased the chancellor, Von Praun, who had the nominal superintendence of the library, and who probably thought the proposal was preparatory to superseding him in his office. Mendelsohn came during the busy task; he valued low the antiquarian details to which his friend was habitually condescending, and endeavoured to divert his attention from works of industry to works of art. Lessing, who was naturally fickle, began to be weary both of his drudgery, and of his solitude; and after Mendelsohn's departure, fell into an hypochondriac, splenetic,

9 It was afterwards printed separately with the title: *Von dem Zwecke Jesu und seiner Jünger. Braunschweig*, 1778.

caustic, state of temper, of which he had formerly shown symptoms, and for which nature had taught him to seek, in wandering, a remedy.

The son of Maria Theresa, afterwards the Emperor Joseph II, was at this time desirous of founding an academy at Vienna, which should rival that of Berlin; but the state of instruction in Austria would not allow it. He suggested, therefore, to his mother the Empress, the propriety of inviting, under various pretexts, several of the eminent men of letters to Vienna; and, when the number and value should suffice to make a show with, he proposed to set up his academy. Poets were to be attached to the theatres, linguists to the schools, philosophers to the libraries, historians to the archives, and professor Sulzer was employed as a recruiting officer of this intended army of intellect. He learned from Mendelsohn Lessing's restlessness, and enquired if he might mention his name at Vienna. Lessing consented, and the more readily, because the lady he expected to marry had houses in Vienna, and wished to reside there. Nothing being arranged, he did not communicate the application to the heir apparent of the Duke of Braunschweig. This was not, according to Lessing's own feeling, right; the delicate generosity of that Prince in choosing the moment of his adversity to offer him a competency was entitled to entire frankness; yet a communication would have had the air of asking for more. The negociation at Vienna went off, probably because the piety of the Empress Queen hesitated to patronize such a gang of freethinkers as had been recommended to notice by her son; but the fact was whispered about, and reached the ears first of the Chancellor Praun, and next of the Prince. This brought on a suspicion of coolness very

painful to Lessing, and apparently incurable, precisely because nothing could be said on the subject.

Lessing was the more confirmed in the notion that he had forfeited the favor of his benefactor, by listening to offers of removal, as a project had been entertained of advancing him to the dignity of historiographer, with an increase of salary, and a title of aulic counsellor. Suggestions even had been made whether he would direct his studies to the illustration of the House of Brunswick. The additional salary was to begin soon, the honorary distinction was to appear the recompense of his efforts. But these grants were postponed by the chancellor, and in a manner which confirmed Lessing in the impression that he had no longer a warm friend in the Prince. In March, 1775, he undertook a journey, first to Berlin, where some offers of place were made to him, but declined; and next to Vienna, where he married Madame König.

The Prince Leopold of Braunschweig had not been an inattentive observer of Lessing's state of mind; he perceived that his literary labors required intermission; he recollected the desire which Lessing had often expressed of seeing Rome, and to which, in his last visitation of low spirits, the whole residue of his property was to have been sacrificed: he attributed to natural feelings the enquiry made at Vienna, and he determined to shew that the heart can give to the patronage of a Duke of Brunswick a higher value than can be counterfeited by the splendor of imperial munificence. The Prince obtained from his father leave to travel, came on a sudden to Vienna, and proposed to Lessing the tour of Italy; probably not aware that matrimonial views had so much share in Lessing's visit. Lessing gladly accepted the offer of this excur-

sion; it was speedily known at the Imperial Court; the Empress desired he might be presented at court before his departure. After enquiring what he thought of the state of literature in Austria, and of the means of its encouragement, she said to him, "You are going to Italy with the Prince of Braunschweig." "I am." "Shall you pass through Milan?" "We shall." "Tell the Prince I will give you letters of introduction to Count Firmian; the acquaintance is adapted for him." The Prince of Braunschweig was come to Vienna in order to snatch from the Empress the honor of attaching Lessing, and had succeeded: it was an elegant revenge thus to make Lessing the introducer of his friend. They set off for their Italian tour on the 25th of April, 1775, and, after visiting, somewhat hastily, the seats of art, they arrived in the middle of the following December at Munich, where they separated. During their absence Lessing's wife died of a miscarriage.

No sooner was it known that Lessing was definitively settled with the Prince of Braunschweig, than several of the German sovereigns began to envy him his conquest. Lessing visited Dresden early in 1776: the Elector requested an interview, and enquired where he was born. "I was born a subject of your Highness." "That I knew, and that you have found it eligible to settle out of your country; but if you choose to return to it, you shall not repent the step, if you will inform me of your determination." An intimation was given from a subordinate quarter, that the appointment then held by Hagedorn, and likely, from his age and debility, to become vacant, would be at Lessing's command.

From Manheim also splendid proposals were trans-

mitted. It was proposed to him, in the first instance, to accept a seat of academician in a new institution, of which the members were to receive a hundred Louis yearly. Some contributions to the transactions of this learned society were the avowed services expected, and an annual visit at Manheim to attend the sittings. But a private letter from the minister, Von Hompesch, intimated, that a national theatre was about to be opened there, and that his silent aid would be expected both to prepare its excellence and diffuse its reputation. Lessing gave advice, and active assistance, in the selection of actors; he attended the opening of the theatre, was introduced to the Elector, and had the offer of being made curator of the university of Heidelberg, which would have put some petty professional patronage, and 2000 dollars a year at his disposal. He declined this offer, holding himself bound to the House of Brunswick. The court of Manheim would not dispense with residence, for they only wanted, under a decorous name, to engage a manager and puffer of their theatre, who could provide on birthnights something new and reputable. After Lessing got home, Von Hompesch shabbily withdrew the hundred Louis granted to him as academician.

In 1778 an interference of the consistory occasioned the cessation of the *Contributions*. The anger of the theologians was become loud, the controversial writings numerous, and Lessing was tempted by some of them, especially by the vexatious attacks of a pastor Göze, to print some defensive observations. Semler had executed a more temperate and a more argumentative criticism. The unpublished portion of the manuscript was compulsorily delivered up to the magistrate: some leaves at the end were deficient: Les-

sing stated them to be in the possession of Prince Leopold, who had desired to read the whole. Lessing closed the controversy by the publication of Nathan the Wise. It is his dramatic master-piece, written, perhaps, rather for the closet than the theatre; but it has for years been acted with success, as curtailed by Schiller. Among Lessing's papers was found the sketch of a preface, which he did not prefix. It explains many Arabic words and customs alluded to in the piece. It ascribes to the third novel in Boccaccio's Decameron the first hint of the plan. It adds, "Nathan's declaration against all positive religion, expresses what has always been my sentiment: but this is not the place to justifiy it." It concludes with defending the moral tendency of the play. Nathan the Wise was well received at first by the thinking world, and has maintained its classic rank with growing consequence.

In 1780 Prince Leopold became, by the death of his father, the reigning sovereign. The Chancellor, Von Praun, was displaced, and the persecuted Lessing, lately the anti-christian monster, the impious atheist, when it was perceived that he influenced the advancement of the clergy, was white-washed into a teacher of forbearance, a patron of equity, and an apostle of liberality. A Dissertation on the Education of the Human Race, in which the institution of positive religion is contemplated as an engine of discipline to be laid aside in the manhood of society, was given to the public, and read without anger.

So little mistrust had Lessing in the rapidity of his industry, that he made an agreement with the directors of the Hamburg theatre in August, 1780, to finish two new plays annually, at fifty Louis each; but he

suffered the times appointed to roll by without attention.

Among the contiguous intimates of Lessing's latter days were observed his college-friend Zacharia; the consistorial counsellor Schmidt, who was suspected by some of assisting to provide the Fragments, and to whom Lessing was greatly attached; Ebert, his original patron; the young Jerusalem, whose early death was a loss to philosophy; Eschenburg, the translater of Shakespeare; General Warnstedt, the preceptor of the Prince, and the companion of their Italian excursion; and Leisewitz, the author of Julius of Tarento. Lessing's habit was to work at Wolfenbüttel, and to pass frequently two or three weeks at Braunschweig in recreation: but alas! his health seldom permitted him to enjoy the sunshine which the favor of the Prince was radiating both on his circumstances and his popularity.

He became latterly very lethargic. In 1781 he went to Hamburg, but arrived so ill that his friend Leisewitz sent for physicians. To his comatose symptoms was superadded a decay of voice. After an illness of twelve days he died on the 15th of February. Bruckmann and Sommer were his medical attendants: the latter opened the body, and published an account of the dissection: there were eight ribs on each side, and every where tendencies to ossification: there was water in the chest: there was inflammation in the left lobe of the lungs, but no adhesion between the pleura, there was polypus in the right ventricle of the heart. "He leaves no descendants," says Mendelsohn in a letter which narrates his decease, "but a more surely enduring memorial: he wrote Nathan the Wise, and died."

The poetic works of Lessing, which alone concern the object of this Survey, consist of Epigrams and minor Poems, of Fables and of Plays. His Epigrams and connected dissertations fill four duodecimos: they are chiefly modernized from Martial; a few are composed in Latin. Here are some of the best: those which are not numbered, occur in the supplement.

ON THE DEATH OF AN EPIGRAMMATIST.

He 's dead! his epigrams will now come out:
Let who will weep—I hope a laughing bout.

2. (I.)

Who does not utter Klopstock's praise?
Yet who has read him through?
Be it mine to give the praisers less,
The readers more to do.

3. (V.)

Point in his foremost epigram is found;
Bee-like, he left his sting in the first wound.

4. (VIII.)

A. I saw your recent wedding with surprize;
She is so deaf. B. I thought her dumb likewise.

5. (VII.)

Cupid and Mercury above
Chang'd arms for better and for worse;
Hence Prudence flings the shafts of Love;
And Love wins trophies with the purse.

6. (X.)

Let this one thought, Lucinda, make you blush,
No other could excite the faintest flush.

7. (XX.)

For an apple to part with a garden so fine
Was gluttony, Adam, indeed:
But had the test-fruit been the juice of the vine,
Father Adam no pardon would need.

8. (XXVI.)

Sophia daily calls on the young doctor Pill.
Surely her husband 's very weak and ill!

9. (XLI.)

But one bad woman at a time
On earth arises.
That every one should think he has her,
I own—surprizes.

10. (XLV.)

Not one of all his tales I swallow:
Once he spoke truth, and dup'd me hollow.

11. (LV.)

ON THE DEATH OF A MONKEY.

He 's dead, who ap'd us all: poor Jim!
Next comes our turn for aping him.

12. (LVII.)

A long way off—Lucinda strikes the men.
As she draws near,
And one sees clear,
A long way off—one wishes her again.

13. (LIX.)

Why must Aspasia laugh no more,
And every comic scene refuse?
She sobs with Siddons as before.
Has she begun her teeth to lose?

14. (L.)

A. A midnight-fire, and monks so soon at hand!
B. The house was of ill fame: you understand?

15. (LXIX.)

ON A YOUNG LADY GAZING AT A FINE STATUE OF CUPID.

Yes! now I understand the whole:
Cupid, to see himself more clear,
Shot into Betsy's eyes his soul,
And left his body lifeless here.

16. (LXXIV.)

Fabullus locks his iron chest with care;
Least any one should know that nothing 's there.

17. (LXXV.)

You ask an epigram, and on yourself—
My wit is out of joint;
But you can laugh so glibly, so at nothing—
'T will do without a point.

18. (XCIII.)

You hesitate if you shall take a wife:
Do as your father did—live single all your life.

19. (CXXII.)

Clystill, the physician, is now volunteer:
He 'll take no more deaths on his conscience, that 's clear.

20. (CXXXIV.)

Grudge leaves the poor his whole possessions nearly:
He means his next of kin shall weep sincerely.

21. (CXLIV.)

Adam awhile in Paradise
Enjoy'd his novel life:
He was caught napping; in a thrice
His rib was made a wife.
Poor father Adam, what a guest!
This most unlucky doze
Made the first minute of thy rest
The last of thy repose.

22.

Save; but give freely from your hoarded store:
And, shunning poverty, shun not the poor.

23.

A. It rains. B. Well, neighbour, don't repine
It does not rain into our wine.

24.

Yesterday I loved,
To-day I suffer,
To-morrow I die:
But I shall gladly
To-day and to-morrow
Think over yesterday.

25.

Reader, if these few epigrams don't please,
Be thankful you have only these.

Remarks on the Epigram, and on the leading Epigrammatists, form critical disquisitions of high value. The word epigram originally meant an inscription, and has gradually been applied to those poemets, which by their apt brevity are fitted for inscriptions. Lessing contends, that for an epigram to be a complete and independent work of art, it ought to define the monument as well as the superscription, and not to entrust this definition to the title. He agrees therefore with Vavasor, that the epigram should consist of two parts, *expositio rei*, and *conclusio epigrammatis*, and approves that structure which is observed in the following distich:

Infelix Dido! nulli bene nupta marito:
Hoc pereunte fugis! hoc fugiente peris!

Here Dido is given as an instance of matrimonial misfortune, and the peculiarity of her fate is described with pointed precision: the first verse is as it were the statue, and the second the inscription. He disapproves, on the contrary, those epigrams where the exposition is wanting, as in the following instance, which would lose all its effect unless superscribed.

ON A WOODY ILAND.

Hic Cytherea tuo poteras cum Marte jacere,
Vulcanus prohibetur aquis, Sol pellitur umbris.

And he disapproves still more those epigrams where the conclusion, the acumen, or point, is wanting, which is often the case with those in the Greek Anthology. See for instance Αγγου Μηνοφανης, κ. τ. λ. lib. II, cap. vii. ep. 3; and also in Martial's *De prætoricia folium mihi Paulle*, etc.

To the general matter succeeds a chapter on Catullus, in which several of his epigrammatic compositions are criticised. A longer commentary is allotted to Martial: a few words to the Priapeia: and many to the Greek Anthology. There is no department of literature in which Lessing appears to greater advantage than in the critical. The delicacy of his taste, the reasonableness of his judgments, the sagacity of his conjectures, and the erudition of his illustrations, are alike praiseworthy; but he wants the imagination, the invention, the vehemence, which are requisite in works of art wholly original. He criticises so well, one is anxious he should create; but from his creations one is for recalling him to criticism.

Odes, fragments of didactic poetry, rimed fables, succeed. One by way of sample;

THE EAGLE AND THE OWL.

Thus with Minerva's bird Jove's eagle strove:
"Vile native of the dark, why here above?"
"Gentler, I beg—joint tenants of the sky
We 're both—are you a holier bird than I?"
The eagle said, "We 're both in heaven, 't is true,
I by my strength of wing; your goddess lifted you."

Collections toward a history of the Æsopian fable supply an incomplete, but an erudite mass of materials. Five dissertations follow, which exhaust the theory of fable-writing. They treat of the essence of apologue; of the use of animals; of the division of fables; of the method of narration; and of the moral purpose. About ninety original fables are given: these have been translated into English by Mr. Richardson of Eworth, and printed at York. Two or three will suffice.

JUPITER AND THE HORSE.

V. OF THE I. BOOK.

" Father of gods and men, said the horse, as he approached the throne of Jupiter, it is said I am one of the fairest creatures that adorn the world, and vanity leads me to believe it; yet might not my form in some respects be improved?

" What dost thou think could be made better? Speak, I am willing to learn, said the kind deity, and smiled.

" Perhaps, continued the horse, I should be fleeter if my legs were slimmer and longer; a slenderer swanny neck would not disfigure me; a broader breast would strengthen my frame; and as thou hast destined me to carry thy favourite, man, that saddle, which the rider girds upon me, might have been created on my back.

" Patience for a moment, replied Jupiter, and with earnest countenance spake the creative word. Life flowed into the dust; organization spread; and at once stood before the throne the ugly camel.

" The horse saw, trembled, and shuddered back with abhorrence.

" Here are taller and slimmer legs, said Jove; here is a long swanny neck; here is a broader breast; and a natural saddle on the back. Wilt thou, horse, be refashioned thus?

" The horse still trembled.

" Go, continued Jupiter, and this once be taught unpunished. To remind thee at times of thy presumption, the new creature shall endure—(Jove cast a preserving glance on the camel)—and never be beheld by thee without a shudder."

THE BULL AND THE CALF.

V. OF THE II. BOOK.

"A strong bull, as he was pressing through a low stable-door, splintered with his horns the upper rail. Look, master, said a young calf, I never make such mischief. I should be glad, answered the master, you were able to do it.

"The words of the calf are like those of the priesthood: 'O the mischievous Bayle, how many well-disposed minds he has unsettled and disturbed.' How gladly we would be disturbed, reverend sirs, if you could each become a Bayle."

THE SHEEP AND THE SWALLOW.

V. OF THE III. BOOK.

"A swallow alighted on a sheep to pluck some wool for her nest. The sheep skipped about in displeasure. Why art thou so niggardly to me? said the swallow; thou wilt allow the shepherd to shear thee bare, and yet grudgest a single lock to my wants. Whence is this?

"Hence it arises, replied the sheep, that thou knowest not how to take off my wool in so pleasant a manner as the shepherd."

THE SHEPHERD AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

XXX. OF THE III. BOOK.

"Do sing, sweet nightingale, said a shepherd one vernal evening to the silent bird.

"Alas! said the nightingale, the frogs make so much noise, that I lose the very wish to sing. Do you not hear them?

"Yes, replied the shepherd; but your silence is the cause of my hearing them."

This is one of the most elegant and finished volumes of Lessing's works. In the history of apologue his erudition is at home; in the theory, his systematic criticism; and in the fables he exhibits the simple neatness of diction, and the exhaustless variety of invention, which belong to his Greek model.

The first collection of Lessing's comedies contained five pieces, of which the composition had been undertaken in the following order:—The Young Author, 1747; The Woman-Hater, 1748; The Mock Jews, 1749; The Free-Thinker, 1749; and The Treasure, 1750. Of each in its turn.

Chrysander, a merchant, has given a university-education to his son Damis, whom he is desirous of marrying to his ward, a young lady of great expectations. Juliana, grateful to Chrysander for many years of care and protection, conceals her partiality for Valerio, and intends to acquiesce in the wishes of her benefactor. The pedantic absurdities and egregious vanity of Damis, the young author, are contrasted with the gentlemanly propriety of Valerio, and occasion hesitation in Juliana. News arrives that a law-suit involving the larger part of her fortune has terminated to her prejudice. This renders Chrysander indifferent to the match for his son; and on Valerio's offering to discharge all the depending claims for the board and education of Juliana, she is by common consent transferred to the man of her preference. The supposed

termination of the law-suit was a trick devised by the servants of the lovers: she had gained her cause, she retains her fortune.

The general execution of this play bears much resemblance to that of the rimed comedies of the French: the nomenclature of the characters; the valet and soubrette; the chastity and propriety of dialogue; the narrow range of emotion, which, if above annoy, is below interest, and seldom breaks loose into laughter or tears; assimilate its structure to the Parisian imitations of Terence. The character of Damis alone has nothing of the French school; it constitutes the prominent merit of the piece; it is drawn with much humor, but is a personage so wholly in obsolete German college-nature, that it is no longer played with effect. It is consulted as we consult the characters of Bishop Hall for portraits of our forefathers.

A fragment of one scene follows. Lisette is endeavouring to deter Damis from pursuing Juliana with his addresses.

" *Lisette.* She is rather weak.
" *Damis.* No matter.
" *L.* She is quarrelsome.
" *D.* No matter.
" *L.* She is vain, very vain, dressy to a degree.
" *D.* No matter.
" *L.* She is extravagant, and nothing of a manager.
" *D.* Mighty well.
" *L.* She will be always giving entertainments, and living away in style; and I should not wonder if in a few years the whole of what she brings—
" *D.* Mighty well.
" *L.* A large family I dare say she 'll have; her

mother, if she had lived, would have been a great breeder.

"*D.* That is the proper duty of the sex.

"*L.* And I am not quite so clear that she 'll choose them all of the same stock.

"*D.* A good wife I do not expect. If I can't have a very good, I 'd rather have a very bad one. An every-day woman, neither cold nor warm, nor this nor that, is not fit for a man of letters. Who will trouble themselves about her when he is dead? and yet his whole household should be coheirs of his immortality. If I can't have a wife who will assert a place in a future dissertation *De bonis Eruditorum Uxoribus*, let me at least have one who will not escape a writer *De malis Eruditorum Uxoribus*. Any thing but obscurity, any thing but mediocrity."

The Woman-Hater describes a surly old gentleman, who, having had three bad wives, is very strenuous in opposing his son's disposition to marry Hilaria. Valerio comes to solicit his father's consent, and brings with him Lelio, the pretended brother of the lady to whom he is attached. Lelio humours the old man's prejudices with dexterity, and decidedly gains on his affection. At length it appears that Lelio is the disguised Hilaria, and the father agrees to the union. An underplot unites the sister of Valerio to Leander.

This comedy is feeble in the closet; the situations are more stimulant than the dialogue; its theatrical success was favoured by the effect of what is called a breeches-figure, an actress in man's attire. The scene in which Solbist comes on the part of Leander to solicit the hand of Laura, is a curious record of those obsolete usages of the Germans, when the same mar-

riage-broker was employed by a whole town to bring on matches, without the awkwardness of personal explanation.

The Mock-Jews is a short after-piece. A German baron, returning home from Pyrmont with his daughter, has been stopped by two bearded footpads in the neighbourhood of his seat, and rescued from robbery, perhaps from murder, by a gentleman and his servant, who were passing on horseback. He brings his deliverer to the house, and begins to think of offering him his daughter. He inveighs against the Jewish footpads and the Jewish people. The stranger gradually detects in the Baron's Christian household the two robbers, and finds upon them their false beards: but his own claims on the baron's gratitude are all defeated by the discovery that he is himself a Jew. There is humor is this farce, and its bearing favours the cause of toleration and imprejudice; but the solution is imperfect: love-affairs on the theatre should terminate tragically, or successfully.

The Free-Thinker is a comedy in five acts. Lisidor, a widower who has retired from trade, can liberally endow his two daughters. He is desirous of marrying the elder to Adrast, the son of his late friend, a handsome, clever, and accomplished, young man, who has travelled, who has been rakish, and who has incumbered his minute inheritance with debts. He is desirous of marrying the younger to Theophan, a young clergyman, of exquisite respectability, and liberal expectations. Adrast is a free-thinker, a priest-hater, and views the mild orderly virtue of Theophan with contempt and with mistrust: he snatches from Theophan the affections of Juliana, and seems to prepare for him every mortification. Theophan is desirous of winning

the reluctant friendship of Adrast. His uncle Araspes, who has pecuniary claims on the spendthrift, arrives: Theophan intercepts the demand, and generously destroys a bond, the exaction of which might have ruined the credit of his rival. Adrast has been attempting to borrow money with a view to satisfy Araspes: Theophan secretly offers a security, without which the loan would have been refused. These noble proceedings subdue the prejudices of the infidel: he throws himself with grateful admiration round the neck of the priest. This may be called the ethic plot of the play; that part of the fable which hinges on the contrast of character. It is in this respect faulty, that the prejudices of Adrast are too strong and inexorable for a man of so many virtues: with a mistrust so rooted and so vile, he is unworthy of the eventual attainment of all his wishes. The dramatic plot is more ingenious. Theophan has insensibly attached himself to Henrietta, whom the father intended for Adrast; and the two sisters, by defending against each other their respective suitors, have become desirous of an interchange of lovers. Much delicate embarrassment arises from this situation of the quartetto. Theophan having made his offer and been accepted, shuns from honor to recede; the woman from modesty. At length Adrast cuts the knot, by applying to the engaged Juliana. Lisidor consents to the new distribution of his daughters, and all parties are made happy. Of this comedy the skeleton surpasses the filling-up; the dialogue wants grace, vivacity, and wit: the valets, who caricature the libertinism and religiosity of their respective masters, are coarse episodical personages. To some future dramatist this play is adapted to afford available hints.

The Treasure is modernized from Plautus. It is without a female character, and was so much the more adapted for performance by the Prussian officers in garrison at Leipzig, with whom it was deservedly a favourite piece. The story is not in modern life; but the dialogue is droller, wittier, and more condensed, and the situations more cross and stimulant, than in any original comedy of Lessing's. The reader is conscious of a higher inspiration.

To the second collection of Lessing's comedies was superadded Minna von Barnhelm, the finished work of a maturer writer: it succeeded on the London theatre, under the title of the Baroness of Bruchsal, and is too well known to require analysis here. The sentimental drama was least unnatural to Lessing's bent and force.

The serious dramas of Lessing are four in number, 1. Miss Sara Samson; 2. Philotas; 3. Emilia Galotti; 4. Nathan the Wise.

1. Sara Samson is of that class of plays which the French call *tragédies bourgeoises:* a tragedy, of which the personages belong to middle life, and of which the dialogue is conducted in common prose. Such pieces might, in English, be called *household* tragedies, in contradistinction to those where the action is held in palaces. The Gamester, George Barnwell, and several other of our plays, are of this description.

Miss Sara Samson, an heiress, has eloped with Mellefont, and is waiting at private lodgings in London, to be married by publication of banns. A cast-off mistress of Mellefont's, by name Marwood, desirous of seeing the person, for whom she is dismissed, gains repeated access, under a feigned designation, to Miss Samson; states that Mellefont has a daughter by a

woman to whom he had promised marriage, alarms the conscientious fears of the intended bride, and at length, in a transport of jealousy, administers poison to her. Miss Samson dies. Mellefont kills himself. Marwood, in whose violent character there are traits of greatness, is suffered to escape.

There are some violations of English costume in the manners of the personages in this play; and there is a protraction, and an absence of imagery and force, in the dialogue, which interfere with its vivid effect: yet there is a terseness and rotundity in the plot; a regularity of climax in the interest and the distress; a striking and critical selection of situation; a variety and individuality of character, and an affecting natural vein of sentiment; which obtained for it a tolerant reception on a suburban theatre of Paris, and a lasting popularity on the German and Italian stage. The writer has seen an Italian translation of Miss Sara Samson performed at Bologna with great effect and great applause. Here the language would be thought tame: a classical simplicity of diction is not borne at the English theatre; we prefer affectation to insipidity; we require to be stimulated, although at the expense of probability of dialogue: and are grateful to our Shakspeare even when he tricks out his characters with the tinsel of misplaced wit, or with turgid purple patches of crackling bombast.

2. Philotas is an heroic drama; but although the characters are in sublime life, the dialogue is in prose. The story is simple, it involves few characters, fills but one act. Aridæus, a Grecian kingling, has taken prisoner Philotas, the son of his antagonist, and is desirous of exchanging the boy for his own son, who in like manner is in the power of the enemy. Philotas

is requested to propose the interchange, and to send one of his countrymen home with the message. Perceiving that Aridæus is a fond parent, and would make sacrifices, if he had no equivalent to offer, in order to obtain the liberty of the other captive prince, Philotas takes the odd but grand resolution of self-immolation; he sends Parmenio to his father with information that the object in dispute between the two countries may be extorted for the restoration of Polytimetes, and kills himself. The character of Philotas, a boy of seventeen, eager to distinguish himself by some great deed, and contriving even in prison to die for his country, is a fine delineation. Aridæus is a less original sketch. Strato, the general of Aridæus, and Parmenio, the officer of Philotas, are also introduced: there is too much resemblance between these characters: two old soldiers, virtuous alike, overstock a drama, limited to one act and to four interlocutors, and incumbered already with a parallelism in the fortunes of the princes. Parmenio is the superfluous person, he talks much to little purpose. As the style of sentiment is heroic throughout; it would have been more congruous to compose the dialogue in blank verse. Gleim felt this defect, and has published a metrical version of the piece. Short tragedies of this kind are not performed on the English stage; but on the continent they are welcome; and a comedy of five acts is given as the after-piece.

3. Emilia Galotti is the young the beautiful the accomplished daughter of Odoardo, a nobleman and a soldier grown gray in the service of the rulers of Guastalla. She is betrothed to Count Appiani; but the Prince Hettore, who has seen her at mass, is desirous of possessing her as his mistress. Marinelli, a cham-

berlain of the prince and the confidant of his wishes, causes Appiani to be assassinated as he is travelling with Emilia, and contrives to offer her an asylum at the villa of the sovereign. The countess Orsina, a previous favourite of the prince, soon perceives that she has a rival in the rescued fair one; she detects the vile machinations of Marinelli, and brings Odoardo to take away his daughter. Emilia, pleased and flattered by attentions, of which the baseness is veiled from her observation, hesitates about a return, for which even the opportunity was not to subsist long. Odoardo is commanded to withdraw alone; he becomes alarmed for his daughter's honor and firmness, and, like another Virginius, plunges, himself, a poignard into her bosom.

The first four acts of this play are preeminent. The incidents are striking, yet probable; the situations natural, yet interesting; the characters are various, without being extraordinary, distinct without being affected. Marinelli especially is a new and a complete delineation. The dialogue is much in the taste of Diderot's *Père de Famille*, a little too declamatory, sentimental, and long-winded perhaps, but full of significance, of propriety, and of feeling. The last act alone disappoints: the catastrophe is too violent for the spirit of those modern courtly manners, which are depicted in the preceding scenes; a wiser solution would have been the fulfilment already employed in Miss Sara Samson: the Countess Orsina, from jealousy, might give poison to Emilia, and thus terminate the fortunes of the heroine. An author cannot borrow from himself without incurring the reproach of poverty of imagination: Lessing was compelled to sacrifice reputation to vanity.

There is a principle in the theory of dramatic art, which Lessing had not discovered: it is this. The more nearly the forms of imitation employed by the poet approach to real life, the milder must be the distress, and the more probable the incidents, if the representation is to be kept within the limits of pleasure: it is only when verse or recitative is employed for the dialogue, when the heroes or divinities of remote ages and countries are introduced as interlocutors, when the sublimities of poetry are omnipresent, that deeds of a bold enormity, and atrocities at which madness would shudder, can be securely copied. In proportion as the means of imitation intercept illusion may be the force of the emotions pourtrayed. For want of this precaution, Lessing has adapted violent situations to ordinary manners, and disappoints sympathy by the very means intended to push it to the utmost. Diderot's taste was more instinctive and less theoretical; his feeling was unsophisticated; his doctrine might result from his practice, but did not occasion it; whereas Lessing makes his play by the scale and compasses, and tries what his rules permit, sometimes with an unwiseness, which would not be expected from his sagacity, and always with a guardedness, which would not be expected from his tolerance.

4. Nathan the Wise is the most original of Lessing's theatric works: it is rather a dramatic metrical romance than a play; for, although performed with reputation as curtailed by Schiller, it was evidently intended for readers, more than for hearers. It is become a national classic; it forms an era in the history of opinion. The altered sentiments and conduct of the German public toward the Jews began in Nathan the Wise. The consequent alterations of Prus-

sian legislation result from Nathan the Wise. Cumberland's Comedy of the Jew, which has favoured in England an analogous temper, but which does not appeal to so high a class of feelings, drew inspiration from German sources. Gregoire, and the French patrons of Judaism, owe their tolerance to the ring of Nathan. Be it strange, extravagant, improbable, there is that in the book which endears it every where to the generously minded, and efficaciously associates the doctrine of religious equity with loftiness of thinking, and disinterest of conduct.

The adventure of this play is supposed to happen shortly after the crusade of Richard Lion-heart. The scene is laid in Jerusalem, where Nathan, a rich Jew merchant and banker, often resides, and has educated, as his own, the daughter of a military friend. His house has been on fire, and his adopted child has been rescued from the flames by Conrade, a young templar, to whom Saladin had given liberty on account of his resemblance to an emigrated brother. Nathan returns, he becomes acquainted with this templar, and is preparing to recompense his service with the hand of Recha, when it appears that Conrade is also one of the children of Nathan's military friend, the emigrated brother of the sultan. The parties already allied by reciprocal services, by analogous culture of intellect, and by liberality of spirit, are content to find in the friendly affections of relationship an additional bond of union.

The tranquillity of this solution has been censured by a writer of distinguished vivacity and eloquence, in some number (XV. 150) of the Edinburgh Review. Surely that critic has little claim to moral taste, who would have a man give vent to expressions of disap-

pointment, because he cannot climb the bed of his sister: whatever Conrade may be supposed to have felt, any other behaviour would have outraged feelings, which are the purest gift of society and refinement. Would this critic have had Recha rave like Byblis? for that to be possible, her previous character must have been cast in another and a coarser mould.

Lessing has displayed much curious learning in the exact adaptation of the historical allusions, and of the manners of his personages to the time and place of scene. The character of Saladin is perfectly in Arabian nature; rapacious and profuse, bold and kind: enlightened enough to be tolerant, superstitious enough to be pious; rash and warm in battle, in confidence, in bounty; always generous to friend or foe; he is the natural chieftain of such a band as lifted him from a private station to the empire. His capital and court was really the seat of letters and refinement, where a Nathan could be evolved, and a Conrade instructed; the Crusaders were the barbarians of the age; and the Christians of Jerusalem, as here described, were an intriguing faction, in alliance with the foreign invader. Voltaire chooses the same time and place for the scene of his Zaire, but the costume of sentiment and manners is by him less faithfully observed.

The dialogue of this play is well adapted to its office: it is distinguished by an idiomatic ordinariness of diction, which has been praised for its simplicity. which has been censured for its vulgarity: the statelier style of tragedy would ill have suited the gentle emotions and philosophical conversations of Saladin's family; nor would the witty style of comedy have been proper, in the midst of feelings so exquisite, and discussions so momentous. Nathan the Wise may be

considered as a didactic poem in a dramatic form: compare it with certain dialogues of Plato, it would be found to carry further the art of impressing moral truth by the imitation of social converse.

At Berlin appeared, in 1779, the first edition of Nathan the Wise, an argumentative drama, written to inculcate mutual indulgence between religious sects. It passes for the best work of Lessing; was well received originally by the critic, the statesman, and the philosopher; and has stood the test of half a century with growing reputation. By Schiller it has since been curtailed, and in that form is become a favorite acting play throughout Germany.

The ensuing translation is from the entire work: it was undertaken in March, 1790, when questions of toleration were much afloat, and was printed the following year for distribution among the translater's acquaintance.

In 1805 a second edition was published by Sir Richard Phillips in London. This reprint varies little from the preceding, but has undergone several corrections.

Nathan the Wise.

Introite nam et heic Dii sunt!
APUD GELLIUM.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

SALADIN, *the sultan.* SITTAH, *his sister.* NATHAN, *a rich jew.* RECHA, *his adopted daughter.* DAYA, *a christian woman dwelling with the jew as companion to Recha.* CONRADE, *a young templar.* HAFI, *a dervis.* ATHANASIOS, *the patriarch of Palestine.* BONAFIDES, *a friar. An Emir, sundry Mamalukes, slaves, &c.*

THE SCENE IS AT JERUSALEM.

ACT I.

SCENE.—A Hall in Nathan's House.

NATHAN, *in a travelling dress,* DAYA *meeting him.*

DAYA. 'T is he, 't is Nathan! Thanks to the Almighty,
That you 're at last return'd.
NATH. Yes, Daya, thanks,
That I have reach'd Jerusalem in safety.
But wherefore this *at last?* Did I intend,
Or was it possible to come back sooner?
As I was forc'd to travel, out and in,
'T is a long hundred leagues to Babylon;
And to get in one's debts is no employment,
That speeds a traveller.

DAYA. O Nathan, Nathan,
How miserable you had nigh become
During this little absence; for your house—
NATH. Well, 't was on fire; I have already heard it.
God grant I may have heard the whole, that chanc'd!
DAYA. 'T was on the point of burning to the ground.
NATH. Then we 'd have built another, and a better.
DAYA. True!—But thy Recha too was on the point
Of perishing amid the flames.
NATH. Of perishing?
My Recha, saidst thou? She? I heard not that.
I then should not have needed any house.
Upon the point of perishing—perchance
She 's gone?—Speak out then—out—torment me not
With this suspense.—Come, tell me—tell me all.
DAYA. Were she no more, from me you would not hear it.
NATH. Why then alarm me?—Recha, O my Recha!
DAYA. Your Recha? Yours?
NATH. What if I ever were
Doom'd to unlearn to call this child, *my* child.
DAYA. Is all you own yours by an equal title?
NATH. Nought by a better. What I else enjoy
Nature and Fortune gave—this treasure, Virtue.
DAYA. How dear you make me pay for all your goodness!—
If goodness, exercis'd with such a view,
Deserves the name.—
NATH. With such a view? With what?
DAYA. My conscience
NATH. Daya, let me tell you first—
DAYA. I say, my conscience
NATH. What a charming silk
I bought for you in Babylon! 'T is rich,
Yet elegantly rich. I almost doubt
If I have brought a prettier for Recha.
DAYA. And what of that.—I tell you that my conscience
Will not be longer hush'd.
NATH. And I have bracelets,
And ear-rings, and a neck-lace, which will charm you.
I chose them at Damascus.

DAYA. That 's your way:—
If you can but make presents—but make presents—
NATH. Take you as freely as I give—and cease.
DAYA. And cease?—Who questions, Nathan, but that you are
Honor and generosity in person;—
Yet—
NATH. Yet I 'm but a Jew.—That was your meaning.
DAYA. You better know what was my meaning, Nathan.
NATH. Well, well, no more of this.
DAYA. I shall be silent;
But what of sinful in the eye of heaven
Springs out of it—not I, not I could help;
It falls upon thy head.
NATH. So let it, Daya.
Where is she then? What stays her?—Surely, surely,
You 're not amusing me—And does she know
That I 'm arrived?
DAYA. That you yourself must speak to.
Terror still vibrates in her every nerve.
Her fancy mingles fire with all she thinks of.
Asleep, her soul seems busy; but awake,
Absent: now less than brute, now more than angel.
NATH. Poor thing! What are we mortals—
DAYA. As she lay
This morning sleeping, all at once she started
And cried: "list! list! there come my father's camels!"
And then she droop'd again upon her pillow
And I withdrew—when, lo! you really came.
Her thoughts have only been with you and him.
NATH. And *him?* What him?
DAYA. With him, who from the fire
Preserv'd her life.
NATH. Who was it? Where is he,
That sav'd my Recha for me?
DAYA. A young templar,
Brought hither captive a few days ago,
And pardon'd by the sultan.
NATH. How, a *templar*

Dismiss'd with life by Saladin. In truth,
Not a less miracle was to preserve her.
God!—God!—

DAYA. Without this man, who risk'd afresh
The sultan's unexpected boon, we 'd lost her.

NATH. Where is he, Daya, where 's this noble youth?
Do, lead me to his feet. Sure, sure you gave him
What treasures I had left you—gave him all,
Promis'd him more—much more?

DAYA. How could we?

NATH. Not?

DAYA. He came, he went, we know not whence, or whither.
Quite unacquainted with the house, unguided
But by his ear, he prest through smoke and flame,
His mantle spread before him, to the room
Whence pierc'd the shrieks for help; and we began
To think him lost—and her; when, all at once,
Bursting from flame and smoke, he stood before us,
She in his arm upheld. Cold and unmov'd
By our loud warmth of thanks, he left his booty,
Struggled into the croud, and disappear'd.

NATH. But not for ever, Daya, I would hope.

DAYA. For some days after, underneath yon palms,
That shade his grave who rose again from death,
We saw him wandering up and down. I went,
With transport went to thank him. I conjur'd,
Intreated him to visit once again
The dear sweet girl he sav'd, who long'd to shed
At her preserver's feet the grateful tear—

NATH. Well!

DAYA. But in vain. Deaf to our warmest prayers,
On me he flung such bitter mockery—

NATH. That hence rebuff'd—

DAYA. Oh no, oh no, indeed not.
Daily I forc'd myself upon him, daily
Afresh encounter'd his dry taunting speeches.
Much I have borne, and would have borne much more:
But he of late forbears his lonely walk
Under the scatter'd palms, which stand about

Our holy sepulchre: nor have I learnt
Where he now is. You seem astonish'd—thoughtful—
NATH. I was imagining what strange impressions
This conduct makes on such a mind as Recha's.
Disdain'd by one, whom she must feel compell'd
To venerate and to esteem so highly,
At once attracted and repell'd—the combat
Between her head and heart must yet endure,
Regret, Resentment, in unusual struggle.
Neither, perhaps, obtains the upper hand,
And busy Fancy, meddling in the fray,
Weaves wild enthusiasms to her dazzled spirit,
Now clothing Passion in the garb of Reason,
And Reason now in Passion's—do I err?
This last is Recha's fate.—Romantic notions—
DAYA. Aye; but such pious, lovely, sweet, illusions.
NATH. Illusions tho'.
DAYA. Yes: and the one, her bosom
Clings to most fondly, is, that the brave templar
Was but a transient inmate of the earth,
A guardian angel, such as from her childhood
She lov'd to fancy kindly hovering round her,
Who from his veiling cloud amid the fire
Stepp'd forth in her preserver's form. You smile—
Who knows? At least beware of banishing
So pleasing an illusion—if deceitful
Christian, Jew, Musulman, agree to own it,
And 't is—at least to her—a dear illusion.
NATH. Also to me. Go, my good Daya, go,
See what she 's after. Can't I speak with her?
Then I 'll find out our untam'd guardian angel,
Bring him to sojourn here awhile among us—
We 'll pinion his wild wing, when once he 's taken.
DAYA. You undertake too much.
NATH. And when, my Daya,
This sweet illusion yields to sweeter truth,
(For to a man a man is ever dearer
Than any angel) you must not be angry
To see our lov'd enthusiast exorcis'd.

DAYA. You are so good—and yet so sly. I 'll seek her,
But listen,—yes! she 's coming of herself.

NATHAN, DAYA, *and* RECHA.

REC. And you are here, your very self, my father,
I thought you 'd only sent your voice before you.
Where are you then? What mountains, deserts, torrents,
Divide us now? You see me, face to face,
And do not hasten to embrace your Recha.
Poor Recha! she was almost burnt alive,
But only—only—almost. Do not shudder!
O 't is a horrid end to die in fire!

NATH. *embracing her.* My child, my darling child!

REC. You had to cross
The Jordan, Tigris, and Euphrates, and
Who knows what rivers else. I us'd to tremble
And quake for you, till the fire came so nigh me;
Since then, methinks 't were comfort, balm, refreshment,
To die by water. But you are not drown'd—
I am not burnt alive.—We will rejoice—
We will praise God—the kind good God, who bore thee,
Upon the buoyant wings of *unseen* angels,
Across the treacherous stream—the God, who bade
My angel *visibly* on his white wing
Athwart the roaring flame—

NATH. *aside.* White wing?—oh aye
The broad white fluttering mantle of the templar.

REC. Yes, visibly he bore me thro' the fire,
O'ershadow'd by his pinions.—Face to face
I 've seen an angel, father, my own angel.

NATH. Recha deserves it, and would see in him
No fairer form than he beheld in her.

REC. Whom are you flattering, father—tell me now—
The angel, or yourself?

NATH. Yet had a man,
A man of those whom Nature daily fashions,
Done you this service, he to you had seem'd,
Had been an angel.

Rec. No, not such a one.
Indeed it was a true and real angel.
And have not you yourself instructed me
How possible it is there may be angels;
That God for those who love him can work miracles—
And I do love him father—
Nath. And he thee;
And both for thee, and all like thee, my child,
Works daily wonders, from eternity
Has wrought them for you.
Rec. That I like to hear.
Nath. Well, and altho' it sounds quite natural,
An every day event, a simple story,
That you was by a real templar sav'd,
Is it the less a miracle? The greatest
Of all is this, that true and real wonders
Should happen so perpetually, so daily.
Without this universal miracle
A thinking man had scarsely call'd those such,
Which only children, Recha, ought to name so,
Who love to gape and stare at the unusual
And hunt for novelty—
Daya. Why will you then
With such vain subtleties, confuse her brain
Already overheated?
Nath. Let me manage.—
And is it not enough then for my Recha
To owe her preservation to a man,
Whom no small miracle preserv'd himself.
For who e'er heard before that Saladin
Let go a templar; that a templar wish'd it,
Hop'd it, or for his ransom offer'd more
Than taunts, his leathern sword-belt, or his dagger?
Rec. That makes for me: these are so many reasons
He was no real knight, but only seem'd it.
If in Jerusalem no captive templar,
Appears alive, or freely wanders round,
How could I find one, in the night, to save me?
Nath. Ingenious! dextrous! Daya, come in aid.

It was from you I learnt he was a prisoner;
Doubtless you know still more about him, speak.

DAYA. 'T is but report indeed, but it is said
That Saladin bestow'd upon this youth
His gracious pardon for the strong resemblance
He bore a favourite brother—dead, I think
These twenty years—his name, I know it not—
He fell, I don't know where—and all the story
Sounds so incredible, that very likely
The whole is mere invention, talk, romance.

NATH. And why incredible? Would you reject
This story, tho' indeed it 's often done,
To fix on something more incredible,
And give that faith? Why should not Saladin,
Who loves so singularly all his kindred,
Have lov'd in early youth with warmer fondness
A brother now no more. Do we not see
Faces alike, and is an old impression
Therefore a lost one? Do resembling features
Not call up like emotions. Where 's th' incredible?
Surely, sage Daya, this can be to thee
No miracle, or do *thy* wonders only
Demand—I should have said *deserve* belief?

DAYA. You 're on the bite.

NATH. Were you quite fair with me?
Yet even so, my Recha, thy escape
Remains a wonder, only possible
To Him, who of the proud pursuits of princes
Makes sport—or if not sport—at least delights
To lead and manage them by slender threads.

REC. If I do err, it is not wilfully,
My father.

NATH. No, you have been always docile.
See now, a forehead vaulted thus, or thus—
A nose bow'd one way rather than another—
Eye-brows with straiter, or with sharper curve—
A line, a mole, a wrinkle, a mere nothing
I' th' countenance of an European savage—
And thou—art sav'd, in Asia, from the fire.

Ask ye for signs and wonders after that?
What need of calling angels into play?

DAYA. But, Nathan, where 's the harm, if I may speak,
Of fancying one's self by an angel sav'd,
Rather than by a man? Methinks it brings us
Just so much the nearer the incomprehensive
First cause of preservation.

NATH. Pride, rank pride!
The iron pot would with a silver prong
Be lifted from the furnace—to imagine
Itself a silver vase. Psha! Where 's the harm?
Thou askest. Where 's the good? I might reply.
For thy *it brings us nearer to the Godhead*
Is nonsense, Daya, if not blasphemy.
But it does harm: yes, yes, it does indeed.
Attend now. To the being, who preserv'd you,
Be he an angel or a man, you both,
And thou especially wouldst gladly show
Substantial services in just requital.
Now to an angel what great services
Have ye the power to do? To sing his praise—
Melt in transporting contemplation o'er him—
Fast on his holiday—and squander alms—
What nothingness of use! To me at least
It seems your neighbour gains much more than he
By all this pious glow. Not by your fasting
Is he made fat; not by your squandering, rich;
Nor by your transports is his glory exalted;
Nor by your faith, his might. But to a man—

DAYA. Why yes; a man indeed had furnish'd us
With more occasions to be useful to him.
God knows how readily we should have seiz'd them.
But then he would have nothing—wanted nothing—
Was in himself wrapt up, and self-sufficient,
As angels are.

REC. And, when at last he vanish'd—

NATH. Vanish'd? How vanish'd? Underneath the palms
Escap'd your view, and has return'd no more.
Or have you really sought for him elsewhere?

DAYA. No, that indeed we 've not.
NATH. Not, Daya, not?
See it does harm, hard-hearted, cold enthusiasts,
What if this angel on a bed of illness—
REC. Illness?
DAYA. Ill! sure he is not.
REC. A cold shudder
Creeps over me; O Daya, feel my forehead,
It was so warm, 't is now as chill as ice.
NATH. He is a Frank, unus'd to this hot climate,
Is young, and to the labors of his calling,
To fasting, watching, quite unus'd—
REC. Ill—ill!
DAYA. Thy father only means 't were possible.
NATH. And there he lies without a friend, or money
To buy him friends—
REC. Alas! my father.
NATH. Lies
Without advice, attendance, converse, pity,
The prey of agony, of death—
REC. Where—where?
NATH. He, who, for one he never knew, or saw—
It is enough for him he is a man—
Plung'd into fire.
DAYA. O Nathan, Nathan, spare her.
NATH. Who car'd not to know ought of her he sav'd,
Declin'd her presence to escape her thanks—
DAYA. Do, spare her!
NATH. Did not wish to see her more,
Unless it were a second time to save her—
Enough for him he is a man—
DAYA. Stop, look!
NATH. He—he, in death, has nothing to console him,
But the remembrance of this deed.
DAYA. You kill her!
NATH. And you kill him—or might have done at least—
Recha 't is medicine I give, not poison.
He lives—come to thyself—may not be ill—
Not even ill—

REC. Surely not dead, not dead.
NATH. Dead surely not—for God rewards the good
Done here below, here too. Go; but remember
How easier far devout enthusiasm is
Than a good action; and how willingly
Our indolence takes up with pious rapture,
Tho' at the time unconscious of its end,
Only to save the toil of useful deeds.
REC. Oh never leave again thy child alone!—
But can he not be only gone a journey?
NATH. Yes, very likely. There 's a mussulman
Numbering with curious eye my laden camels,
Do you know who he is?
DAYA. Oh, your old dervis.
NATH. Who—who?
DAYA. Your chess-companion.
NATH. That, Al-Hafi?
DAYA. And now the treasurer of Saladin.
NATH. Al-Hafi? Are you dreaming? How was this?
In fact it is so. He seems coming hither.
In with you quick.—What now am I to hear?

NATHAN *and* HAFI.

HAFI. Aye, lift thine eyes, and wonder.
NATH. Is it you?
A dervis so magnificent!—
HAFI. Why not?
Can nothing then be made out of a dervis?
NATH. Yes, surely; but I have been wont to think
A dervis, that 's to say a thoro' dervis,
Will allow nothing to be made of him.
HAFI. May-be 't is true that I 'm no thoro' dervis;
But, by the prophet, when we must—
NATH. Must, Hafi?
Needs must—belongs to no man: and a dervis—
HAFI. When he is much besought, and thinks it right,
A dervis must.
NATH. Well spoken, by our God!

Embrace me, man, you 're still, I trust, my friend.
HAFI. Why not ask first what has been made of me?
NATH. Ask climbers to look back!
HAFI. And may I not
Have grown to such a creature in the state
That my old friendship is no longer welcome?
NATH. If you still bear your dervis-heart about you
I 'll run the risk of that. Th' official robe
Is but your cloak.
HAFI. A cloak, that claims some honor.
What think'st thou? At a court of thine, how great
Had been Al-Hafi?
NATH. Nothing but a dervis.
If more, perhaps—what shall I say—my cook.
HAFI. In order to unlearn my native trade.
Thy cook—why not thy butler too? The sultan,
He knows me better, I 'm his treasurer.
NATH. You, you?
HAFI. Mistake not—of the lesser purse—
His father manages the greater still—
The purser of his household.
NATH. That 's not small.
HAFI. 'T is larger than thou think'st; for every beggar
Is of his household.
NATH. He 's so much their foe—
HAFI. That he 'd fain root them out—with food and raiment—
Tho' he turn beggar in the enterprize.
NATH. Bravo, I meant so.
HAFI. And he 's almost such.
His treasury is every day, ere sun-set,
Poorer than empty; and how high so e'er
Flows in the morning tide, 't is ebb by noon.
NATH. Because it circulates thro' such canals
As can be neither stopp'd, nor fill'd.
HAFI. Thou hast it.
NATH. I know it well.
HAFI. Nathan, 't is woeful doing
When kings are vultures amid carcases:

But when they 're carcases amid the vultures
'T is ten times worse.

NATH. No, dervis, no, no, no.

HAFI. Thou mayst well talk so. Now then, let me hear
What wouldst thou give me to resign my office?

NATH. What does it bring you in?

HAFI. To me, not much;
But thee, it might indeed enrich: for when,
As often happens, money is at ebb,
Thou couldst unlock thy sluices, make advances,
And take in form of interest all thou wilt.

NATH. And interest upon interest of the interest—

HAFI. Certainly.

NATH. Till my capital becomes
All interest.

HAFI. How—that does not take with thee?
Then write a finis to our book of friendship;
For I have reckon'd on thee.

NATH. How so, Hafi?

HAFI. That thou wouldst help me to go thro' my office
With credit, grant me open chest with thee—
Dost shake thy head?

NATH. Let 's understand each other.
Here 's a distinction to be made. To you,
To dervis Hafi, all I have is open;
But to the defterdar of Saladin,
To that Al-Hafi—

HAFI. Spoken like thyself!
Thou hast been ever no less kind than cautious.
The two Al-Hafis thou distinguishest
Shall soon be parted. See this coat of honor,
Which Saladin bestow'd—before 't is worn
To rags, and suited to a dervis' back,—
Will in Jerusalem hang upon the hook;
While I along the Ganges scorching strand,
Amid my teachers shall be wandering barefoot.

NATH. That 's like you.

HAFI. Or be playing chess among them.

NATH. Your sovereign good.

HAFI. What dost thou think seduc'd me?
The wish of having not to beg in future—
The pride of acting the rich man to beggars—
Would these have metamorphos'd a rich beggar
So suddenly into a poor rich man?
NATH. No, I think not.
HAFI. A sillier, sillier weakness.
For the first time my vanity was tempter,
Flatter'd by Saladin's good-hearted notion
NATH. Which was?
HAFI. That all a beggar's wants are only
Known to a beggar: such alone can tell
How to relieve them usefully and wisely.
" Thy predecessor was too cold for me,
" (He said) and when he gave, he gave unkindly;
" Informed himself with too precautious strictness
" Concerning the receiver, not content
" To learn the want, unless he knew its cause,
" And measuring out by that his niggard bounty.
" Thou wilt not thus bestow. So harshly kind
" Shall Saladin not seem in thee. Thou art not
" Like the choak'd pipe, whence sullied and by spurts
" Flow the pure waters it absorbs in silence.
" Al-Hafi thinks and feels like me." So nicely
The fowler whistled, that at last the quail
Ran to his net. Cheated, and by a cheat
NATH. Tush! dervis, gently.
HAFI. What! and is 't not cheating,
Thus to oppress mankind by hundred thousands,
To squeeze, grind, plunder, butcher, and torment,
And act philanthropy to individuals?—
Not cheating—thus to ape from the Most High,
The bounty, which alike on mead and desert,
Upon the just and the unrighteous, falls
In sunshine or in showers, and not possess
The never empty hand of the Most High?—
Not cheating—
NATH. Cease!
HAFI. Of my own cheating sure

It is allow'd to speak. Were it not cheating
To look for the fair side of these impostures,
In order, under color of its fairness,
To gain advantage from them—ha?

NATH. Al-Hafi,
Go to your desert quickly. Among men
I fear you 'll soon unlearn to be a man.

HAFI. And so do I—farewell.

NATH. What, so abruptly?
Stay, stay, Al-Hafi; has the desert wings?
Man, 't will not run away, I warrant you—
Hear, hear, I want you—want to talk with you—
He 's gone. I could have liked to question him
About our templar. He will likely know him.

NATHAN *and* DAYA.

DAYA, *bursting in.* O Nathan, Nathan!

NATH. Well, what now?

DAYA. He 's there.
He shows himself again.

NATH. Who, Daya, who?

DAYA. He! he!

NATH. When cannot He be seen? Indeed
Your He is only one; that should not be,
Were he an angel even.

DAYA. 'Neath the palms
He wanders up and down, and gathers dates.

NATH. And eats?—and as a templar?

DAYA. How you tease us!
Her eager eye espy'd him long ago,
While he scarse gleam'd between the further stems,
And follows him most punctually. Go,
She begs, conjures you, go without delay;
And from the window will make signs to you
Which way his rovings bend. Do, do make haste.

NATH. What thus, as I alighted from my camel,
Would that be decent? Swift, do you accost him,
Tell him of my return. I do not doubt,

His delicacy, in the master's absence,
Forbore my house; but gladly will accept
The father's invitation. Say, I ask him,
Most heartily request him—
DAYA. All in vain!
In short he will not visit any jew.
NATH. Then do thy best endeavours to detain him,
Or with thine eyes to watch his further haunt,
Till I rejoin you. I shall not be long.

SCENE.—A Place of Palms.

The TEMPLAR *walking to and fro, a* FRIAR *following him at some distance, as if desirous of addressing him.*

TEMP. This fellow does not follow me for pastime.
How skaunt he eyes his hands! Well, my good brother,
Perhaps I should say, father; ought I not?
FRI. No—brother—a lay-brother at your service.
TEMP. Well, brother, then; if I myself had something—
But—but, by God, I 've nothing.
FRI. Thanks the same;
And God reward your purpose thousand-fold!
The will, and not the deed, makes up the giver.
Nor was I sent to follow you for alms—
TEMP. Sent then?
FRI. Yes, from the monastery.
TEMP. Where
I was just now in hopes of coming in
For pilgrims' fare.
FRI. They were already at table:
But if it suit with you to turn directly—
TEMP. Why so? 't is true, I have not tasted meat
This long time. What of that? The dates are ripe.
FRI. O with that fruit go cautiously to work.
Too much of it is hurtful, sours the humors,
Makes the blood melancholy.
TEMP. And if I
Choose to be melancholy—For this warning

You were not sent to follow me, I ween.
FRI. Oh no: I only was to ask about you,
And feel your pulse a little.
TEMP. And you tell me
Of that yourself?
FRI. Why not?
TEMP. A deep one! troth:
And has your cloister more such?
FRI. I can't say.
Obedience is our bounden duty.
TEMP. So—
And you obey without much scrupulous questioning?
FRI. Were it obedience else, good Sir?
TEMP. How is it
The simple mind is ever in the right.
May you inform me, who it is, that wishes
To know more of me? 'T is not you yourself,
I dare be sworn.
FRI. Would it become me, Sir,
Or benefit me?
TEMP. Whom can it become,
Whom can it benefit, to be so curious?
FRI. The patriarch I presume—'t was he that sent me.
TEMP. The patriarch? Knows he not my badge, the cross
Of red on the white mantle?
FRI. Can I say?
TEMP. Well, brother, well; I am a templar, taken
Prisoner at Tebnin, whose exalted fortress,
Just as the truce expir'd, we sought to climb,
In order to push forward next to Sidon.
I was the twentieth captive, but the only
Pardon'd by Saladin—with this, the patriarch
Knows all, or more, than his occasions ask.
FRI. And yet no more than he already knows,
I think. But why alone of all the captives
Thou hast been spar'd, he fain would learn—
TEMP. Can I
Myself tell that? Already, with bare neck,
I kneel'd upon my mantle, and awaited

The blow; when Saladin, with steadfast eye
Fix'd me, sprang nearer to me, made a sign—
I was uprais'd, unbound, about to thank him,—
And saw his eye in tears. Both stand in silence.
He goes. I stay. How all this hangs together,
Thy patriarch may unriddle.

FRI. He concludes,
That God preserv'd you for some mighty deed.

TEMP. Some mighty deed? To save out of the fire
A jewish girl—to usher curious pilgrims
About mount Sinai—to

FRI. The time may come—
And this is no such trifle—but perhaps
The patriarch meditates a weightier office.

TEMP. Think you so, brother, has he hinted ought?

FRI. Why yes; I was to sift you out a little,
And hear if you were one to

TEMP. Well—to what?
I 'm curious to observe how this man sifts.

FRI. The shortest way will be to tell you plainly
What are the patriarch's wishes.

TEMP. And they are—

FRI. To send a letter by your hand.

TEMP. By me?
I am no carrier. And were that an office
More meritorious than to save from burning
A jewish maid?

FRI. So it should seem; must seem—
For, says the patriarch, to all Christendom
This letter is of import:—and to bear it
Safe to its destination, says the patriarch,
God will reward with a peculiar crown
In heaven:—and of this crown, the patriarch says,
No one is worthier than you:

TEMP. Than I?

FRI. For none so able, and so fit to earn
This crown, the patriarch says, as you.

TEMP. As I?

FRI. The patriarch here is free, can look about him,

And knows, he says, how cities may be storm'd,
And how defended; knows, he says, the strengths
And weaknesses of Saladin's new bulwark,
And of the inner rampart last thrown up;
And to the warriors of the Lord, he says,
Could clearly point them out;

TEMP. And can I know
Exactly the contents of this same letter?

FRI. Why that I don't pretend to vouch exactly--
'T is to king Philip: and our patriarch--
I often wonder how this holy man,
Who lives so wholly to his God and heaven,
Can stoop to be so well inform'd about
Whatever passes here--'T is a hard task!

TEMP. Well—and your patriarch—

FRI. Knows, with great precision,
And from sure hands, how, when, and with what force,
And in which quarter, Saladin, in case
The war breaks out afresh, will take the field.

TEMP. He knows that?

FRI. Yes; and would acquaint king Philip,
That he may better calculate, if really
The danger be so great as to require
Him to renew at all events the truce
So bravely broken by your body.

TEMP. So?
This is a patriarch indeed! He wants
No common messenger; he wants a spy.
Go tell your patriarch, brother, I am not,
As far as you can sift, the man to suit him.
I still esteem myself a prisoner, and
A templar's only calling is to fight,
And not to ferret out intelligence.

FRI. That 's much as I suppos'd, and, to speak plainly,
Not to be blam'd. The best is yet behind.
The patriarch has made out the very fortress,
Its name, and strength, and site on Libanon,
Wherein the mighty sums are now conceal'd,
With which the prudent father of the sultan

Provides the cost of war, and pays the army.
He knows that Saladin, from time to time,
Goes to this fortress, thro' by-ways and passes,
With few attendants.

TEMP. Well—

FRI. How easy 't were
To seize his person in these expeditions,
And make an end of all! You shudder, Sir—
Two Maronites, who fear the Lord, have offer'd
To share the danger of the enterprize,
Under a proper leader.

TEMP. And the patriarch
Had cast his eye on me for this brave office?

FRI. He thinks king Philip might from Ptolemais
Best second such a deed.

TEMP. On me? on me?
Have you not heard then, just now heard, the favor,
Which I receiv'd from Saladin?

FRI. O yes!

TEMP. And yet?

FRI. The patriarch thinks—that 's mighty well—
God, and the order's interest

TEMP. Alter nothing,
Command no villainies.

FRI. No, that indeed not;
But what is villainy in human eyes
May in the sight of God, the patriarch thinks,
Not be

TEMP. I owe my life to Saladin,
And might take his?

FRI. That—fie! But Saladin,
The patriarch thinks, is yet the common foe
Of Christendom, and cannot earn a right
To be your friend.

TEMP. My friend—because I will not
Behave, like an ungrateful scoundrel to him.

FRI. Yet gratitude, the patriarch thinks, is not
A debt, before the eye of God, or man,
Unless for our own sakes the benefit

Had been conferr'd; and, it has been reported,
The patriarch understands, that Saladin
Preserv'd your life, merely because your voice,
Your air, or features, rais'd a recollection
Of his lost brother.

TEMP. He knows this? and yet—
If it were sure, I should—ah Saladin!
How! and shall nature then have form'd in me
A single feature in thy brother's likeness,
With nothing in my soul to answer to it?
Or what does correspond shall I suppress
To please a patriarch? So thou dost not cheat us,
Nature—and so not contradict thyself,
Kind God of all.—Go, brother, go away:
Do not stir up my anger.

FRI. I withdraw
More gladly than I came. We cloister-folk
Are forc'd to vow obedience to superiors. [*Goes.*

TEMPLAR *and* DAYA.

DAYA. The monk methinks left him in no good mood:
But I must risk my message.

TEMP. Better still!
The proverb says: that monks and women are
The devil's clutches; and I 'm tost to-day
From one to th' other.

DAYA. Whom do I behold?—
Thank God! I see you, noble knight, once more.
Where have you lurk'd this long, long space? You 've not
Been ill?

TEMP. No.

DAYA. Well, then?

TEMP. Yes.

DAYA. We 've all been anxious,
Least something ail'd you.

TEMP. So?

DAYA. Have you been journeying?

TEMP. Hit off!

DAYA. How long return'd?
TEMP. Since yesterday.
DAYA. Our Recha's father too is just return'd,
And now may Recha hope at last
TEMP. For what?
DAYA. For what she often has requested of you.
Her father pressingly invites your visit.
He now arrives from Babylon, with twenty
High-laden camels, brings the curious drugs,
And precious stones, and stuffs, he has collected
From Syria, Persia, India, even China.
TEMP. I am no chap.
DAYA. His nation honors him,
As if he were a prince, and yet to hear him
Call'd the *wise* Nathan by them, not the *rich*,
Has often made me wonder.
TEMP. To his nation
Are *rich* and *wise* perhaps of equal import.
DAYA. But above all he should be call'd the *good*.
You can 't imagine how much goodness dwells
Within him. Since he has been told the service
You render'd to his Recha, there is nothing
That he would grudge you.
TEMP. Aye?
DAYA. Do, see him, try him.
TEMP. A burst of feeling soon is at an end.
DAYA. And do you think that I, were he less kind,
Less bountiful, had hous'd with him so long:
That I don't feel my value as a christian:
For 't was not o'er my cradle said, or sung,
That I to Palestina should pursue
My husband's steps, only to educate
A jewess. My husband was a noble page
In emperor Frederic's army.
TEMP. And by birth
A Switzer, who obtain'd the gracious honor
Of drowning in one river with his master.
Woman how often you have told me this!
Will you ne'er leave off persecuting me?

DAYA. My Jesus! persecute—
TEMP. Aye, persecute.
Observe then, I henceforward will not see,
Not hear you, nor be minded of a deed
Over and over, which I did unthinking,
And which, when thought about, I wonder at.
I wish not to repent it; but, remember,
Should the like accident occur again,
'T will be your fault if I proceed more coolly,
Ask a few questions, and let burn what 's burning.
DAYA. My God forbid!
TEMP. From this day forth, good woman,
Do me at least the favor not to know me:
I beg it of you: and don't send the father.
A jew 's a jew, and I am rude, and bearish.
The image of the maid is quite erased
Out of my soul—if it was ever there—
DAYA. But your's remains with her.
TEMP. Why so—what then—
Wherefore give harbour to it?—
DAYA. Who knows wherefore?
Men are not always what they seem to be.
TEMP. They 're seldom better than they seem to be.
DAYA. Be n't in this hurry.
TEMP. Pray, forbear to make
These palm-trees odious. I have lov'd to walk here.
DAYA. Farewell then, bear. Yet I must track the savage.

ACT II.

SCENE.—The Sultan's Palace.—An outer-room of Sittah's apartment.

SALADIN *and* SITTAH, *playing chess.*

SIT. Wherefore so absent, brother? How you play!
SAL. Not well? I thought—

SIT. Yes; very well for me.
Take back that move.
SAL. Why?
SIT. Don't you see the knight
Becomes expos'd?
SAL. 'T is true: then so.
SIT. And so
I take the pawn.
SAL. That 's true again. Then, check!
SIT. That cannot help you. When my king is castled
All will be safe.
SAL. But out of my dilemma
'T is not so easy to escape unhurt.
Well, you must have the knight.
SIT. I will not have him,
I pass him by.
SAL. In that, there 's no forbearance:
The place is better than the piece.
SIT. May be.
SAL. Beware you reckon not without your host;
This stroke you did not think of.
SIT. No indeed;
I did not think you tired of your queen.
SAL. My queen?
SIT. Well, well, I find that I to-day
Shall earn a thousand dinars to an asper.
SAL. How so, my sister?
SIT. Play the ignorant—
As if it were not purposely thou losest.
I find not my account in 't; for, besides
That such a game yields very little pastime,
When have I not, by losing, won with thee?
When hast thou not, by way of comfort to me
For my lost game, presented twice the stake?
SAL. So that it may have been on purpose, sister,
That thou hast lost at times.
SIT. At least, my brother's
Great liberality may be one cause
Why I improve no faster.

SAL. We forget
The game before us: let us make an end of it.
SIT. I move—So—Now then—Check! and check again!
SAL. This countercheck I was n't aware of, Sittah,
My queen must fall the sacrifice.
SIT. Let 's see—
Could it be help'd?
SAL. No, no, take off the queen!
That is a piece, which never thrives with me.
SIT. Only that piece?
SAL. Off with it! I shaln't miss it.
Thus I guard all again.
SIT. How civilly
We should behave to queens, my brother's lessons
Have taught me but too well.
SAL. Take her, or not,
I stir the piece no more.
SIT. Why should I take her?
Check!
SAL. Go on.
SIT. Check!—
SAL. And check-mate?
SIT. Hold! not yet.
You may advance the knight, and ward the danger,
Or, as you will—it is all one.
SAL. It is so.
You are the winner, and Al-Hafi pays.
Let him be call'd. Sittah, you was not wrong;
I seem to recollect I was unmindful—
A little absent. One is n't always willing
To dwell upon some shapeless bits of wood
Coupled with no idea. Yet the Imam,
When I play with him, bends with such abstraction.—
The loser seeks excuses. Sittah, 't was not
The shapeless men, and the unmeaning squares,
That made me heedless—your dexterity,
Your calm sharp eye.
SIT. And what of that, good brother,
Is that to be th' excuse for your defeat?

Enough—you play'd more absently than I.
SAL. Than you, what dwells upon your mind? my Sittah.
Not your own cares, I doubt—
SIT. O Saladin,
When shall we play again so constantly?
SAL. An interruption will but whet our zeal.
You think of the campaign. Well, let it come.
It was not I, who first unsheath'd the sword.
I would have willingly prolong'd the truce,
And willingly have knit a closer bond,
A lasting one, have given to my Sittah
A husband worthy of her, Richard's brother.
SIT. You love to talk of Richard.
SAL. Richard's sister
Might then have been allotted to our Melek.
O what a house that would have form'd—the first—
The best—and what is more—of earth the happiest!
You know I am not loath to praise myself;
Why should I—Of my friends am I not worthy?
O we had then led lives!
SIT. A pretty dream.
It makes me smile. You do not know the christians.
You will not know them. 'T is this people's pride
Not to be men, but to be christians. Even
What of humane their founder felt, and taught,
And left to savour their fond superstition,
They value not because it is humane,
Lovely, and good for man; they only prize it
Because 't was Christ who taught it, Christ who did it.
'T is well for them he was so good a man:
Well that they take his goodness all for granted,
And in his virtues put their trust. His virtues—
'T is not his virtues, but his name alone
They wish to thrust upon us—'T is his name
Which they desire should overspread the world,
Should swallow up the name of all good men,
And put the best to shame. 'T is his mere name
They care for—
SAL. Else, my Sittah, as thou sayst,

They would not have requir'd that thou, and Melek,
Should be called christians, ere you might be suffer'd,
To feel for christians conjugal affection.

SIT. As if from christians only, and as christians,
That love could be expected, which our maker
In man and woman for each other planted.

SAL. The christians do believe such idle notions,
They well might fancy this: and yet thou errest.
The templars, not the christians, are in fault.
'T is not as christians, but as templars, that
They thwart my purpose. They alone prevent it.
They will on no account evacuate Acca,
Which was to be the dower of Richard's sister,
And, least their order suffer, use this cant—
Bring into play the nonsense of the monk—
And scarsely would await the truce's end
To fall upon us. Go on so—go on,
To me you 're welcome, Sirs. Would all things else
Went but as right!

SIT. What else should trouble thee,
If this do not?

SAL. Why that, which ever has.
I 've been on Libanon, and seen our father.
He 's full of care.

SIT. Alas!

SAL. He can't make shift,
Straiten'd on all sides, put off, disappointed;
Nothing comes in.

SIT. What fails him, Saladin?

SAL. What? but the thing I scarsely deign to name,
Which, when I have it, so superfluous seems,
And, when I have it not, so necessary.
Where is Al-Hafi then—this fatal money—
O welcome, Hafi!

HAFI, SALADIN, *and* SITTAH.

HAFI. I suppose the gold
From Egypt is arriv'd.

SAL. Hast tidings of it?
HAFI. I? no not I. I thought to have ta'en it here.
SAL. To Sittah pay a thousand dinars.
HAFI. Pay?
And not receive—that 's something less than nothing—
To Sittah and again to Sittah—and
Once more for loss at chess? Is this your game?
SIT. Dost grudge me my good fortune?
HAFI, *examining the board.* Grudge! you know—
SIT. *making signs to Hafi.* Hush, Hafi, hush!
HAFI. And were the white men yours?
You gave the check?
SIT. 'T is well he does not hear.
HAF. And he to move?
SIT. *approaching Hafi.* Say then aloud that I
Shall have my money
HAFI, *still considering the game.* Yes, yes! you shall have it—
As you have always had it.
SIT. Are you crazy?
HAF. The game is not decided; Saladin,
You have not lost.
SAL. *scarsely hearkening.* Well, well—pay, pay.
HAF. Pay, pay—
There stands your queen.
SAL. *still walking about.* It boots not, she is useless.
SIT. *low to Hafi.* Do say that I may send and fetch the gold.
HAFI. Aye, aye, as usual—But altho' the queen
Be useless, you are by no means check-mate.
SAL. *dashes down the board.* I am. I will then—
HAF. So! small pains, small gains;
As got, so spent.
SAL. *to Sittah.* What is he muttering there?
SIT. *to Saladin, winking meanwhile to Hafi.* You know him well, and his unyielding way.
He chooses to be pray'd to—may-be ' is envious—
SAL. No not of thee, not of my sister, surely.
What do I hear, Al-Hafi, are you envious?

HAFI. Perhaps. I'd rather have her head than mine,
Or her heart either.
SIT. Ne'ertheless, my brother,
He pays me right, and will again to-day.
Let him alone. There, go away Al-Hafi,
I 'll send and fetch my dinars.
HAFI. No, I will not,
I will not act this farce a moment longer:
He shall, must know it.
SAL. Who? what?
SIT. O Al-Hafi,
Is this thy promise, this thy keeping word?
HAF. How could I think it was to go so far?
SAL. Well, what am I to know?
SIT. I pray thee, Hafi,
Be more discrete.
SAL. That 's very singular.
And what can Sittah then so earnestly
So warmly have to sue for from a stranger,
A dervis, rather than from me, her brother?
Al-Hafi, I command. Dervis, speak out.
SIT. Let not a trifle, brother, touch you nearer
Than is becoming. You know I have often
Won the same sum of you at chess, and, as
I have not just at present need of money,
I 've left the sum at rest in Hafi's chest,
Which is not over full; and thus the stakes
Are not yet taken out—but, never fear,
It is not my intention to bestow them
On thee, or Hafi.
HAFI. Were it only this—
SIT. Some more such trifles are perhaps unclaim'd,
My own allowance, which you set apart,
Has lain some months untouch'd.
HAFI. Nor is that all—
SAL. Nor yet—speak then!
HAFI. Since we have been expecting
The treasure out of Egypt, she not only
SIT. Why listen to him?

HAFI. Has not had an asper;
SAL. Good creature—but, has been advancing to thee—
HAFI. Has at her sole expense maintain'd thy state.
SAL. *embracing her.* My sister—ah!
SIT. And who but you, my brother,
Could make me rich enough to have the power?
HAFI. And in a little time again will leave thee
Poor as himself.
SAL. I, poor—her brother, poor?
When had I more, when less than at this instant?
A cloak, a horse, a sabre, and a God!—
What need I else? With them what can be wanting?
And yet, Al-Hafi, I could quarrel with thee
For this.
SIT. A truce to that, my brother. Were it
As easy to remove our father's cares.
SAL. Ah! now my joy thou hast at once abated;
To me there is, there can be, nothing wanting;
But, but to him—and, in him, to us all.
What shall I do? From Egypt may-be nothing
Will come this long time. Why—God only knows.
We hear of no stir. To reduce, to spare,
I am quite willing for myself to stoop to,
Were it myself, and only I, should suffer—
But what can that avail? A cloak, a horse,
A sword, I ne'er can want;—as to my God,
He is not to be bought, he asks but little,
Only my heart. I had rely'd, Al-Hafi,
Upon a surplus in my chest.
HAFI. A surplus?
And tell me, would you not have had me 'impal'd
Or hang'd at least, if you had found me out
In hoarding up a surplus. Deficits,
Those one may venture on.
SAL. Well, but how next?
Could you have found out no one where to borrow
Unless of Sittah?
SIT. And would I have borne
To see the preference given to another?

I still lay claim to it. I am not as yet
Entirely bare.
SAL. Not yet entirely—This
Was wanting still. Go, turn thyself about;
Take where, and as, thou canst; be quick, Al-Hafi.
Borrow on promise, contract, any how;
But heed me—not of those I have enrich'd—
To borrow there might seem to ask it back.
Go to the covetous. They 'll gladliest lend—
They know how well their money thrives with me—
HAFI. I know none such.
SIT. I recollect just now
I heard Al-Hafi of thy friend's return.
HAFI, *startled.* Friend—friend of mine—and who should
that be?
SIT. Who?
Thy vaunted jew!
HAFI. A jew—and prais'd by me?
SIT. To whom his God (I think I still retain
Thy own expression us'd concerning him)
To whom, of all the good things of this world,
His God in full abundance has bestow'd
The greatest and the least.
HAFI. What could I mean
When I said so?
SIT. The least of good things, riches;
The greatest, wisdom.
HAFI. How—and of a jew
Could I say that?
SIT. Didst thou not—of thy Nathan?
HAFI. Hi ho! of him—of Nathan? At that moment
He did not come across me. But in fact,
He is at length come home; and, I suppose,
Is not ill off. His people us'd to call him
The wise—also the rich.
SIT. The rich, he 's nam'd
Now more than ever. The whole town resounds
With news of jewels, costly stuffs, and stores,
That he brings back.

HAFI. Is he the rich again—
He 'll be, no fear of it, once more the wise.
SIT. What thinkst thou, Hafi, of a call on him?
HAFI. On him—sure not to borrow—why, you know him—
He lend? Therein his very wisdom lies,
That he lends no one.
SIT. Formerly thou gav'st
A very different picture of this Nathan.
HAFI. In case of need he 'll lend you merchandize,
But money, money, never. He 's a jew,
There are but few such! he has understanding,
Knows life, plays chess; but is in bad notorious
Above his brethren, as he is in good.
On him rely not. To the poor indeed
He vies perhaps with Saladin in giving:
Tho' he distributes less, he gives as freely,
As silently, as nobly, to jew, christian,
Mahometan, or parsee—'t is all one.
SIT. And such a man should be—
SAL. How comes it then
I never heard of him?
SIT. Should be unwilling
To lend to Saladin, who wants for others,
Not for himself?
HAFI. Aye there peeps out the jew,
The ordinary jew. Believe me, prince,
He 's jealous, really envious of your giving.
To earn God's favor seems his very business.
He lends not, that he may always have to give.
The law commandeth mercy, not compliance:
And thus for mercy's sake he 's uncomplying.
'T is true, I am not now on the best terms
With Nathan, but, I must intreat you, think not
That therefore I would do injustice to him.
He 's good in every thing; but not in that—
Only in that. I 'll knock at other doors.
I just have recollected an old moor,
Who 's rich and covetous—I go—I go.
SIT. Why in such hurry, Hafi?
SAL. Let him go.

SALADIN *and* SITTAH.

SIT. He hastens, like a man, who would escape me;
Why so? Was he indeed deceiv'd in Nathan,
Or does he play upon us?
SAL. Can I guess?
I scarsely know of whom you have been talking,
And hear to-day, for the first time, of Nathan.
SIT. Is 't possible the man were hid from thee,
Of whom, 't is said, he has found out the tombs
Of Solomon and David, knows the word
That lifts their marble lids, and thence obtains
The golden oil and that feeds his shining pomp.
SAL. Were this man's wealth by miracle created,
'T is not at David's tomb, or Solomon's,
That 't would be wrought. Not virtuous men lie there.
SIT. His source of opulence is more productive,
And more exhaustless than a cave of Mammon.
SAL. He trades, I hear.
SIT. His ships fill every harbour;
His caravans thro' every desert toil.
This has Al-Hafi told me long ago:
With transport adding then—how nobly Nathan
Bestows what he esteems it not a meanness
By prudent industry to have justly earn'd—
How free from prejudice his lofty soul—
His heart to every virtue how unlock'd—
With every lovely feeling how familiar.
SAL. Yet Hafi spake just now so coldly of him.
SIT. Not coldly; but with awkwardness, confusion,
As if he thought it dangerous to praise him,
And yet knew not to blame him undeserving.
Or can it really be that e'en the best
Among a people cannot quite escape
The tinges of the tribe; and that, in fact,
Al-Hafi has in this to blush for Nathan?
Be that as 't may—be he the jew or no—
Is he but rich—that is enough for us.

SAL. You would not, sister, take his wealth by force.
SIT. What do you mean by force—fire, sword? O no!
What force is necessary with the weak
But their own weakness? Come awhile with me
Into my harem: I have bought a songstress,
You have not heard her, she came yesterday:
Meanwhile I 'll think somewhat about a project
I have upon this Nathan. Follow, brother.

SCENE.—The Place of Palms, close to Nathan's House.

NATHAN, *attir'd, comes out with* RECHA.

REC. You have been so very slow, my dearest father,
You now will hardly be in time to find him.
NATH. Well, if not here beneath the palms; yet, surely,
Elsewhere. My child, be satisfied. See, see,
Is not that Daya making towards us?
REC. She certainly has lost him then.
NATH. Why so?
REC. Else she 'd walk quicker.
NATH. She may not have seen us.
REC. There, now she sees us.
NATH. And her speed redoubles.
Be calm, my Recha.
REC. Would you have your daughter
Be cool and unconcern'd who 't was that sav'd her,
Heed not to whom is due the life she prizes
Chiefly because she ow'd it first to thee?
NATH. I would not wish thee other than thou art,
E'en if I knew that in thy secret soul
A very different emotion throbs.
REC. Why—what my father?
NATH. Dost thou ask of me,
So tremblingly of me, what passes in thee?
Whatever 't is, 't is innocence and nature.
Be not alarm'd, it gives me no alarm;
But promise me that, when thy heart shall speak
A plainer language, thou wilt not conceal

A single of thy wishes from my fondness.
REC. O the mere possibility of wishing
Rather to veil and hide them makes me shudder.
NATH. Let this be spoken once for all. Well Daya—

NATHAN, RECHA, *and* DAYA.

DAYA. He still is here beneath the palms, and soon
Will reach yon wall. See, there he comes.
REC. And seems
Irresolute where next; if left or right.
DAYA. I know he mostly passes to the convent,
And therefore comes this path. What will you lay me?
REC. O yes he does. And did you speak to him?
How did he seem to-day?
DAYA. As heretofore.
NATH. Don't let him see you with me: further back;
Or rather to the house.
REC. Just one peep more.
Now the hedge steals him from me.
DAYA. Come away.
Your father 's in the right—should he perceive us,
'T is very probable he 'll tack about.
REC. But for the hedge
NATH. Now he emerges from it.
He can 't but see you: hence—I ask it of you.
DAYA. I know a window whence we yet may
REC. Aye. [*Goes in with Daya.*
NATH. I 'm almost shy of this strange fellow, almost
Shrink back from his rough virtue. That one man
Should ever make another man feel awkward!
And yet—He 's coming—ha!—by God, the youth
Looks like a man. I love his daring eye,
His open gait. May-be the shell is bitter;
But not the kernel surely. I have seen
Some such, methinks. Forgive me, noble Frank.

NATHAN *and* TEMPLAR.

TEMP. What?
NATH. Give me leave.
TEMP. Well, jew, what wouldst thou have?
NATH. The liberty of speaking to you.
TEMP. So—
Can I prevent it? Quick then, what 's your business?
NATH. Patience—nor hasten quite so proudly by
A man, who has not merited contempt,
And whom, for evermore, you 've made your debtor.
TEMP. How so? Perhaps I guess—No—Are you then
NATH. My name is Nathan, father to the maid
Your generous courage snatch'd from circling flames,
And hasten
TEMP. If with thanks, keep, keep them all.
Those little things I 've had to suffer much from:
Too much already, far. And, after all,
You owe me nothing. Was I ever told
She was your daughter? 'T is a templar's duty
To rush to the assistance of the first
Poor wight that needs him; and my life just then
Was quite a burden. I was mighty glad
To risk it for another; tho' it were
That of a jewess.
NATH. Noble, and yet shocking!
The turn might be expected. Modest greatness
Wears willingly the mask of what is shocking
To scare off admiration: but, altho'
She may disdain the tribute, admiration,
Is there no other tribute she can bear with?
Knight, were you here not foreign, not a captive,
I would not ask so freely. Speak, command,
In what can I be useful?
TEMP. You—in nothing.
NATH. I 'm rich.
TEMP. To me the richer jew ne'er seem'd
The better jew.

NATH. Is that a reason why
You should not use the better part of him,
His wealth?

TEMP. Well, well, I 'll not refuse it wholly,
For my poor mantle's sake—when that is thread-bare,
And spite of darning will not hold together,
I 'll come and borrow cloth, or money of thee,
To make me up a new one. Don't look solemn;
The danger is not pressing; 't is not yet
At the last gasp, but tight and strong and good,
Save this poor corner, where an ugly spot
You see is singed upon it. It got singed
As I bore off your daughter from the fire.

NATH. *taking hold of the mantle.* 'T is singular that such an ugly spot
Bears better testimony to the man,
Than his own mouth. This brand—O I could kiss it!
Your pardon—that I meant not.

TEMP. What?

NATH. A tear
Fell on the spot.

TEMP. You 'll find up more such tears—
(This jew methinks begins to work upon me)

NATH. Would you send once this mantle to my daughter?

TEMP. Why?

NATH. That her lips may cling to this dear speck;
For at her benefactor's feet to fall,
I find, she hopes in vain.

TEMP. But, jew, your name
You said was Nathan—Nathan, you can join
Your words together cunningly—right well—
I am confused—in fact—I would have been

NATH. Twist, writhe, disguise you, as you will, I know you,
You were too honest, knight, to be more civil;
A girl all feeling, and a she-attendant
All complaisance, a father at a distance—
You valued her good name, and would not see her.
You scorn'd to try her, least you should be victor;
For that I also thank you.

TEMP. I confess,
You know how templars ought to think.
NATH. Still templars—
And only *ought* to think—and all because
The rules and vows enjoin it to the *order*—
I know how good men think—know that all lands
Produce good men.
TEMP. But not without distinction.
NATH. In color, dress, and shape, perhaps, distinguish'd.
TEMP. Here more, there fewer sure?
NATH. That boots not much.
The great man every where has need of room.
Too many set together only serve
To crush each others' branches. Middling good,
As we are, spring up every where in plenty.
Only let one not scar and bruise the other;
Let not the gnarl be angry with the stump;
Let not the upper branch alone pretend
Not to have started from the common earth.
TEMP. Well said: and yet, I trust, you know the nation,
That first began to strike at fellow men,
That first baptiz'd itself the chosen people—
How now if I were—not to hate this people,
Yet for its pride could not forbear to scorn it,
The pride which it to mussulman and christian
Bequeath'd, as were its God alone the true one.
You start, that I, a christian, and a templar,
Talk thus. Where, when, has e'er the pious rage
To own the better god—on the whole world
To force this better, as the best of all—
Shown itself more, and in a blacker form,
Than here, than now? To him, whom, here and now,
The film is not removing from his eye—
But be he blind that wills! Forget my speeches
And leave me.
NATH. Ah! indeed you do not know
How closer I shall cling to you henceforth.
We must, we will be friends. Despise my nation—
We did not choose a nation for ourselves.

Are we our nations? What 's a nation then?
Were jews and christians such, e'er they were men?
And have I found in thee one more, to whom
It is enough to be a man.

TEMP. That hast thou.
Nathan, by God, thou hast. Thy hand. I blush
To have mistaken thee a single instant.

NATH. And I am proud of 't. Only common souls
We seldom err in.

TEMP. And uncommon ones
Seldom forget. Yes, Nathan, yes we must,
We will be friends.

NATH. We are so. And my Recha—
She will rejoice. How sweet the wider prospect,
That dawns upon me! Do but know her—once.

TEMP. I am impatient for it. Who is that
Bursts from your house, methinks it is your Daya.

NATH. Aye—but so anxiously—

TEMP. Sure, to our Recha
Nothing has happen'd.

NATHAN, TEMPLAR, *and* DAYA.

DAYA. Nathan, Nathan.

NATH. Well.

DAYA. Forgive me, knight, that I must interrupt you.

NATH. What is the matter?

TEMP. What?

DAYA. The sultan sends—
The sultan wants to see you—in a hurry.
Jesus! the sultan—

NATH. Saladin wants me?
He will be curious to see what wares,
Precious, or new, I brought with me from Persia.
Say there is nothing hardly yet unpack'd.

DAYA. No, no: 't is not to look at any thing.
He wants to speak to you, to you in person,
And orders you to come as soon as may be.

NATH. I 'll go—return.

DAYA. Knight, take it not amiss;
But we were so alarm'd for what the sultan
Could have in view.
NATH. That I shall soon discover.

NATHAN *and* TEMPLAR.

TEMP. And don't you know him yet, I mean his person?
NATH. Whose, Saladin's? Not yet. I 've neither shunn'd,
Nor sought to see him. And the general voice
Speaks too well of him, for me not to wish,
Rather to take its language upon trust,
Than sift the truth out. Yet—if it be so—
He, by the saving of your life, has now
TEMP. Yes: it is so. The life I live he gave.
NATH. And in it double treble life to me.
This flings a bond about me, which shall tie me
For ever to his service: and I scarsely
Like to defer enquiring for his wishes.
For every thing I 'm ready; and am ready
To own that 't is on your account I am so.
TEMP. As often as I 've thrown me in his way,
I have not found as yet the means to thank him.
Th' impression that I made upon him came
Quickly, and so has vanish'd. Now perhaps
He recollects me not, who knows? Once more
At least, he must recall me to his mind,
Fully to fix my doom. 'T is not enough
That by his order I am yet in being,
By his permission live, I have to learn
According to whose will I must exist.
NATH. Therefore I shall the more avoid delay.
Perchance some word may furnish me occasion
To glance at you—perchance—Excuse me, knight,
I am in haste. When shall we see you with us?
TEMP. Soon as I may.
NATH. That is, whene'er you will.
TEMP. To day then.
NATH. And your name?

TEMP. My name was—is
Conrade of Stauffen.
NATH. Conrade of Stauffen! Stauffen!
TEMP. Why does that strike so forcibly upon you?
NATH. There are more races of that name, no doubt.
TEMP. Yes many of that name were here—rot here.
My uncle even—I should say, my father.
But wherefore is your look so sharpen'd on me?
NATH. Nothing—how can I weary to behold you—
TEMP. Therefore I quit you first. The searching eye
Finds often more than it desires to see.
I fear it, Nathan. Fare thee well. Let time,
Not curiosity make us acquainted. [*Goes.*

NATHAN, *and soon after,* DAYA.

NATH. "The searching eye will oft discover more
Than it desires," 't is as he read my soul.
That too may chance to me. 'T is not alone
Leonard's walk, stature, but his very voice.
Leonard so wore his head, was even wont
Just so to brush his eye-brows with his hand,
As if to mask the fire that fills his look.
Those deeply graven images at times
How they will slumber in us, seem forgotten,
When all at once a word, a tone, a gesture,
Retraces all. Of Stauffen? Aye right—right—
Filnek and Stauffen—I will soon know more—
But first to Saladin—Ha, Daya there?
Why on the watch? Come nearer. By this time,
I 'll answer for 't, you 've something more at heart
Than to know what the sultan wants with me.
DAYA. And do you take it in ill part of her?
You were beginning to converse with him
More confidentially, just as the message,
Sent by the sultan, tore us from the window.
NATH. Go tell her that she may expect his visit
At every instant.
DAYA. What indeed—indeed?

NATH. I think I can rely upon thee, Daya:
Be on thy guard, I beg. Thou 'lt not repent it.
Be but discrete. Thy conscience too will surely
Find its account in 't. Do not mar my plans
But leave them to themselves. Relate and question
With modesty, with backwardness.
DAYA. O fear not.
How come you to preach up all this to me?
I go—go too. The sultan sends for you
A second time, and by your friend Al-Hafi.

NATHAN *and* HAFI.

HAFI. Ha! art thou here? I was now seeking for thee.
NATH. Why in such haste? What wants he then with me?
HAFI. Who?
NATH. Saladin. I 'm coming—I am coming.
HAFI. Where, to the sultan's?
NATH. Was 't not he who sent thee?
HAFI. Me? No. And has he sent already?
NATH. Yes.
HAFI. Then 't is all right.
NATH. What 's right?
HAFI. That I 'm unguilty.
God knows I am not guilty, knows I said—
What said I not of thee—belied thee—slander'd—
To ward it off.
NATH. To ward off what—be plain.
HAFI. That thou art now become his defterdar.
I pity thee. Behold it I will not.
I go this very hour—my road I told thee.
Now—hast thou orders by the way—command,
And then, adieu. Indeed they must not be
Such business as a naked man can't carry.
Quick, what 's thy pleasure?
NATH. Recollect yourself.
As yet all this is quite a riddle to me.
I know of nothing.
HAFI. Where are then thy bags?

NATH. Bags?

HAFI. Bags of money: bring the weightiest forth:
The money thou 'rt to lend the sultan, Nathan.

NATH. And is that all?

HAFI. Novice, thou 'st yet to learn
How he day after day will scoop and scoop,
Till nothing but an hollow empty paring,
A husk as light as film, is left behind.
Thou 'st yet to learn how prodigality
From prudent bounty's never-empty coffers
Borrows and borrows, till there 's not a purse
Left to keep rats from starving. Thou mayst fancy
That he who wants thy gold will heed thy counsel;
But when has he yet listen'd to advice?
Imagine now what just befel me with him.

NATH. Well—

HAFI. I went in and found him with his sister,
Engag'd, or rather rising up from chess.
Sittah plays—not amiss. Upon the board
The game, that Saladin suppos'd was lost
And had given up, yet stood. When I drew nigh,
And had examin'd it, I soon discover'd
It was not gone by any means.

NATH. For you
A blest discovery, a treasure-trove.

HAFI. He only needed to remove his king
Behind the tower to have got him out of check.
Could I but make you sensible—

NATH. I 'll trust thee.

HAFI. Then with the knight still left.—I would have shown him
And call'd him to the board—He must have won;
But what d' ye think he did?

NATH. Dar'd doubt your insight?

HAFI. He would not listen; but with scorn o'erthrew
The standing pieces.

NATH. Is that possible?

HAFI. And said, he chose to be check-mate—he chose it—
Is that to play the game?

NATH. Most surely not:
'T is to play with the game.
HAFI. And yet the stake
Was not a nut-shell.
NATH. Money here or there
Matters but little. Not to listen to thee,
And on a point of such importance, Hafi,
There lies the rub. Not even to admire
Thine eagle eye—thy comprehensive glance—
That calls for vengeance:—does it not, Al-Hafi?
HAFI. I only tell it thee that thou mayst see
How his brain 's form'd. I bear with him no longer.
Here I 've been running to each dirty moor,
Inquiring who will lend him. I, who ne'er
Went for myself a begging, go a borrowing,
And that for others. Borrowing 's much the same
As begging; just as lending upon usury
Is much the same as thieving—decency
Makes not of lewdness virtue. On the Ganges,
Among my ghebers, I have need of neither:
Nor need I be the tool or pimp of either—
Upon the Ganges only there are men.
Here, thou alone art somehow almost worthy
To have liv'd upon the Ganges. Wilt thou with me?
And leave him with the captive cloak alone,
The booty that he wants to strip thee of.
Little by little he will flay thee clean.
Thus thou 'lt be quit at once, without the tease
Of being slic'd to death. Come wilt thou with me?
I 'll find thee with a staff.
NATH. I should have thought,
Come what come may, that thy resource remain'd:
But I 'll consider of it. Stay.
HAFI. Consider—
No; such things must not be consider'd.
NATH. Stay:
'Till I have seen the sultan—'till you 've had
HAFI. He, who considers, looks about for motives
To forbear daring. He, who can't resolve

In storm and sunshine to himself to live,
Must live the slave of others all his life.
But, as you please; farewell! 't is you, who choose.
My path lies yonder—and yours there—

NATH. Al-Hafi,
Stay then; at least you 'll set things right—not leave them
At sixes and at sevens—

HAFI. Farce! Parade!
The balance in the chest will need no telling.
And my account—Sittah, or you, will vouch.
Farewell. [*Goes.*

NATH. Yes I will vouch it. Honest, wild—
How shall I call you—Ah! the real beggar
Is, after all, the only real monarch.

ACT III.

SCENE.—A Room in Nathan's House.

RECHA *and* DAYA.

REC. What, Daya, did my father really say
I might expect him, every instant, here?
That meant—now did it not? he would come soon.
And yet how many instants have rolled by!—
But who would think of those that are elapsed?—
To the next moment only I 'm alive.—
At last the very one will come that brings him.

DAYA. But for the sultan's ill-tim'd message, Nathan
Had brought him in.

REC. And when this moment comes,
And when this warmest inmost of my wishes
Shall be fulfill'd, what then? what then?

DAYA. What then?
Why then I hope the warmest of my wishes
Will have its turn, and happen.

REC. 'Stead of this,
What wish shall take possession of my bosom,
Which now without some ruling wish of wishes
Knows not to heave? Shall nothing? ah I shudder.
DAYA. Yes: mine shall then supplant the one fulfill'd—
My wish to see thee plac'd one day in Europe
In hands well worthy of thee.
REC. No, thou errest
The very thing that makes thee form this wish
Prevents its being mine. The country draws thee,
And shall not mine retain me? Shall an image,
A fond remembrance of thy home, thy kindred,
Which years and distance have not yet effac'd,
Be mightier o'er thy soul, than what I hear,
See, feel, and hold, of mine?
DAYA. 'T is vain to struggle—
The ways of heaven are the ways of heaven.
Is he the destin'd saviour, by whose arm
His God, for whom he fights, intends to lead thee
Into the land, which thou wast born for—
REC. Daya,
What art thou prating of? My dearest Daya,
Indeed thou hast some strange unseemly notions.
"*His* God—*for* whom he fights"—what is a God
Belonging to a man—needing another
To fight his battles? And can we pronounce
For which among the scatter'd clods of earth
You, I was born; unless it be for that
On which we were produced. If Nathan heard thee—
What has my father done to thee, that thou
Hast ever sought to paint my happiness
As lying far remote from him, and his.
What has he done to thee that thus, among
The seeds of reason, which he sow'd unmix'd,
Pure in my soul, thou ever must be seeking
To plant the weeds, or flowers, of thy own land.
He wills not of these pranking gaudy blossoms
Upon this soil. And I too must acknowledge
I feel as if they had a sour-sweet odor,

That makes me giddy—that half suffocates.
Thy head is wont to bear it. I don't blame
Those stronger nerves, that can support it. Mine—
Mine it behooves not. Latterly thy angel
Had made me half a fool. I am asham'd,
Whene'er I see my father, of the folly.

DAYA. As if here only wisdom were at home—
Folly—if I dar'd speak.

REC. And dar'st thou not?
When was I not all ear, if thou beganst
To talk about the heroes of thy faith?
Have I not freely on their deeds bestow'd
My admiration, to their sufferings yielded
The tribute of my tears? Their faith indeed
Has never seem'd their most heroic side
To me: yet, therefore, have I only learnt
To find more consolation in the thought,
That our devotion to the God of all
Depends not on our notions about God.
My father has so often told us so—
Thou hast so often to this point consented—
How can it be that thou alone art restless
To undermine what you built up together?
This is not the most fit discussion, Daya,
To usher in our friend to; tho' indeed
I should not disincline to it—for to me
It is of infinite importance if
He too—but hark—there 's some one at the door.
If it were he—stay—hush—

A Slave who shows in the Templar. They are—here this way.

TEMPLAR, DAYA, *and* RECHA.

REC. *starts—composes herself—then offers to fall at his feet.* 'T is he—my saviour! ah—

TEMP. This to avoid
Have I alone deferr'd my call so long.

REC. Yes, at the feet of this proud man, I will

Thank—God alone. The man will have no thanks;
No more than will the bucket, which was busy
In showering watery damps upon the flame.
That was fill'd, emptied—but to me to thee
What boots it? So the man—he too, he too
Was thrust, he knew not how, amid the fire.
I dropt, by chance, into his open arm.
By chance, remain'd there—like a fluttering spark
Upon his mantle—till—I know not what
Push'd us both from amid the conflagration.
What room is here for thanks? How oft in Europe
Wine urges men to very different deeds!
Templars must so behave: it is their office,
Like better taught or rather handier spaniels,
To fetch from out of fire, as out of water.

TEMP. O Daya, Daya, if, in hasty moments
Of care and of chagrin, my uncheck'd temper
Betray'd me into rudeness, why convey
To her each idle word that left my tongue?
This is too piercing a revenge indeed;
Yet if henceforth thou wilt interpret better—

DAYA. I question if these barbed words, Sir Knight,
Alighted so, as to have much disserv'd you.

REC. How, you had cares, and were more covetous
Of them than of your life?

TEMP. *who has been viewing her with wonder and perturbation.* Thou best of beings,
How is my soul 'twixt eye and ear divided!
No: 't was not she I snatch'd from amid fire:
For who could know her and forbear to do it?—
Indeed—disguis'd by terror—

[*Pause: during which he gazes on her as it were intranc'd.*

REC. But to me
You still appear the same you then appear'd.

[*Another like pause—'till she resumes, in order to interrupt him.* Now tell me, knight, where have you been so long?
It seems as might I ask—where are you now?

TEMP. I am—where I perhaps ought not to be.

Rec. Where have you been? where you perhaps ought
not—
That is not well.
Temp. Up—how d' ye call the mountain?
Up Sinai.
Rec. Oh that 's very fortunate.
Now I shall learn for certain, if 't is true
Temp. What! If the spot may yet be seen where Moses
Stood before God; when first
Rec. No, no, not that.
Where'er he stood, 't was before God. Of this
I know enough already. Is it true,
I wish to learn from you, that—that it is not
By far so troublesome to climb this mountain
As to get down—for on all mountains else,
That I have seen, quite the reverse obtains.
Well, knight, why will you turn away from me?
Not look at me?
Temp. Because I wish to hear you.
Rec. Because you do not wish me to perceive
You smile at my simplicity—You smile
That I can think of nothing more important
To ask about the holy hill of hills:
Do you not?
Temp. Must I meet those eyes again?
And now you cast them down, and damp the smile—
Am I in doubtful motions of the features
To read what I so plainly hear—what you
So audibly declare; yet will conceal?—
How truly said thy father "Do but know her!"
Rec. Who has—of whom—said so to thee?
Temp. Thy father
Said to me "Do but know her" and of thee.
Daya. And have not I too said so, times and oft.
Temp. But where is then your father—with the sultan?
Rec. So I suppose.
Temp. Yet there? Oh, I forget,
He cannot be there still. He is waiting for me
Most certainly below there by the cloister.

'T was so, I think, we had agreed. Forgive,
I go in quest of him.
DAYA. Knight I 'll do that.
Wait here, I 'll bring him hither instantly.
TEMP. Oh no—Oh no. He is expecting me.
Besides—you are not aware what may have happen'd.
'T is not unlikely he may be involv'd
With Saladin—you do not know the sultan—
In some unpleasant—I must go, there 's danger
If I forbear.
REC. Danger—of what? of what?
TEMP. Danger for me, for thee, for him; unless
I go at once. [*Goes.*

RECHA *and* DAYA.

REC. What is the matter, Daya?
So quick—what comes across him, drives him hence?
DAYA. Let him alone, I think it no bad sign.
REC. Sign—and of what?
DAYA. That something passes in him.
It boils—but it must not boil over. Leave him—
Now 't is your turn.
REC. My turn? Thou dost become
Like him incomprehensible to me.
DAYA. Now you may give him back all that unrest
He once occasion'd. Be not too severe,
Nor too vindictive.
REC. Daya, what you mean
You must know best
DAYA. And pray are you again
So calm.
REC. I am—yes that I am.
DAYA. At least
Own—that this restlessness has given you pleasure,
And that you have to thank his want of ease
For what of ease you now enjoy.
REC. Of that
I am unconscious. All I could confess

Were, that it does seem strange unto myself,
How, in this bosom, such a pleasing calm
Can suddenly succeed to such a tossing.
DAYA. His countenance, his speech, his manner has
By this time satiated thee.
REC. Satiated,
I will not say—not by a good deal yet.
DAYA. But satisfied the more impatient craving.
REC. Well well if you must have it so.
DAYA. I? no.
REC. To me he will be ever dear, will ever
Remain more dear than my own life; altho'
My pulse no longer flutters at his name,
My heart no longer, when I think about him,
Beats stronger, swifter. What have I been prating?
Come, Daya, let us once more to the window
Which overlooks the palms.
DAYA. So that 't is not
Yet satisfied—the more impatient craving.
REC. Now I shall see the palm-trees once again,
Not him alone amid them.
DAYA. This cold fit
Is but the harbinger of other fevers.
REC. Cold—cold—I am not cold: but I observe not
Less willingly what I behold with calmness.

SCENE.—An Audience Room in the Sultan's Palace.

SITTAH: SALADIN *giving directions at the door.*

SAL. Here, introduce the jew, whene'er he comes—
He seems in no great haste.
SIT. May be at first
He was not in the way.
SAL. Ah, sister, sister!
SIT. You seem as if a combat were impending.
SAL. With weapons that I have not learnt to wield.
Must I disguise myself? I use precautions?
I lay a snare? When, where gain'd I that knowledge?

And this, for what? To fish for money—money—
For money from a jew—and to such arts
Must Saladin descend at last to come at
The least of little things?
SIT. Each little thing
Despis'd too much finds methods of revenge.
SAL. 'T is but too true. And if this jew should prove
The fair good man, as once the dervis painted—
SIT. Then difficulties cease. A snare concerns
The avaricious, cautious, fearful jew;
And not the good wise man: for he is ours
Without a snare. Then the delight of hearing
How such a man speaks out; with what stern strength
He tears the net, or with what prudent foresight
He one by one undoes the tangled meshes;
That will be all to boot—
SAL. That I shall joy in.
SIT. What then should trouble thee? For if he be
One of the many only, a mere jew,
You will not blush to such a one to seem
A man, as he thinks all mankind to be.
One, that to him should bear a better aspect,
Would seem a fool—a dupe.
SAL. So that I must
Act badly, least the bad think badly of me.
SIT. Yes, if you call it acting badly, brother,
To use a thing after its kind.
SAL. There 's nothing,
That woman's wit invents, it can 't embellish.
SIT. Embellish—
SAL. But their fine-wrought filligree
In my rude hand would break. It is for those
That can contrive them to employ such weapons:
They ask a practis'd wrist. But chance what may,
Well as I can—
SIT. Trust not yourself too little.
I answer for you, if you have the will.
Such men as you would willingly persuade us
It was their swords, their swords alone that rais'd them.

The lion 's apt to be asham'd of hunting
In fellowship of the fox—'t is of his fellow
Not of the cunning that he is asham'd.
SAL. You women would so gladly level man
Down to yourselves. Go, I have got my lesson.
SIT. What—*must* I go?
SAL. Had you the thought of staying?
SIT. In your immediate presence not indeed;
But in the by-room.
SAL. You could like to listen.
Not that, my sister, if I may insist.
Away! the curtain rustles—he is come.
Beware of staying—I 'll be on the watch.

While Sittah retires thro' one door, Nathan enters at another, and Saladin seats himself.

SALADIN *and* NATHAN.

SAL. Draw nearer jew, yet nearer; here, quite by me,
Without all fear.
NATH. Remain that for thy foes!
SAL. Your name is Nathan?
NATH. Yes.
SAL. Nathan the wise?
NATH. No.
SAL. If not thou, the people calls thee so.
NATH. May-be, the people.
SAL. Fancy not that I
Think of the people's voice contemptuously;
I have been wishing much to know the man,
Whom it has nam'd the wise.
NATH. And if it nam'd
Him so in scorn. If wise meant only prudent.
And prudent, one, who knows his interest well.
SAL. Who knows his real interest, thou must mean.
NATH. Then were the interested, the most prudent;
Then wise and prudent were the same.
SAL. I hear

You proving, what your speeches contradict.
You know man's real interests, which the people
Knows not—at least have studied how to know them.
That alone makes the sage.
NATH. Which each imagines
Himself to be.
SAL. Of modesty enough!
Ever to meet it, where one seeks to hear
Dry truth, is vexing. Let us to the purpose—
But, jew, sincere and open—
NATH. I will serve thee
So as to merit, prince, thy further notice.
SAL. Serve me—how?
NATH. Thou shalt have the best I bring,
Shalt have them cheap.
SAL. What speak you of—your wares?
My sister shall be called to bargain with you
For them (so much for the sly listener) I
Have nothing to transact now with the merchant.
NATH. Doubtless then you would learn, what, on my journey,
I notic'd of the motions of the foe,
Who stirs anew. If unreserv'd I may
SAL. Neither was that the object of my sending:
I know what I have need to know already.
In short I will'd your presence
NATH. Sultan, order.
SAL. To gain instruction quite on other points.
Since you are a man so wise, tell me which law
Which faith appears to you the better?
NATH. Sultan,
I am a jew.
SAL. And I a mussulman:
The christian stands between us. Of these three
Religions only one can be the true.
A man, like you, remains not, just where birth
Has chanc'd to cast him, or, if he remains there,
Does it from insight, choice, from grounds of preference.
Share then with me your insight—let me hear

The grounds of preference, which I have wanted
The leisure to examine—learn the choice,
These grounds have motiv'd, that it may be mine.
In confidence I ask it. How you startle,
And weigh me with your eye! It may well be
I 'm the first sultan, to whom this caprice,
Methinks not quite unworthy of a sultan,
Has yet occurr'd. Am I not? Speak then—Speak.
Or do you, to collect yourself, desire
Some moments of delay—I give them you—
(Whether she 's listening?—I must know of her
If I 've done right.) Reflect—I 'll soon return—

[*Saladin steps into the room to which Sittah had retired.*

NATH. Strange! how is this? what wills the sultan of me?
I came prepar'd with cash—he asks truth. Truth?
As if truth too were cash—a coin disus'd
That goes by weight—indeed 't is some such thing—
But a new coin, known by the stamp at once,
To be flung down and told upon the counter,
It is not that. Like gold in bags tied up,
So truth lies hoarded in the wise man's head
To be brought out—Which now in this transaction
Which of us plays the jew; he asks for truth,
Is truth what he requires, his aim, his end?
That this is but the glue to lime a snare
Ought not to be suspected, 't were too little,
Yet what is found too little for the great—
In fact, thro' hedge and pale to stalk at once
Into one's field beseems not—friends look round,
Seek for the path, ask leave to pass the gate—
I must be cautious. Yet to damp him back,
And be the stubborn jew is not the thing;
And wholly to throw off the jew, still less.
For if no jew he might with right inquire—
Why not a mussulman—Yes—that may serve me.
Not children only can be quieted
With stories. Ha! he comes—well, let him come.

SAL. *returning.* So, there, the field is clear, I 'm not too quick,

Thou hast bethought thyself as much as need is,
Speak, no one hears.

NATH. Might the whole world but hear us.

SAL. Is Nathan of his cause so confident?
Yes, that I call the sage—to veil no truth,
For truth to hazard all things, life and goods.

NATH. Aye, when 't is necessary and when useful.

SAL. Henceforth I hope I shall with reason bear
One of my titles—" Betterer of the world
And of the law."

NATH. In truth a noble title.
But, sultan, e'er I quite unfold myself
Allow me to relate a tale.

SAL. Why not?
I always was a friend of tales well told.

NATH. Well told, that 's not precisely my affair.

SAL. Again so proudly modest, come begin.

NATH. In days of yore, there dwelt in east a man,
Who from a valued hand receiv'd a ring
Of endless worth: the stone of it an opal,
That shot an ever-changing tint: moreover,
It had the hidden virtue him to render
Of God and man belov'd, who in this view,
And this persuasion, wore it. Was it strange
The eastern man ne'er drew it off his finger,
And studiously provided to secure it
For ever to his house. Thus—He bequeath'd it;
First, to the *most beloved* of his sons,
Ordain'd that he again should leave the ring
To the *most dear* among his children—and
That without heeding birth, the *favourite* son,
In virtue of the ring alone, should always
Remain the lord of the house—You hear me, sultan?

SAL. I understand thee—on.

NATH. From son to son,
At length this ring descended to a father,
Who had three sons, alike obedient to him;
Whom therefore he could not but love alike.
At times seem'd this, now that, at times the third,

(Accordingly as each apart receiv'd
The overflowings of his heart) most worthy
To heir the ring, which with goodnatur'd weakness
He privately to each in turn had promis'd.
This went on for a while. But death approach'd,
And the good father grew embarrass'd. So
To disappoint two sons, who trust his promise,
He could not bear. What 's to be done. He sends
In secret to a jeweller, of whom,
Upon the model of the real ring,
He might bespeak two others, and commanded
To spare nor cost nor pains to make them like,
Quite like the true one. This the artist manag'd.
The rings were brought, and e'en the father's eye
Could not distinguish which had been the model.
Quite overjoy'd he summons all his sons,
Takes leave of each apart, on each bestows
His blessing and his ring, and dies—Thou hearst me?

SAL. I hear, I hear, come finish with thy tale;
Is it soon ended?

NATH. It is ended, sultan,
For all that follows may be guess'd of course.
Scarse is the father dead, each with his ring
Appears, and claims to be the lord o' th' house.
Comes question, strife, complaint—all to no end;
For the true ring could no more be distinguish'd
Than now can—the true faith.

SAL. How, how, is that
To be the answer to my query?

NATH. No,
But it may serve as my apology;
If I can't venture to decide between
Rings, which the father got expressly made,
That they might not be known from one another.

SAL. The rings—don't trifle with me; I must think
That the religions which I nam'd can be
Distinguish'd, e'en to raiment, drink and food.

NATH. And only not as to their grounds of proof.
Are not all built alike on history,

Traditional, or written. History
Must be received on trust—is it not so?
In whom now are we likeliest to put trust?
In our own people surely, in those men
Whose blood we are, in them, who from our childhood
Have given us proofs of love, who ne'er deceiv'd us,
Unless 't were wholesomer to be deceiv'd.
How can I less believe in my forefathers
Than thou in thine. How can I ask of thee
To own that thy forefathers falsified
In order to yield mine the praise of truth.
The like of christians.

SAL. By the living God
The man is in the right, I must be silent.

NATH. Now let us to our rings return once more.
As said, the sons complain'd. Each to the judge
Swore from his father's hand immediately
To have receiv'd the ring, as was the case;
After he had long obtain'd the father's promise,
One day to have the ring, as also was.
The father, each asserted, could to him
Not have been false, rather than so suspect
Of such a father, willing as he might be
With charity to judge his brethren, he
Of treacherous forgery was bold to 'accuse them.

SAL. Well, and the judge, I 'm eager now to hear
What thou wilt make him say. Go on, go on.

NATH. The judge said, if ye summon not the father
Before my seat, I cannot give a sentence.
Am I to guess enigmas? Or expect ye
That the true ring should here unseal its lips?
But hold—you tell me that the real ring
Injoys the hidden power to make the wearer
Of God and man belov'd; let that decide.
Which of you do two brothers love the best?
You 're silent. Do these love-exciting rings
Act inward only, not without? Does each
Love but himself? Ye 're all deceiv'd deceivers,
None of your rings is true. The real ring

Perhaps is gone. To hide or to supply
Its loss, your father order'd three for one.
SAL. O charming, charming!
NATH. And (the judge continued)
If you will take advice in lieu of sentence,
This is my counsel to you, to take up
The matter where it stands. If each of you
Has had a ring presented by his father,
Let each believe his own the real ring.
'T is possible the father chose no longer
To tolerate the one ring's tyranny;
And certainly, as he much lov'd you all,
And lov'd you all alike, it could not please him
By favouring one to be of two th' oppresser.
Let each feel honour'd by this free affection
Unwarp'd of prejudice; let each endeavour
To vie with both his brothers in displaying
The virtue of his ring; assist its might
With gentleness, benevolence, forbearance,
With inward resignation to the godhead,
And if the virtues of the ring continue
To show themselves among your children's children,
After a thousand thousand years, appear
Before this judgment-seat—a greater one
Than I shall sit upon it, and decide.
So spake the modest judge.
SAL. God!
NATH. Saladin,
Feelst thou thyself this wiser, promis'd man?
SAL. I dust, I nothing, God!
[*Precipitates himself upon Nathan and takes hold of his hand, which he does not quit the remainder of the scene.*
NATH. What moves thee, sultan?
SAL. Nathan, my dearest Nathan, 't is not yet
The judge's thousand thousand years are past,
His judgment-seat 's not mine. Go, go, but love me.
NATH. Has Saladin then nothing else to order?
SAL. No.

NATH. Nothing?
SAL. Nothing in the least, and wherefore?
NATH. I could have wish'd an opportunity
To lay a prayer before you.
SAL. Is there need
Of opportunity for that? Speak freely.
NATH. I come from a long journey from collecting
Debts, and I 've almost of hard cash too much;
The times look perilous—I know not where
To lodge it safely—I was thinking thou,
For coming wars require large sums, couldst use it.
SAL. *fixing Nathan.* Nathan, I ask not if thou sawst Al-Hafi,
I 'll not examine if some shrewd suspicion
Spurs thee to make this offer of thyself.
NATH. Suspicion—
SAL. I deserve this offer. Pardon,
For what avails concealment, I acknowledge
I was about
NATH. To ask the same of me?
SAL. Yes.
NATH. Then 't is well we 're both accommodated.
That I can't send thee all I have of treasure
Arises from the templar; thou must know him,
I have a weighty debt to pay to him.
SAL. A templar! How, thou dost not with thy gold
Support my direst foes.
NATH. I speak of him
Whose life the sultan
SAL. What art thou recalling?
I had forgot the youth, whence is he, knowst thou?
NATH. Hast thou not heard then how thy clemency
To him has fallen on me. He at the risk
Of his new-spar'd existence, from the flames
Rescued my daughter.
SAL. Ha! Has he done that?
He look'd like one that would—my brother too,
Whom he 's so like, had done it. Is he here still?
Bring him to me—I have so often talk'd

To Sittah of this brother, whom she knew not,
That I must let her see his counterfeit.
Go fetch him. How a single worthy action,
Though but of whim or passion born, gives rise
To other blessings! Fetch him.
NATH. In an instant.
The rest remains as settled.
SAL. O, I wish
I had let my sister listen. Well, I 'll to her.
How shall I make her privy to all this?

SCENE.—The Place of Palms.

The TEMPLAR *walking and agitated.*

TEMP. Here let the weary victim pant awhile.—
Yet would I not have time to ascertain
What passes in me; would not snuff beforehand
The coming storm. 'T is sure I fled in vain;
But more than fly I could not do, whatever
Comes of it. Ah! to ward it off—the blow
Was given so suddenly. Long, much, I strove
To keep aloof; but vainly. Once to see her—
Her, whom I surely did not court the sight of,
To see her, and to form the resolution,
Never to lose sight of her here again,
Was one—The resolution?—No 't is will,
Fixt purpose, made (for I was passive in it)
Seal'd, doom'd. To see her, and to feel myself
Bound to her, wove into her very being,
Was one—remains one. Separate from her
To live is quite unthinkable—is death.
And wheresoever after death we be,
There too the thought were death. And is this love?
Yet so in troth the templar loves—so—so—
The christian loves the jewess. What of that?
Here in this holy land, and therefore holy
And dear to me, I have already doff'd
Some prejudices.—Well—what says my vow?

As templar I am dead, was dead to that
From the same hour which made me prisoner
To Saladin. But is the head, he gave me,
My old one? No. It knows no word of what
Was prated into yon, of what had bound it.
It is a better; for its patrial sky
Fitter than yon. I feel—I 'm conscious of it.
With this I now begin to think, as here
My father must have thought; if tales of him
Have not been told untruly. Tales—why tales?
They 're credible—more credible than ever—
Now that I 'm on the brink of stumbling, where
He fell. He fell? I 'd rather fall with men,
Than stand with children. His example pledges
His approbation, and whose approbation
Have I else need of? Nathan's? Surely of his
Encouragement, applause, I 've little need
To doubt—O what a jew is he! yet easy
To pass for the mere jew. He 's coming—swiftly—
And looks delighted—who leaves Saladin
With other looks? Hoa, Nathan!

NATHAN *and* TEMPLAR.

NATH. Are you there?
TEMP. Your visit to the sultan has been long.
NATH. Not very long; my going was indeed
Too much delay'd. Troth, Conrade, this man's fame
Outstrips him not. His fame is but his shadow.
But before all I have to tell you—
TEMP. What?
NATH. That he would speak with you, and that directly.
First to my house, where I would give some orders,
Then we 'll together to the sultan.
TEMP. Nathan,
I enter not thy doors again before—
NATH. Then you 've been there this while—have spoken with her.
How do you like my Recha?

TEMP. Words cannot tell—
Gaze on her once again—I never will—
Never—no never: unless thou wilt promise
That I for ever, ever, may behold her.
NATH. How should I take this?
TEMP. *falling suddenly upon his neck.* Nathan—O my father!
NATH. Young man!
TEMP. *quitting him as suddenly.* Not son?—I pray thee, Nathan—ha!
NATH. Thou dear young man!
TEMP. Not son?—I pray thee, Nathan,
Conjure thee by the strongest bonds of nature,
Prefer not those of later date, the weaker.—
Be it enough to thee to be a man!
Push me not from thee!
NATH. Dearest, dearest friend!—
TEMP. Not son? Not son? Not even—even if
Thy daughter's gratitude had in her bosom
Prepar'd the way for love—not even if
Both wait thy nod alone to be but one?—
You do not speak?
NATH. Young knight, you have surpriz'd me.
TEMP. Do I surprize thee—thus surprize thee, Nathan,
With thy own thought? Canst thou not in my mouth
Know it again? Do I surprize you?
NATH. Ere
I know, which of the Stauffens was your father?
TEMP. What say you Nathan?—And in such a moment,
Is curiosity your only feeling?
NATH. For see, once I myself well knew a Stauffen,
Whose name was Conrade.
TEMP. Well, and if my father
Was bearer of that name?
NATH. Indeed?
TEMP. My name
Is from my father's, Conrade.
NATH. Then thy father
Was not my Conrade. He was, like thyself,

A templar, never wedded.

TEMP. For all that—

NATH. How?

TEMP. For all that he may have been my father.

NATH. You joke.

TEMP. And you are captious. Boots it then
To be true-born? Does bastard wound thine ear?
The race is not to be despis'd: but hold,
Spare me my pedigree; I 'll spare thee thine.
Not that I doubt thy genealogic tree.
O, God forbid! You may attest it all
As far as Abraham back; and backwarder
I know it to my heart—I 'll swear to it also.

NATH. Knight, you grow bitter. Do I merit this?
Have I refus'd you ought? I 've but forborne
To close with you at the first word—no more.

TEMP. Indeed—no more? O then forgive—

NATH. 'T is well.
Do but come with me.

TEMP. Whither? To thy house?
No; there not—there not: 'tis a burning soil.
Here I await thee, go. Am I again
To see her, I shall see her times enough:
If not I have already gaz'd too much.

NATH. I 'll try to be soon back. [*Goes.*

TEMP. Too much indeed—
Strange that the human brain, so infinite
Of comprehension, yet at times will fill
Quite full, and all at once, of a mere trifle—
No matter what it teems with. Patience! Patience!
The soul soon calms again, th' upboiling stuff
Makes itself room and brings back light and order.
Is this then the first time I love? Or was
What by that name I knew before, not love—
And this, this love alone that now I feel?

DAYA *and* TEMPLAR.

DAYA. Sir knight, sir knight.

TEMP. Who calls? ha, Daya, you?
DAYA. I manag'd to slip by him. No, come here
(He 'll see us where you stand) behind this tree.
TEMP. Why so mysterious? What 's the matter, Daya?
DAYA. Yes, 't is a secret that has brought me to you.
A twofold secret. One I only know,
The other only you. Let 's interchange,
Intrust yours first to me, then I 'll tell mine
TEMP. With pleasure when I 'm able to discover
What you call mine. But that yours will explain.
Begin—
DAYA. That is not fair, yours first, sir knight;
For be assur'd my secret serves you not
Unless I have yours first. If I sift it out
You 'll not have trusted me, and then my secret
Is still my own, and yours lost all for nothing.
But, knight, how can you men so fondly fancy
You ever hide such secrets from us women.
TEMP. Secrets we often are unconscious of.
DAYA. May be—So then I must at last be friendly,
And break it to you. Tell me now, whence came it
That all at once you started up abruptly
And in the twinkling of an eye were fled?
That you left us without one civil speech!
That you return no more with Nathan to us—
Has Recha then made such a slight impression,
Or made so deep a one? I penetrate you.
Think you that on a lim'd twig the poor bird
Can flutter chearfully, or hop at ease
With its wing pinion'd? Come, come, in one word
Acknowledge to me plainly that you love her,
Love her to madness, and I 'll tell you what.
TEMP. To madness, oh, you 're very penetrating.
DAYA. Grant me the love, and I 'll give up the madness.
TEMP. Because that must be understood of course—
A templar love a jewess
DAYA. Seems absurd,
But often there 's more fitness in a thing
Than we at once discern; nor were this time

The first, when thro' an unexpected path
The Saviour drew his children on to him
Across the tangled maze of human life
TEMP. So solemn that—(and yet if in the stead
Of Saviour, I were to say Providence,
It would sound true) you make me curious, Daya,
Which I 'm unwont to be.
DAYA. This is the place
For miracles.
TEMP. For wonders—well and good—
Can it be otherwise, where the whole world
Presses as toward a centre. My dear Daya,
Consider what you ask of me as own'd;
That I do love her—that I can't imagine
How I should live without her—that
DAYA. Indeed!
Then, knight, swear to me you will call her yours,
Make both her present and eternal welfare.
TEMP. And how, how can I, can I swear to do
What is not in my power?
DAYA. 'T is in your power,
A single word will put it in your power.
TEMP. So that her father shall not be against it.
DAYA. Her father—father? he shall be compell'd.
TEMP. As yet he is not fallen among thieves—
Compell'd?
DAYA. Aye to be willing that you should.
TEMP. Compell'd and willing—what if I inform thee
That I have tried to touch this string already,
It vibrates not responsive.
DAYA. He refus'd thee?
TEMP. He answer'd in a tone of such discordance
That I was hurt.
DAYA. What do you say? How, you
Betray'd the shadow of a wish for Recha,
And he did not spring up for joy, drew back,
Drew coldly back, made difficulties?
TEMP. Almost.
DAYA. Well then I 'll not deliberate a moment.

TEMP. And yet you are deliberating still.
DAYA. That man was always else so good, so kind,
I am so deeply in his debt. Why, why
Would he not listen to you? God 's my witness
That my heart bleeds to come about him thus.
TEMP. I pray you, Daya, once for all, to end
This dire uncertainty. But if you doubt
Whether what 't is your purpose to reveal
Be right or wrong, be praiseworthy or shameful,
Speak not—I will forget that you have had
Something to hide.
DAYA. That spurs me on still more.
Then learn that Recha is no jewess, that
She is a christian.
TEMP. I congratulate you,
'T was a hard labor, but 't is out at last;
The pangs of the delivery won't hurt you.
Go on with undiminish'd zeal, and people
Heaven, when no longer fit to people earth.
DAYA. How, knight, does my intelligence deserve
Such bitter scorn? That Recha is a christian
On you, a christian templar, and her lover,
Confers no joy.
TEMP. Particularly as
She is a christian of your making, Daya.
DAYA. O, so you understand it—well and good—
I wish to find out him that might convert her.
It is her fate long since to have been that
Which she is spoil'd for being.
TEMP. Do explain—
Or go.
DAYA. She is a christian child—of christian
Parents was born and is baptiz'd.
TEMP. *hastily.* And Nathan—
DAYA. Is not her father.
TEMP. Nathan not her father—
And are you sure of what you say?
DAYA. I am,
It is a truth has cost me tears of blood.

No, he is not her father.

TEMP. And has only
Brought her up as his daughter, educated
The christian child a jewess.

DAYA. Certainly.

TEMP. And she is unacquainted with her birth?
Has never learnt from him that she was born
A christian, and no jewess?

DAYA. Never yet.

TEMP. And he not only let the child grow up
In this mistaken notion, but still leaves
The woman in it.

DAYA. Aye, alas!

TEMP. How, Nathan,
The wise good Nathan, thus allow himself
To stifle nature's voice? Thus to misguide
Upon himself th' effusions of a heart
Which to itself abandon'd would have form'd
Another bias, Daya—yes, indeed
You have intrusted an important secret
That may have consequences—it confounds me,
I cannot tell what I 've to do at present,
Therefore go, give me time, he may come by
And may surprize us.

DAYA. I should drop for fright.

TEMP. I am not able now to talk, farewell;
And if you chance to meet him, only say
That we shall find each other at the sultan's.

DAYA. Let him not see you 've any grudge against him.
That should be kept to give the proper impulse
To things at last, and may remove your scruples
Respecting Recha. But then, if you take her
Back with you into Europe, let not me
Be left behind.

TEMP. That we 'll soon settle, go.

ACT IV.

SCENE.—The Cloisters of a Convent.

The FRIAR *alone.*

FRI. Aye—aye—he 's very right—the patriarch is—
In fact of all that he has sent me after
Not much turns out his way—Why put on me
Such business and no other? I don't care
To coax and wheedle, and to run my nose
Into all sorts of things, and have a hand
In all that 's going forward. I did not
Renounce the world, for my own part, in order
To be entangled with 't for other people.

FRIAR *and* TEMPLAR.

TEMP. *abruptly entering.* Good brother are you there?
I 've sought you long.
FRI. Me, sir?
TEMP. What don't you recollect me?
FRI. Oh,
I thought I never in my life was likely
To see you any more. For so I hop'd
In God. I did not vastly relish the proposal
That I was bound to make you. Yes, God knows,
How little I desir'd to find a hearing,
Knows I was inly glad when you refus'd
Without a moment's thought, what of a knight
Would be unworthy. Are your second thoughts—
TEMP. So, you already know my purpose, I
Scarse know myself.
FRI. Have you by this reflected
That our good patriarch is not so much out,

That gold and fame in plenty may be got
By his commission, that a foe 's a foe
Were he our guardian angel seven times over.
Have you weigh'd this 'gainst flesh and blood, and come
To strike the bargain he propos'd. Ah, God.
TEMP. My dear good man, set your poor heart at ease.
Not therefore am I come, not therefore wish
To see the patriarch in person. Still
On the first point I think as I then thought,
Nor would I for ought in the world exchange
That good opinion, which I once obtain'd
From such a worthy upright man as thou art,
I come to ask your patriarch's advice—
FRI. *looking round with timidity.*
Our patriarch's—you? a knight ask priest's advice?
TEMP. Mine is a priestly business.
FRI. Yet the priests
Ask not the knight's advice be their affair
Ever so knightly.
TEMP. Therefore one allows them
To overshoot themselves, a privilege
Which such as I don't vastly envy them.
Indeed if I were acting for myself,
Had not to account with others, I should care
But little for his counsel. But some things
I 'd rather do amiss by other's guidance
Than by my own aright. And then by this time
I see religion too is party, and
He, who believes himself the most impartial,
Does but uphold the standard of his own,
Howe'er unconsciously. And since 't is so,
So must be well.
FRI. I rather shall not answer,
For I don't understand exactly.
TEMP. Yet
Let me consider what it is precisely
That I have need of, counsel or decision,
Simple or learned counsel.—Thank you brother,
I thank you for your hint—A patriarch—why?

Be thou my patriarch; for 't is the plain christian,
Whom in the patriarch I have to consult,
And not the patriarch in the christian.

FRI. Oh,
I beg no further—you must quite mistake me;
He that knows much hath learnt much care, and I
Devoted me to only one. 'T is well,
Most luckily here comes the very man,
Wait here, stand still—he has perceiv'd you knight.

TEMP. I 'd rather shun him, he is not my man.
A thick red smiling prelate—and as stately—

FRI. But you should see him on a gala-day;
He only comes from visiting the sick.

TEMP. Great Saladin must then be put to shame.

The Patriarch, after marching up one of the ailes in great pomp, draws near, and makes signs to the Friar, who approaches him.

PATRIARCH, FRIAR, *and* TEMPLAR.

PATR. Hither—was that the templar? What wants he?

FRI. I know not.

PATR. *approaches the templar, while the friar and the rest of his train draw back.* So, sir knight, I 'm truly happy
To meet the brave young man—so very young too—
Something, God helping, may come of him.

TEMP. More
Than is already hardly will come of him,
But less, my reverend father, that may chance.

PATR. It is my prayer at least a knight so pious
May for the cause of christendom and God
Long be preserved; nor can that fail, so be
Young valor will lend ear to aged counsel.
With what can I be useful any way?

TEMP. With that which my youth is without, with counsel.

PATR. Most willingly, but counsel should be follow'd.

TEMP. Surely not blindly?

PATR. Who says that? Indeed
None should omit to make use of the reason
Given him by God, in things where it belongs,
But it belongs not every where; for instance,
If God, by some one of his blessed angels,
Or other holy minister of his word,
Deign'd to make known a mean, by which the welfare
Of Christendom, or of his holy church,
In some peculiar and especial manner
Might be promoted or secured, who then
Shall venture to rise up, and try by reason
The will of him who has created reason,
Measure th' eternal laws of heaven by
The little rules of a vain human honor?—
But of all this enough. What is it then
On which our counsel is desir'd?

TEMP. Suppose,
My reverend father, that a jew possess'd
An only child, a girl we 'll say, whom he
With fond attention forms to every virtue,
And loves more than his very soul; a child
Who by her pious love requites his goodness.
And now suppose it whisper'd—say to me—
This girl is not the daughter of the jew,
He pick'd up, purchas'd, stole her in her childhood—
That she was born of christians and baptiz'd,
But that the jew hath rear'd her as a jewess,
Allows her to remain a jewess, and
To think herself his daughter. Reverend father
What then ought to be done?

PATR. I shudder! But
First will you please explain if such a case
Be fact, or only an hypothesis?
That is to say, if you, of your own head,
Invent the case, or if indeed it happen'd,
And still continues happening?

TEMP. I had thought
That just to learn your reverence's opinion
This were all one.

PATR. All one—now see how apt
Proud human reason is in spiritual things
To err: 't is not all one; for, if the point
In question be a mere sport of the wit,
'T will not be worth our while to think it thro',
But I should recommend the curious person
To theatres, where oft, with loud applause,
Such pro and contras have been agitated.
But if the object should be something more
Than by a school-trick—by a sleight of logic
To get the better of me—if the case
Be really extant, if it should have happen'd
Within our diocese, or—or perhaps
Here in our dear Jerusalem itself,
Why then—

TEMP. What then?

PATR. Then were it proper
To execute at once upon the jew
The penal laws in such a case provided
By papal and imperial right, against
So foul a crime—such dire abomination.

TEMP. So.

PATR. And the laws forementioned have decreed,
That if a jew shall to apostacy
Seduce a christian, he shall die by fire.

TEMP. So.

PATR. How much more the jew, who forcibly
Tears from the holy font a christian child,
And breaks the sacramental bond of baptism;
For all what 's done to children is by force—
I mean except what the church does to children.

TEMP. What if the child, but for this fostering jew,
Must have expir'd in misery?

PATR. That 's nothing,
The jew has still deserv'd the faggot—for
'T were better it here died in misery
Than for eternal woe to live. Besides,
Why should the jew forestall the hand of God?
God, if he wills to save, can save without him.

TEMP. And spite of him too save eternally.
PATR. That 's nothing! Still the jew is to be burnt.
TEMP. That hurts me—more particularly as
'T is said he has not so much taught the maid
His faith, as brought her up with the mere knowledge
Of what our reason teaches about God.
PATR. That 's nothing! Still the jew is to be burnt—
And for this very reason would deserve
To be thrice burnt. How, let a child grow up
Without a faith? Not even teach a child
The greatest of its duties, to believe?
'T is heinous! I am quite astonish'd, knight,
That you yourself—
TEMP. The rest, right reverend sir,
In the confessional, but not before. [*Offers to go*
PATR. What off—not stay for my interrogation—
Not name to me this infidel, this jew—
Not find him up for me at once? But hold,
A thought occurs, I 'll straightway to the sultan
Conformably to the capitulation,
Which Saladin has sworn, he must support us
In all the privileges, all the doctrines
Which appertain to our most holy faith,
Thank God, we 've the original in keeping,
We have his hand and seal to it—we—
And I shall lead him easily to think
How very dangerous for the state it is
Not to believe. All civic bonds divide,
Like flax fire-touch'd, where subjects don't believe.
Away with foul impiety!
TEMP. It happens
Somewhat unlucky that I want the leisure
To injoy this holy sermon. I am sent for
To Saladin
PATR. Why then—indeed—if so—
TEMP. And will prepare the sultan, if agreeable,
For your right reverend visit.
PATR. I have heard
That you found favor in the sultan's sight,

I beg with all humility to be
Remember'd to him. I am purely motiv'd
By zeal in th' cause of God—What of too much
I do, I do for him—weigh that in goodness.
'T was then, most noble sir—what you were starting
About the jew—a problem merely!
TEMP. Problem! [*Goes.*
PATR. Of whose foundation I 'll have nearer knowledge.
Another job for brother Bonafides.
Hither my son! [*Converses with the Friar as he walks off.*

SCENE.—A Room in the Palace.

SLAVES *bring in a number of purses and pile them on the floor.* SALADIN *is present.*

SAL. In troth this has no end. And is there much
Of this same thing behind?
SLAVE. About one half.
SAL. Then take the rest to Sittah. Where 's Al-Hafi?
What 's here Al-Hafi shall take charge of strait.
Or sha' n't I rather send it to my father;
Here it slips thro' one's fingers. Sure in time
One may grow callous; it shall now cost labor
To come at much from me—at least until
The treasures come from Ægypt, poverty
Must shift as 't can—yet at the sepulchre
The charges must go on—the christian pilgrims
Shall not go back without an alms.

SALADIN *and* SITTAH.

SIT. *entering.* Why this?
Wherefore the gold to me?
SAL. Pay thyself with it,
And if there 's something left 't will be in store.
Are Nathan and the templar not yet come?
SIT. He has been seeking for him every where—
Look what I met with when the plate and jewels

Were passing thro' my hands— [*Shewing a small portrait.*
SAL. Ha! What, my brother?
'T is he, 't is he, *was* he, *was* he alas!
Thou dear brave youth, and lost to me so early;
What would I not with thee and at thy side
Have undertaken? Let me have the portrait,
I recollect it now again; he gave it
Unto thy elder sister, to his Lilah,
That morning that she would not part with him,
But clasp'd him so in tears. It was the last
Morning that he rode out; and I—I let him
Ride unattended. Lilah died for grief,
And never could forgive me that I let him
Then ride alone. He came not back.
SIT. Poor brother—
SAL. Time shall be when none of us will come back,
And then who knows? It is not death alone
That balks the hopes of young men of his cast,
Such have far other foes, and oftentimes
The strongest like the weakest is o'ercome.
Be as it may—I must compare this picture
With our young templar, to observe how much
My fancy cheated me.
SIT. I therefore brought it;
But give it me, I 'll tell thee if 't is like.
We women see that best.
SAL. *to a slave at the door.* Ah, who is there?
The templar? let him come.
SIT. *throws herself on a sofa apart and drops her veil.*
Not to interfere,
Or with my curiosity disturb you.
SAL. That 's right. And then his voice, will that be like?
The tone of Assad's voice, sleeps somewhere yet—
So—

TEMPLAR *and* SALADIN.

TEMP. I thy prisoner, sultan.
SAL. Thou my prisoner—

And shall I not to him whose life I gave
Also give freedom?
TEMP. What 't were worthy thine
To do, it is my part to hear of thee,
And not to take for granted. But, O Sultan,
To lay loud protestations at thy feet
Of gratitude for a life spared, agrees
Not with my station or my character.
At all times, 't is once more, prince, at thy service.
SAL. Only forbear to use it against me.
Not that I grudge my enemy one pair more
Of hands—but such a heart, it goes against me
To yield him. I have been deceiv'd with thee,
Thou brave young man, in nothing—Yes, thou art
In soul and body Assad. I could ask thee,
Where then hast thou been lurking all this time?
Or in what cavern slept? What Ginnistan
Chose some kind Perie for thy hiding-place,
That she might ever keep the flower thus fresh?
Methinks I could remind thee here and yonder
Of what we did together—could abuse thee
For having had one secret, e'en to me—
Cheat me of one adventure—yes, I could,
If I saw thee alone, and not myself.
Thanks that so much of this fond sweet illusion
At least is true, that in my sear of life
An Assad blossoms for me. Thou art willing?
TEMP. All that from thee comes to me, whatsoever
It chance to prove, lies as a wish already
Within my soul.
SAL. We 'll try th' experiment.
Wilt thou stay with me? dwell about me? boots not
As mussulman or christian, in a turban
Or a white mantle—I have never wish'd
To see the same bark grow about all trees.
TEMP. Else, Saladin, thou hardly hadst become
The hero that thou art, alike to all
The gardener of the Lord.
SAL. If thou think not

The worse of me for this, we 're half right.
TEMP. Quite so.
SAL. *holds out his hand.* One word.
TEMP. *takes it.* One man—and with this, receive more
Than thou canst take away again—thine wholly.
SAL. 'T is for one day too great a gain—too great.
Came he not with thee?
TEMP. Who?
SAL. Who? Nathan.
TEMP. *coldly.* No,
I came alone.
SAL. O what a deed of thine!
And what a happiness, a blessing to thee,
That such a deed was serving such a man.
TEMP. Yes, yes.
SAL. So cold—no my young friend—when God
Does thro' our means a service, we ought not
To be so cold, not out of modesty
Wish to appear so cold.
TEMP. In this same world
All things have many sides, and 't is not easy
To comprehend how they can fit each other.
SAL. Cling ever to the best—Give praise to God,
Who knows how they can fit. But, my young man,
If thou wilt be so difficult, I must
Be very cautious with thee, for I too
Have many sides, and some of them perhaps
Such as may n't always seem to fit.
TEMP. That wounds me;
Suspicion usually is not my failing.
SAL. Say then of whom thou harbour'st it, of Nathan?
So should thy talk imply—canst thou suspect him?
Give me the first proof of thy confidence.
TEMP. I 've nothing against Nathan, I am angry
With myself only.
SAL. And for what?
TEMP. For dreaming
That any jew could learn to be no jew—
For dreaming it awake.

SAL. Out with this dream.

TEMP. Thou knowst of Nathan's daughter, sultan. What
I did for her I did—because I did it;
Too proud to reap thanks which I had not sown for,
I shunn'd from day to day her very sight.
The father was far off. He comes, he hears,
He seeks me, thanks me, wishes that his daughter
May please me; talks to me of dawning prospects—
I listen to his prate, go, see, and find
A girl indeed. O, sultan, I am asham'd—

SAL. Asham'd that a jew girl knew how to make
Impression on thee, surely not.

TEMP. But that
To this impression my rash yielding heart,
Trusting the smoothness of the father's prate,
Oppos'd no more resistance. Fool—I sprang
A second time into the flame, and then
I wooed, and was deny'd.

SAL. Deny'd! Deny'd!

TEMP. The prudent father does not flatly say
No to my wishes, but the prudent father
Must first enquire, and look about, and think.
Oh, by all means. Did not I do the same?
Did not I look about and ask who 't was
While she was shrieking in the flame? Indeed,
By God, 't is something beautifully wise
To be so circumspect.

SAL. Come, come, forgive
Something to age. His lingerings cannot last.
He is not going to require of thee
First to turn jew.

TEMP. Who knows?

SAL. Who? I, who know
This Nathan better.

TEMP. Yet the superstition
In which we have grown up, not therefore loses
When we detect it, all its influence on us.
Not all are free that can bemock their fetters.

SAL. Maturely said—but Nathan, surely Nathan—

TEMP. The worst of superstitions is to think
One's own most bearable.
SAL. May be, but Nathan—
TEMP. Must Nathan be the mortal, who unshrinking
Can face the noon-tide ray of truth, nor there
Betray the twilight dungeon which he crawl'd from.
SAL. Yes, Nathan is that man.
TEMP. I thought so too,
But what if this pick'd man, this chosen sage,
Were such a thoro' jew, that he seeks out
For christian children to bring up as jews—
How then?
SAL. Who says this of him?
TEMP. E'en the maid
With whom he frets me—with the hope of whom
He seem'd to joy in paying me the service,
Which he would not allow me to do gratis—
This very maid is not his daughter—no,
She is a kidnapp'd christian child.
SAL. Whom he
Has, notwithstanding, to thy wish refus'd?
TEMP. *with vehemence.* Refus'd or not, I know him now.
There lies
The prating tolerationist unmask'd—
And I 'll halloo upon this jewish wolf,
For all his philosophical sheep's-clothing,
Dogs that shall touze his hide.
SAL. *earnestly.* Peace, christian!
TEMP. What!
Peace, christian—and may jew and mussulman
Stickle for being jew and mussulman,
And must the christian only drop the christian?
SAL. *more solemnly.* Peace, christian!
TEMP. *calmly.* Yes, I feel what weight of blame
Lies in that word of thine pent up. O that
I knew how Assad in my place would act.
SAL. He—not much better, probably as fiery.
Who has already taught thee thus at once
Like him to bribe me with a single word?

Indeed, if all has past as thou narratest,
I scarsely can discover Nathan in it.
But Nathan is my friend, and of my friends
One must not bicker with the other. Bend—
And be directed. Move with caution. Do not
Loose on him the fanatics of thy sect.
Conceal what all thy clergy would be claiming
My hand to avenge upon him, with more show
Of right than is my wish. Be not from spite
To any jew or mussulman a christian.

TEMP. Thy counsel is but on the brink of coming
Somewhat too late, thanks to the Patriarch's
Bloodthirsty rage, whose instrument I shudder
To have almost become.

SAL. How! how! thou wentest
Still earlier to the patriarch than to me?

TEMP. Yes, in the storm of passion, in the eddy
Of indecision—pardon—oh! thou wilt
No longer care, I fear, to find in me
One feature of thy Assad.

SAL. Yes, that fear.
Methinks I know by this time from what failings
Our virtue springs—this do thou cultivate,
Those shall but little harm thee in my sight.
But go, seek Nathan, as he sought for thee,
And bring him hither: I must reconcile you.
If thou art serious about the maid—
Be calm, she shall be thine—Nathan shall feel
That without swine's flesh one may educate
A christian child, Go. [*Templar withdraws.*

SIT. *rising from the sofa.* Very strange indeed!

SAL. Well Sittah, must my Assad not have been
A gallant handsome youth?

SIT. If he was thus,
And 't was n't the Templar who sat to the painter.
But how cou'dst thou be so forgetful, brother,
As not to ask about his parents?

SAL. And
Particularly too about his mother.

Whether his mother e'er was in this country,
That is your meaning i' n't it.
SIT. You run on—
SAL. Oh nothing is more possible, for Assad
'Mong handsome christian ladies was so welcome,
To handsome christian ladies so attached,
That once a report spread—but 't is not pleasant
To bring that up. Let us be satisfied
That we have got him once again—have got him
With all the faults and freaks, the starts and wildness
Of his warm gentle heart—Oh, Nathan must
Give him the maid—Dost think so?
SIT. Give—give up!
SAL. Aye, for what right has Nathan with the girl
If he be not her father? He who sav'd
Her life so lately has a stronger claim
To heir their rights who gave it her at first.
SIT. What therefore, Saladin, if you withdraw
The maid at once from the unrightful owner?
SAL. There is no need of that.
SIT. Need, not precisely;
But female curiosity inspires
Me with that counsel. There are certain men
Of whom one is irresistibly impatient
To know what women they can be in love with.
SAL. Well then you may send for her.
SIT. May I brother?
SAL. But hurt not Nathan, he must not imagine
That we propose by violence to part them.
SIT. Be without apprehension.
SAL. Fare you well,
I must make out where this Al-Hafi is.

SCENE.—The Hall in Nathan's House, as in the first scene; the things there mentioned unpack'd and display'd.

DAYA *and* NATHAN.

DAYA. O how magnificent, how tasty, charming—

All such as only you could give—and where
Was this thin silver stuff with sprigs of gold
Woven? What might it cost? Yes, this is worthy
To be a wedding-garment. Not a queen
Could wish a handsomer.

NATH. Why wedding-garment?

DAYA. Perhaps of that you thought not when you bought it;

But Nathan it must be so, must indeed.
It seems made for a bride—the pure white ground,
Emblem of innocence—the branching gold,
Emblem of wealth—Now is not it delightful?

NATH. What 's all this ingenuity of speech for?
Over whose wedding-gown are you displaying
Your emblematic learning? Have you found
A bridegroom?

DAYA. I—

NATH. Who then?

DAYA. I—Gracious God!

NATH. Who then? Whose wedding-garment do you speak of?

For this is all your own and no one's else.

DAYA. Mine—is 't for me and not for Recha?

NATH. What
I brought for Recha is in another bale.
Come, clear it off; away with all your rubbish.

DAYA. You tempter—No—Were they the precious things
Of the whole universe, I will not touch them;
Until you promise me to seize upon
Such an occasion as heaven gives not twice.

NATH. Seize upon what occasion? For what end?

DAYA. There, do not act so strange. You must perceive
The Templar loves your Recha—Give her to him;
Then will your sin, which I can hide no longer,
Be at an end. The maid will come once more
Among the christians, will be once again
What she was born to, will be what she was;
And you, by all the benefits, for which

We cannot thank you enough, will not have heap'd
More coals of fire upon your head.
NATH. Again
Harping on the old string, new tun'd indeed,
But so as neither to accord nor hold.
DAYA. How so?
NATH. The templar pleases me indeed,
I 'd rather he than any one had Recha;
But—do have patience.
DAYA Patience—and is that
Not the old string you harp on?
NATH. Patience, patience,
For a few days—no more. Ha! who comes here?
A friar—ask what he wants.
DAYA. *going.* What can he want?
NATH. Give, give before he begs. O could I tell
How to come at the templar, not betraying
The motive of my curiosity—
For if I tell it, and if my suspicion
Be groundless, I have stak'd the father idly.
What is the matter?
DAYA. *returning.* He must speak to you.
NATH. Then let him come to me. Go you meanwhile.
[*Daya goes.*
How gladly would I still remain my Recha's
Father. And can I not remain so, tho'
I cease to wear the name. To her, to her
I still shall wear it, when she once perceives [*Friar enters.*
How willingly I were so. Pious brother,
What can be done to serve you?

NATHAN *and* FRIAR.

FRI. O not much;
And yet I do rejoice to see you yet
So well.
NATH. You know me then—
FRI. Who knows you not?
You have impress'd your name in many a hand,

And it has been in mine these many years,
NATH. *feeling for his purse.* Here, brother, I 'll refresh it.
FRI. Thank you, thank you—
From poorer men I 'd steal—but nothing now!
Only allow me to refresh my name
In your remembrance; for I too may boast
To have of old put something in your hand
Not to be scorn'd.
NATH. Excuse me I 'm asham'd,
What was it? Claim it of me sevenfold,
I 'm ready to atone for my forgetting.
FRI. But before all, hear how this very day
I was reminded of the pledge I brought you.
NATH. A pledge to me intrusted?
FRI. Some time since,
I dwelt as hermit on the Quarantana,
Not far from Jericho, but Arab robbers
Came and broke up my cell and oratory,
And dragg'd me with them. Fortunately I
Escap'd, and with the patriarch sought a refuge,
To beg of him some other still retreat,
Where I may serve my God in solitude
Until my latter end.
NATH. I stand on coals—
Quick, my good brother, let me know what pledge
You once intrusted to me.
FRI. Presently,
Good Nathan, presently. The patriarch
Has promis'd me a hermitage on Thabor,
As soon as one is vacant, and meanwhile
Employs me as lay-brother in the convent,
And there I am at present: and I pine
A hundred times a day for Thabor; for
The patriarch will set me about all work,
And some that I can't brook—as for example—
NATH. Be speedy I beseech you.
FRI. Now it happens
That some one whisper'd in his ear to day,
There lives hard by a jew, who educates

A christian child as his own daughter.
NATH. *startled.* How?
FRI. Hear me quite out. So he commissions me,
If possible to track him out this jew;
And storm'd most bitterly at the misdeed;
Which seems to him to be the very sin
Against the Holy Ghost—that is, the sin
Of all, most unforgiven, most enormous;
But luckily we cannot tell exactly
What it consists in—All at once my conscience
Was rous'd, and it occurr'd to me that I
Perhaps had given occasion to this sin.
Now do not you remember a knight's squire,
Who eighteen years ago gave to your hands
A female child a few weeks old?
NATH. How that?
In fact such was—.
FRI. Now look with heed at me,
And recollect. I was the man on horseback
Who brought the child.
NATH. Was you?
FRI. And he, from whom
I brought it, was methinks a lord of Filnek—
Leonard of Filnek.
NATH. Right!
FRI. Because the mother
Died a short time before; and he, the father,
Had on a sudden to make off to Gazza,
Where the poor helpless thing could not go with him;
Therefore he sent it you—that was my message.
Did not I find you out at Darun? there
Consign it to you?
NATH. Yes.
FRI. It were no wonder
My memory deceiv'd me. I have had
Many a worthy master, and this one
I serv'd not long. He fell at Askalon—
But he was a kind lord.
NATH. O yes, indeed;

For much have I to thank him, very much—
He more than once preserv'd me from the sword.
FRI. O brave—you therefore will with double pleasure
Have taken up this daughter.
NATH. You have said it.
FRI. Where is she then? She is not dead I hope—
I would not have her dead, dear pretty creature.
If no one else know any thing about it
All is yet safe.
NATH. Aye all!
FRI. Yes, trust me, Nathan,
This is my way of thinking—if the good
That I propose to do is somehow twin'd
With mischief, then I let the good alone;
For we know pretty well what mischief is,
But not what 's for the best. 'T was natural
If you meant to bring up the christian child
Right well, that you should rear it as your own;
And to have done this lovingly and truly,
For such a recompence—were horrible.
It might have been more prudent to have had it
Brought up at second hand by some good christian
In her own faith. But your friend's orphan child
You would not then have lov'd. Children need love,
Were it the mute affection of a brute,
More at that age than christianity.
There 's always time enough for that—and if
The maid have but grown up before your eyes
With a sound frame and pious—she remains
Still in her maker's eye the same. For is not
Christianity all built on judaism?
O, it has often vex'd me, cost me tears,
That christians will forget so often that
Our saviour was a jew.
NATH. You, my good brother,
Shall be my advocate, when bigot hate
And hard hypocrisy shall rise upon me—
And for a deed—a deed—thou, thou shalt know it—
But take it with thee to the tomb. As yet

Has vanity ne'er tempted me to tell it
To living soul—only to thee I tell it,
To simple piety alone; for it
Alone can feel what deeds the man who trusts
In God can gain upon himself.

FRI. You seem
Affected, and your eye-balls swim in water.

NATH. 'T was at Darun you met me with the child;
But you will not have known that a few days
Before, the christians murdered every jew in Gath,
Woman and child; that among these, my wife
With seven hopeful sons were found, who all
Beneath my brother's roof, which they had fled to,
Were burnt alive.

FRI. Just God!

NATH. And when you came,
Three nights had I in dust and ashes lain
Before my God and wept—aye, and at times
Arraign'd my maker, rag'd, and curs'd myself
And the whole world, and to christianity
Swore unrelenting hate.

FRI. Ah, I believe you.

NATH. But by degrees returning reason came,
She spake with gentle voice—And yet God is,
And this was his decree—now exercise
What thou hast long imagin'd, and what surely
Is not more difficult to exercise
Than to imagine—if thou will it once.
I rose and call'd out—God, I will—I will,
So thou but aid my purpose—And behold
You was just then dismounted, and presented
To me the child wrapt in your mantle. What
You said, or I, occurs not to me now—
Thus much I recollect—I took the child,
I bore it to my couch, I kist it, flung
Myself upon my knees and sobbed—my God,
Now have I one out of the seven again!

FRI. Nathan, you are a christian! Yes, by God
You are a christian—never was a better.

NATH. Heaven bless us! What makes me to you a
christian
Makes you to me a jew. But let us cease
To melt each other—time is nigh to act,
And tho' a sevenfold love had bound me soon
To this strange only girl, tho' the mere thought,
That I shall lose in her my seven sons
A second time, distracts me—yet I will,
If providence require her at my hands,
Obey.

FRI. The very thing I should advise you;
But your good genius has forestall'd my thought.

NATH. The first best claimant must not seek to tear
Her from me.

FRI. No most surely not.

NATH. And he,
That has not stronger claims than I, at least
Ought to have earlier.

FRI. Certainly.

NATH. By nature
And blood conferr'd.

FRI. I mean so too.

NATH. Then name
The man allied to her as brother, uncle,
Or otherwise akin, and I from him
Will not withhold her—she who was created
And was brought up to be of any house,
Of any faith, the glory—I, I hope,
That of your master and his race you knew
More than myself.

FRI. I hardly think that, Nathan;
For I already told you that I pass'd
A short time with him.

NATH. Can you tell at least
The mother's family name? She was, I think,
A Stauffen.

FRI. May be—yes, in fact, you 're right.

NATH. Conrade of Stauffen was her brother's name—
He was a templar.

FRI. I am clear it was.
But stay, I recollect I 've yet a book,
'T was my dead lord's—I drew it from his bosom,
While we were burying him at Askalon.
NATH. Well!
FRI. There are prayers in 't, 't is what we call
A breviary. This, thought I, may yet serve
Some christian man—not me indeed, for I
Can't read.
NATH. No matter, to the thing.
FRI. This book is written at both ends quite full,
And, as I 'm told, contains, in his hand-writing,
About both him and her what 's most material.
NATH. Go, run and fetch the book—'t is fortunate;
I am ready with its weight in gold to pay it,
And thousand thanks beside—Go, run.
FRI. Most gladly;
But 't is in Arabic what he has written. [*Goes.*
NATH. No matter—that 's all one—do fetch it—Oh!
If by its means I may retain the daughter,
And purchase with it such a son-in-law;
But that 's unlikely—well, chance as it may.
Who now can have been with the patriarch
To tell this tale? That I must not forget
To ask about. If 't were of Daya's

NATHAN *and* DAYA.

DAYA, *anxiously breaks in,* Nathan!
NATH. Well!
DAYA. Only think, she was quite frightened at it,
Poor child, a message—
NATH. From the patriarch?
DAYA. No—
The sultan's sister, princess Sittah, sends.
NATH. And not the patriarch?
DAYA. Can't you hear? The princess
Has sent to see your Recha.
NATH. Sent for Recha!

Has Sittah sent for Recha? Well if Sittah,
And not the patriarch, sends.
DAYA. Why think of him?
NATH. Have you heard nothing from him lately—really
Seen nothing of him—whisper'd nothing to him?
DAYA. How, I to him?
NATH. Where are the messengers?
DAYA. There, just before you.
NATH. I will talk with them
Out of precaution. If there 's nothing lurking
Beneath this message of the patriarch's doing— [*Goes.*
DAYA. And I—I 've other fears. The only daughter,
As they suppose, of such a rich, rich jew,
Would for a mussulman be no bad thing;
I bet the templar will be chous'd, unless
I risk the second step, and to herself
Discover who she is. Let me for this
Employ the first short moments we 're alone;
And that will be—oh, as I am going with her.
A serious hint upon the road I think
Can't be amiss—yes, now or never—yes.

ACT V.

SCENE.—A Room in the Palace; the Purses still in a pile.

SALADIN *and, soon after, several* MAMALUKES.

SAL. *as he comes in.* Here lies the money still, and no one finds
The dervis yet—he 's probably got somewhere
Over a chess-board. Play would often make
The man forget himself, and why not, me.
Patience—Ha! what 's the matter.

SALADIN *and* IBRAHIM.

IBRA. Happy news—
Joy, sultan, joy, the caravan from Cairo
Is safe arriv'd, and brings the seven years' tribute
Of the rich Nile.
SAL. Bravo, my Ibrahim,
Thou always wast a welcome messenger,
And now at length—at length—accept my thanks
For the good tidings.
IBRA. *waiting.* Hither with them, sultan.
SAL. What art thou waiting for? Go.
IBRA. Nothing further
For my glad news?
SAL. What further?
IBRA. Errand boys
Earn hire—and when their message smiles i' the telling,
The sender's hire by the receiver's bounty
Is oft outweigh'd. Am I to be the first,
Whom Saladin at length has learnt to pay
In words? The first about whose recompence
The sultan higgled?
SAL. Go, pick up a purse.
IBRA. No, not now—you might give them all away.
SAL. All—hold, man. Here, come hither, take these two—
And is he really going—shall he conquer
Me then in generosity? for surely
'T is harder for this fellow to refuse
Than 't is for me to give. Here, Ibrahim—
Shall I be tempted, just before my exit,
To be a different man—shall Saladin
Not die like Saladin, then wherefore live so?

ABDALLAH *and* SALADIN.

ABD. Hail, Sultan!
SAL. If thou comest to inform me
That the whole convoy is arrived from Egypt,

I know it already.

ABD. Do I come too late?

SAL. Too late, and why too late? There for thy tidings
Pick up a purse or two.

ABD. Does that make three?

SAL. So thou wouldst reckon—well, well, take them, take them.

ABD. A third will yet be here if he be able.

SAL. How so?

ABD. He may perhaps have broke his neck.
We three, as soon as certain of the coming
Of the rich caravan, each crost our horses,
And gallop'd hitherward. The foremost fell,
Then I was foremost, and continued so
Into the city, but sly Ibrahim,
Who knows the streets

SAL. But he that fell, go, seek him.

ABD. That will I quickly—if he lives, the half
Of what I 've got is his. [*Goes.*

SAL. What a fine fellow!
And who can boast such mamalukes as these;
And is it not allowed me to imagine
That my example help'd to form them. Hence
With the vile thought at last to turn another.

A third COURIER. Sultan—

SAL. Was 't thou who fell?

COURIER. No, I 've to tell thee
That Emir Mansor, who conducts the convoy,
Alights.

SAL. O bring him to me—Ah, he 's there—
Be welcome Emir. What has happen'd to thee?
For we have long expected thee.

SALADIN *and* EMIR.

EMIR, *after the wont obeisance.* This letter
Will shew, that, in Thebais, discontents
Requir'd thy Abulkassem's sabred hand,
Ere we could march. Since that, our progress, sultan,

My zeal has sped most anxiously.
SAL. I trust thee—
But my good Mansor take without delay—
Thou art not loth to go further—fresh protection,
And with the treasure on to Libanon;
The greater part at least I have to lodge
With my old father.
EMIR. O, most willingly.
SAL. And take not a slight escort. Libanon
Is far from quiet, as thou wilt have heard;
The templars stir afresh, be therefore cautious.
Come, I must see thy troop, and give the orders.
[*To a slave.*
Say I shall be with Sittah when I 've finish'd.

SCENE.—A Place of Palms.

The TEMPLAR *walking to and fro.*

TEMP. Into this house I go not—sure at last
He 'll show himself—once, once they us'd to see me
So instantly, so gladly—time will come
When he 'll send out most civilly to beg me
Not to pace up and down before his door.
Psha—and yet I 'm a little nettled too;
And what has thus embitter'd me against him?
He answered yes. He has refus'd me nothing
As yet. And Saladin has undertaken
To bring him round. And does the christian nestle
Deeper in me than the jew lurks in him?
Who, who can justly estimate himself?
How comes it else that I should grudge him so
The little booty that he took such pains
To rob the christians of? A theft, no less
Than such a creature tho'—but whose, whose creature?
Sure not the slave's who floated the mere block
On to life's barren stand, and then ran off;
But his the artist's, whose fine fancy moulded
Upon the unown'd block a godlike form,

Whose chisel grav'd it there. Recha's true father,
Spite of the christian who begot her, is,
Must ever be, the jew. Alas, were I
To fancy her a simple christian wench,
And without all that which the jew has given,
Which only such a jew could have bestow'd—
Speak out my heart, what had she that would please thee?
No, nothing! Little! For her very smile
Shrinks to a pretty twisting of the muscles—
Be that, which makes her smile, suppos'd unworthy
Of all the charms in ambush on her lips?
No, not her very smile—I 've seen sweet smiles
Spent on conceit, on foppery, on slander,
On flatterers, on wicked wooers spent,
And did they charm me then? then wake the wish
To flutter out a life beneath their sunshine?
Indeed not—Yet I 'm angry with the man
Who alone gave this higher value to her.
How this, and why? Do I deserve the taunt
With which I was dismiss'd by Saladin?
'Tis bad enough that Saladin should think so;
How little, how contemptible must I
Then have appear'd to him—all for a girl.
Conrade, this will not do—back, back—And if
Daya to boot had prated matter to me
Not easy to be proved—At last he 's coming,
Engag'd in earnest converse—and with whom?
My friar in Nathan's house! then he knows all—
Perhaps has to the patriarch been betray'd.
O Conrade, what vile mischiefs thou hast brooded
Out of thy cross-grain'd head, that thus one spark
Of that same passion, love, can set so much
O' th' brain in flame? Quick then, determine, wretch,
What shalt thou say or do? Step back a moment
And see if this good friar will please to quit him.

NATHAN *and the* FRIAR *come together out of Nathan's house.*

NATH. Once more, good brother, thanks.
FRI. The like to you.
NATH. To me, and why; because I 'm obstinate—
Would force upon you what you have no use for?
FRI. The book besides was none of mine. Indeed
It must at any rate belong to th' daughter;
It is her whole, her only patrimony—
Save she has you. God grant you ne'er have reason
To sorrow for the much you 've done for her.
NATH. How should I? that can never be; fear nothing.
FRI. Patriarchs and templars
NATH. Have not in their power
Evil enough to make me e'er repent.
And then—But are you really well assured
It is a templar who eggs on your patriarch?
FRI. It scarsely can be other, for a templar
Talk'd with him just before, and what I heard
Agreed with this.
NATH. But there is only one
Now in Jerusalem; and him I know;
He is my friend, a noble open youth.
FRI. The same. But what one is at heart, and what
One gets to be in active life, may n't always
Square well together.
NATH. No, alas, they do not.
Therefore unanger'd I let others do
Their best or worst. O brother, with your book
I set all at defiance, and am going
Strait with it to the sultan.
FRI. God be with you!
Here I shall take my leave.
NATH. And have not seen her—
Come soon, come often to us. If to-day
The patriarch make out nothing—but no matter,
Tell him it all to-day, or when you will.

FRI. Not I—farewell! [*Goes.*

NATH. Do not forget us, brother.
My God, why may I not beneath thy sky
Here drop upon my knees; now the twin'd knot,
Which has so often made my thinkings anxious,
Untangles of itself—God, how I am eased,
Now that I 've nothing in the world remaining
That I need hide—now that I can as freely
Walk before man as before thee, who only
Need'st not to judge a creature by his deeds—
Deeds which so seldom are his own—O God!

NATHAN *and* TEMPLAR.

TEMP. *coming forward.* Hoa, Nathan, take me with you.

NATH. Ha! Who calls?
Is it you, knight? And whither have you been
That you could not be met with at the sultan's?

TEMP. We miss'd each other—take it not amiss.

NATH. I, no, but Saladin.

TEMP. You was just gone.

NATH. O, then you spoke with him; I 'm satisfied.

TEMP. Yes—but he wants to talk with us together.

NATH. So much the better. Come with me, my step
Was eitherwise bent thither.

TEMP. May I ask,
Nathan, who 't was now left you?

NATH. Did you know him?

TEMP. Was 't that good-hearted creature the lay-brother,
Whom the hoar patriarch has a knack of using
To feel his way out?

NATH. That may be. In fact
He 's at the patriarch's.

TEMP. 'T is no awkward hit
To make simplicity the harbinger
Of craft.

NATH. If the simplicity of dunces,
But if of honest piety?

TEMP. This last

No patriarch can believe in.

NATH. I 'll be bound for 't
This last belongs to him who quitted me,
He 'll not assist his patriarch to accomplish
A vile or cruel purpose.

TEMP. Such, at least,
He would appear—but has he told you then
Something of me?

NATH. Of you? No—not by name,
He can't well be acquainted with your name.

TEMP. No, that not.

NATH. He indeed spoke of a templar,
Who

TEMP. What?

NATH. But by this templar could not mean
To point out you.

TEMP. Stay, stay, who knows? Let 's hear.

NATH. Who has accus'd me to his patriarch.

TEMP. Accus'd thee, no, that by his leave is false.
Nathan, do hear me—I am not the man
Who would deny a single of his actions;
What I have done, I did. Nor am I one
Who would defend all he has done as right—
Why be asham'd of failing? Am I not
Firmly resolv'd on better future conduct?
And am I not aware how much the man
That 's willing can improve? O, hear me, Nathan—
I am the templar your lay-brother talk'd of—
Who has accus'd—You know what made me angry,
What set the blood in all my veins on fire,
The mad-cap that I was—I had drawn nigh
To fling myself with soul and body whole
Into your arms—and you receiv'd me, Nathan—
How cold, how luke-warm, for that 's worse than cold.—
How, with words weigh'd and measur'd, you took care
To put me off; and with what questioning
About my parentage, and God knows what,
You seem'd to answer me—I must not think on 't
If I would keep my temper—Hear me, Nathan—

While in this ferment—Daya steps behind me,
Bolts out a secret in my ear, which seem'd
At once to lend the clue to your behaviour.
NATH. How so?
TEMP. Do hear me to the end. I fancy'd
That what you from the christians had purloin'd
You was n't content to let a christian have;
And so the project struck me short and good,
To hold the knife to your throat till
NATH. Short and good;
And good—but where 's the good?
TEMP. Yet hear me, Nathan,
I own I did not right—you are unguilty,
No doubt. The prating Daya does not know
What she reported—has a grudge against you—
Seeks to involve you in an ugly business—
May be, may be, and I 'm a crazy looby,
A credulous enthusiast—both ways mad—
Doing ever much too much, or much too little—
That too may be—forgive me, Nathan.
NATH. If
Such be the light in which you view—
TEMP. In short
I to the patriarch went. I nam'd you not.
That, as I said, was false. I only stated
In general terms, the case, to learn his notion,
That too might have been let alone—assuredly.
For knew I not the patriarch then to be
A knave? And might I not have talk'd with you?
And ought I to have expos'd the poor girl—ha!
To part with such a father? Now what happens?
The patriarch's villainy consistent ever
Restor'd me to myself—O, hear me out—
Suppose he was to ferret out your name,
What then? What then? He cannot seize the maid,
Unless she still belong to none but you.
'T is from your house alone that he could drag her
Into a convent; therefore, grant her me—
Grant her to me, and let him come. By God—

Sever my wife from me—he 'll not be rash
Enough to think about it. Give her to me,
Be she or no thy daughter, christian, jewess,
Or neither, 't is all one, all one—I 'll never
In my whole life ask of thee which she is,
Be 't as it may.

NATH. You may perhaps imagine
That I 've an interest to conceal the truth.

TEMP. Be 't as it may.

NATH. I neither have to you
Nor any one, whom it behooved to know it,
Denied that she 's a christian, and no more
Than my adopted daughter. Why, to her
I have not yet betray'd it—I am bound
To justify only to her.

TEMP. Of that
Shall be no need. Indulge, indulge her with
Never beholding you with other eyes—
Spare, spare her the discovery. As yet
You have her to yourself, and may bestow her;
Give her to me—oh, I beseech thee Nathan,
Give her to me, I, only I can save her
A second time, and will.

NATH. Yes, could have sav'd her,
But 't is all over now—it is too late.

TEMP. How so, too late?

NATH. Thanks to the patriarch.

TEMP. How,
Thanks to the patriarch, and for what? Can he
Earn thanks of us. For what?

NATH. That now we know
To whom she is related—to whose hands
She may with confidence be now delivered.

TEMP. He thank him who has more to thank him for.

NATH. From theirs you now have to obtain her, not
From mine.

TEMP. Poor Recha—what befalls thee? Oh,
Poor Recha—what had been to other orphans
A blessing, is to thee a curse. But, Nathan,

Where are they, these new kinsmen?
NATH. Where they are?
TEMP. Who are they?
NATH. Who—a brother is found out
To whom you must address yourself.
TEMP. A brother!
And what is he, a soldier or a priest?
Let 's hear what I 've to hope.
NATH. As I believe
He 's neither of the two—or both. Just now
I cannot say exactly.
TEMP. And besides
He 's—
NATH. A brave fellow, and with whom my Recha
Will not be badly placed.
TEMP. But he 's a christian.
At times I know not what to make of you—
Take it not ill of me, good Nathan. Will she
Not have to play the christian among christians;
And when she has been long enough the actress
Not turn so? Will the tares in time not stifle
The pure wheat of your setting—and does that
Affect you not a whit—you yet declare
She 'll not be badly plac'd.
NATH. I think, I hope so.
And should she there have need of any thing
Has she not you and me?
TEMP. Need at her brother's—
What should she need when there? Won't he provide
His dear new sister with all sorts of dresses,
With comfits and with toys and glittering jewels?
And what needs any sister wish for else—
Only a husband? And he comes in time.
A brother will know how to furnish that,
The christianer the better. Nathan, Nathan,
O what an angel you had form'd, and how
Others will mar it now.
NATH. Be not so downcast,
Believe me he will ever keep himself

Worthy our love.

TEMP. No, say not that of mine.
My love allows of no refusal—none.
Were it the merest trifle—but a name.
Hold there—has she as yet the least suspicion
Of what is going forward?

NATH. That may be,
And yet I know not whence.

TEMP. It matters not,
She shall, she must in either case from me
First learn what fate is threatening. My fixt purpose
To see her not again, nor speak to her,
'Till I might call her mine, is gone. I hasten

NATH. Stay, whither would you go?

TEMP. To her, to learn
If this girl's soul be masculine enough
To form the only resolution worthy
Herself.

NATH. What resolution?

TEMP. This—to ask
No more about her brother and her father,
And

NATH. And

TEMP. To follow me. E'en if she were
So doing to become a moslem's wife.

NATH. Stay, you 'll not find her—she is now with Sittah,
The Sultan's sister.

TEMP. How long since, and wherefore?

NATH. And would you there behold her brother, come
Thither with me.

TEMP. Her brother, whose then? Sittah's
Or Recha's do you mean?

NATH. Both, both, perchance.
Come this way—I beseech you, come with me.

[*Leads off the Templar with him.*

SCENE.—The Sultan's Palace. A Room in Sittah's Apartment.

SITTAH *and* RECHA.

Sit. How I am pleas'd with thee, sweet girl. But do
Shake off this perturbation, be not anxious,
Be not alarm'd, I want to hear thee talk—
Be chearful.

Rec. Princess!

Sit. No, not princess, child,
Call me thy friend, or Sittah, or thy sister,
Or rather aunt, for I might well be thine;
So young, so good, so prudent, so much knowledge,
You must have read a great deal to be thus.

Rec. I read—you 're laughing, Sittah, at your sister,
I scarse can read.

Sit. Scarse can, you little fibber.

Rec. My father's hand or so—I thought you spoke
Of books.

Sit. Aye, surely so I did, of books.

Rec. Well really now it puzzles me to read them.

Sit. In earnest?

Rec. Yes, in earnest, for my father
Hates cold book-learning, which makes an impression
With its dead letters only on the brain.

Sit. What say you? Aye, he 's not unright in that.
So then the greater part of what you know

Rec. I know but from his mouth—of most of it
I could relate to you, the how, the where,
The why he taught it me.

Sit. So it clings closer,
And the whole soul drinks in th' instruction.

Rec. Yes,
And Sittah certainly has not read much.

Sit. How so? Not that I 'm vain of having read;
But what can be thy reason? Speak out boldly,

Thy reason for it.
REC. She is so right down,
Unartificial—only like herself,
And books do seldom leave us so; my father
Says.
SIT. What a man thy father is, my Recha.
REC. Is not he?
SIT. How he always hits the mark.
REC. Does not he? And this father—
SIT. Love, what ails thee?
REC. This father—
SIT. God, thou 'rt weeping!
REC. And this father—
It must have vent, my heart wants room, wants room.
SIT. Child, child, what ails you, Recha?
REC. And this father
I am to lose.
SIT. Thou lose him, O no, never;
Arise, be calm, how so? It must not be.
REC. So shall thy offer not have been in vain,
To be my friend, my sister.
SIT. Maid, I am.
Rise then, or I must call for help.
REC. Forgive,
My agony made me awhile forgetful
With whom I am. Tears, sobbing, and despair,
Can not avail with Sittah. Cool calm reason
Alone is over her omnipotent;
Whose cause that pleads before her, he has conquer'd.
SIT. Well then!
REC. My friend, my sister, suffer not
Another father to be forc'd upon me.
SIT. Another father to be forc'd upon thee—
Who can do that, or wish to do it, Recha?
REC. Who? Why my good, my evil genius, Daya,
She, she can wish it, will it—and can do it.
You do not know this dear good evil Daya.
God, God forgive it her—reward her for it;
So much good she has done me, so much evil.

SIT. Evil to thee—much goodness she can't have.
REC. O yes, she has indeed.
SIT. Who is she?
REC. Who?
A christian, who took care of all my childhood.
You cannot think how little she allow'd me
To miss a mother—God reward her for it—
But then she has so teas'd, so tortur'd me,
SIT. And about what? Why, how, when?
REC. The poor woman,
I tell thee, is a christian—and she must
From love torment—is one of those enthusiasts
Who think they only know the one true road
To God.
SIT. I comprehend thee.
REC. And who feel
Themselves in duty bound to point it out
To every one who is not in this path,
To lead, to drag them into it. And indeed
They can't do otherwise consistently;
For if theirs really be the only road
On which 't is safe to travel—they cannot
With comfort see their friends upon another
Which leads to ruin, to eternal ruin:
Else were it possible at the same instant
To love and hate the same man. Nor is 't this
Which forces me to be aloud complainant.
Her groans, her prayers, her warnings, and her threats,
I willingly should have abided longer—
Most willingly—they always called up thoughts
Useful and good; and whom does it not flatter
To be by whomsoever held so dear,
So precious, that they cannot bear the thought
Of parting with us at some time for ever?
SIT. Most true.
REC. But—but—at last this goes too far;
I 've nothing to oppose to it, neither patience,
Neither reflection—nothing.
SIT. How, to what?

Rec. To what she has just now, as she will have it,
Discover'd to me.
Sit. How discover'd to thee?
Rec. Yes, just this instant. Coming hitherward
We past a fallen temple of the christians—
She all at once stood still, seem'd inly struggling,
Turn'd her moist eyes to heaven, and then on me.
Come, says she finally, let us to the right
Thro' this old fane—she leads the way, I follow.
My eyes with horror overran the dim
And tottering ruin—all at once she stops
By the sunk steps of a low moorish altar.—
O how I felt, when there, with streaming tears
And wringing hands, prostrate before my feet
She fell.
Sit. Good child—
Rec. And by the holy virgin,
Who there had hearken'd many a prayer, and wrought
Many a wonder, she conjur'd, intreated,
With looks of heartfelt sympathy and love,
I would at length take pity of myself—
At least forgive, if she must now unfold
What claims her church had on me.
Sit. Ah! I guess'd it.
Rec. That I am sprung of christian blood—baptiz'd—
Not Nathan's daughter—and he not my father.
God, God, he not my father! Sittah, Sittah,
See me once more low at thy feet.
Sit. O Recha,
Not so; arise, my brother 's coming, rise.

SALADIN, SITTAH, *and* RECHA.

Sal. *entering.* What is the matter Sittah?
Sit. She is swoon'd—
God—
Sal. Who?
Sit. You know sure.
Sal. What our Nathan's daughter?

What ails her?

SIT. Child, come to thyself, the sultan.

REC. No, I 'll not rise, not rise, not look upon
The sultan's countenance—I 'll not admire
The bright reflection of eternal justice
And mercy on his brow, and in his eye,
Before

SAL. Rise, rise.

REC. Before he shall have promis'd

SAL. Come, come, I promise whatsoe'er thy prayer.

REC. Nor more nor less than leave my father to me,
And me to him. As yet I cannot tell
What other wants to be my father. Who
Can want it, care I not to enquire. Does blood
Alone then make the father? blood alone?

SAL. *raising her.* Who was so cruel in thy breast to shed
This wild suspicion? Is it prov'd, made clear?

REC. It must, for Daya had it from my nurse,
Whose dying lips intrusted it to her.

SAL. Dying, perhaps delirious; if 't were true,
Blood only does not make by much the father,
Scarsely the father of a brute, scarse gives
The first right to endeavour at deserving
The name of father. If there be two fathers
At strife for thee, quit both, and take a third,
And take me for thy father.

SIT. Do it, do it.

SAL. I will be a kind father—but methinks
A better thought occurs, what hast thou need
Of father upon father? They will die,
So that 't is better to look out by times
For one that starts fair, and stakes life with life
On equal terms. Knowst thou none such?

SIT. My brother,
Don't make her blush.

SAL. Why that was half my project.
Blushing so well becomes the ugly, that
The fair it must make charming—I have order'd
Thy father Nathan hither, and another,

Dost guess who 't is? one other.—Sittah, you
Will not object?

SIT. Brother—

SAL. And when he comes,
Sweet girl, then blush to crimson.

REC. Before whom—
Blush?

SAL. Little hypocrite—or else grow pale,
Just as thou willst and canst. Already there?

SIT. *to a female slave who comes in.*
Well, be they usher'd in. Brother, 't is they.

SALADIN, SITTAH, RECHA, NATHAN, *and* TEMPLAR.

SAL. Welcome my dear good friends. Nathan, to you
I 've first to mention, you may send and fetch
Your monies when you will.

NATH. Sultan—

SAL. And now
I 'm at your service.

NATH. Sultan—

SAL. For my treasures
Are all arriv'd. The caravan is safe.
I 'm richer than I 've been these many years.
Now tell me what you wish for, to achieve
Some splendid speculation—you in trade
Like us, have never too much ready cash.

NATH. *going towards Recha.*
Why first about this trifle?—I behold
An eye in tears, which 't is far more important
To me to dry. My Recha thou hast wept,
What hast thou lost? Thou art still, I trust, my daughter.

REC. My father!

NATH. That 's enough, we are understood
By one another; but be calm, be cheerful.
If else thy heart be yet thy own—if else
No threaten'd loss thy trembling bosom wring—
Thy father shall remain to thee.

REC. None, none.
TEMP. None, none—then I 'm deceiv'd. What we
don't fear
To lose, we never fancied, never wish'd
Ourselves possess'd of. But 't is well, 't is well.
Nathan, this changes all—all. Saladin,
At thy command we came, but I misled thee,
Trouble thyself no further.
SAL. Always headlong;
Young man, must every will then bow to thine,
Interpret all thy meanings?
TEMP. Thou hast heard,
Sultan, hast seen.
SAL. Aye, 't was a little aukward
Not to be certain of thy cause.
TEMP. I now
Do know my doom.
SAL. Pride in an act of service
Revokes the benefit. What thou hast sav'd
Is therefore not thy own, or else the robber,
Urg'd by his avarice thro' fire-crumbling halls,
Were like thyself a hero. Come, sweet maid,
[*Advances toward Recha in order to lead her up to the templar.*
Come, stickle not for niceties with him.
Other—he were less warm and proud, and had
Paus'd, and not sav'd thee. Balance then the one
Against the other, and put him to the blush,
Do what he should have done—own thou thy love—
Make him thy offer, and if he refuse,
Or e'er forgot how infinitely more
By this thou do for him than he for thee—
What, what in fact has he then done for thee
But make himself a little sooty? That
(Else he has nothing of my Assad in him,
But only wears his mask) that was mere sport.
Come lovely girl.
SIT. Go, go, my love, this step

Is for thy gratitude too short, too trifling.

[*They are each taking one of Recha's hands when Nathan with a solemn gesture of prohibition says,*

NATH. Hold, Saladin—hold, Sittah.

SAL. Ha! thou too?

NATH. One other has to speak.

SAL. Who denies that?

Unquestionably, Nathan, there belongs
A vote to such a foster-father—and
The first, if you require it. You perceive
I know how all the matter lies.

NATH. Not all—

I speak not of myself. There is another,
A very different man, whom, Saladin,
I must first talk with.

SAL. Who?

NATH. Her brother.

SAL. Recha's?

NATH. Yes, her's.

REC. My brother—have I then a brother?

[*The templar starts from his silent and sullen inattention.*

TEMP. Where is this brother? Not yet here? 'T was here
I was to find him.

NATH. Patience yet awhile.

TEMP. *very bitterly.* He has impos'd a father on the girl,
He 'll find her up a brother.

SAL. That was wanting!

Christian, this mean suspicion ne'er had past
The lips of Assad. Go but on

NATH. Forgive him,
I can forgive him readily. Who knows
What in his place, and at his time of life,
We might have thought ourselves? Suspicion, knight,

[*Approaching the templar in a friendly manner.*

Succeeds soon to mistrust. Had you at first
Favour'd me with your real name.

TEMP. How? what?

NATH. You are no Stauffen.

TEMP. Who then am I? Speak.
NATH. Conrade of Stauffen is no name of yours.
TEMP. What is my name then?
NATH. Guy of Filnek.
TEMP. How?
NATH. You startle
TEMP. And with reason. Who says that?
NATH. I, who can tell you more. Meanwhile, observe
I do not tax you with a falsehood.
TEMP. No?
NATH. May-be you with propriety can wear
Yon name as well.
TEMP. I think so too. (God—God
Put that speech on his tongue.)
NATH. In fact your mother—
She was a Stauffen: and her brother's name,
(The uncle to whose care you were resigned,
When by the rigour of the climate chas'd,
Your parents quitted Germany to seek
This land once more) was Conrade. He perhaps
Adopted you as his own son and heir.
Is it long since you hither travell'd with him?
Is he alive yet?
TEMP. So in fact it stands.
What shall I say? Yes, Nathan, 't is all right:
Tho' he himself is dead. I came to Syria
With the last reinforcement of our order,
But—but what has all this long tale to do
With Recha's brother, whom—
NATH. Your father
TEMP. Him,
Him did you know?
NATH. He was my friend.
TEMP. Your friend?
And is that possible?
NATH. He called himself
Leonard of Filnek, but he was no German.
TEMP. You know that too?
NATH. He had espous'd a German,

And followed for a time your mother thither.

TEMP. No more I beg of you—But Recha's brother

NATH. Art thou!

TEMP. I, I her brother—

REC. He, my brother?

SIT. So near akin—

REC. *offers to clasp him.* My brother!

TEMP. *steps back.* Brother to her—

REC. *turning to Nathan.* It cannot be, his heart knows nothing of it.

We are deceivers, God.

SAL. *to the templar.* Deceivers, yes:
All is deceit in thee, face, voice, walk, gesture,
Nothing belongs to thee. How, not acknowledge
A sister such as she? Go.

TEMP. *modestly approaching him.* Sultan, sultan,
O do not misinterpret my amazement—
Thou never saw'st in such a moment, prince,
Thy Assad's heart—mistake not him and me.

[*Hastening towards Nathan.*

O Nathan, you have taken, you have given,
Both with full hands indeed; and now—yes—yes,
You give me more than you have taken from me,
Yes, infinitely more—my sister—sister. [*Embraces Recha.*

NATH. Blanda of Filnek.

TEMP. Blanda, ha! not Recha,
Your Recha now no longer—you resign her,
Give her her christian name again, and then
For my sake turn her off. Why Nathan, Nathan,
Why must she suffer for it? she for me?

NATH. What mean you? O my children, both my children—
For sure my daughter's brother is my child,
So soon as he but will it.

[*While they embrace Nathan by turns, Saladin draws nigh to Sittah.*

SAL. What sayst thou
Sittah to this?

SIT. I 'm deeply mov'd.

SAL. And I
Half tremble at the thought of the emotion
Still greater, still to come. Nathan, a word
[*While he converses with Nathan, Sittah goes to express her sympathy to the others.*
With thee apart. Wast thou not saying also
That her own father was no German born?
What was he then? Whence was he?
NATH. He himself
Never intrusted me with that. From him
I knew it not.
SAL. You say he was no Frank?
NATH. No, that he own'd: he loved to talk the Persian.
SAL. The Persian—need I more? 'T is he—'t was he!
NATH. Who?
SAL. Assad certainly, my brother Assad.
NATH. If thou thyself perceive it, be assur'd;
Look in this book [*Gives the breviary.*
SAL. *eagerly looking.* O 't is his hand, his hand,
I recollect it well.
NATH. They know it not;
It rests with thee what they shall learn of this.
SAL. *turning over the breviary.* I not acknowledge my own brother's children,
Not own my nephew—not my children—I
Leave them to thee? Yes, Sittah, it is they, [*Aloud.*
They are my brother's and thy brother's children.
[*Rushes to embrace them.*
SIT. What do I hear? Could it be otherwise? [*The like.*
SAL. *to the templar.* Now, proud boy, thou shalt love me, thou must love me, [*To Recha.*
And I am, what I offer'd to become,
With or without thy leave.
SIT. I too—I too.
SAL. *to the templar.* My son—my Assad—my lost Assad's son.
TEMP. I of thy blood—then those were more than dreams
With which they us'd to lull my infancy—
Much more. [*Falls at the sultan's feet.*

SAL. *raising him.* Now mark his malice. Something of it
He knew, yet would have let me butcher him—
Boy, boy!

[*During the silent continuance of reciprocal embraces the curtain falls.*

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